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AND THEIR GARDENS

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THE SECOND TERRACE AND THE STATUE OF MERCURY—THE ACHILLEION

HISTORIC HOUSES AND THEIR GARDENS

Palaces, Castles, Country Places and Gardens of the
Old and New Worlds Described by Several Writers
Illustrated with Plans and Photographs

Edited by

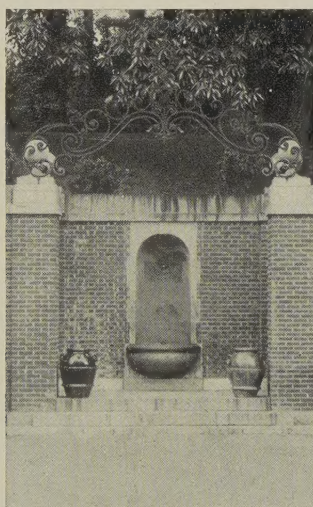
CHARLES FRANCIS OSBORNE

Assistant Professor of the History of Architecture
University of Pennsylvania

Introduction by

FRANK MILES DAY

Past President of the American Institute of Architects
Lecturer on Architecture at Harvard University



MCMVIII

HOUSE & GARDEN

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INTRODUCTION

ALTHOUGH as its title indicates, the text of this book is largely devoted to the history of the houses described, yet as its illustrations inevitably raise questions as to the right relation, in design, of houses and their gardens, a brief reference to some of the fundamental principles that ought to govern those relations may be in order here. These principles, although axiomatic, are so frequently neglected as to justify their restatement in the introduction to any book dealing with houses and gardens. 46478.

The first of these principles is well suggested by Mr. Havell in his article on "Indian Gardens," when he says that gardening, in an artistic sense, is almost a lost art in India, and that, though horticulture still flourishes, the art of planning and planting a garden in harmonious relation to the house to which it belongs is no longer practiced. By speaking of such an harmonious relation he indicates that we may well make inquiry whether any house and its garden are one, one in impulse, one in expression. If they are we find a measure of artistic satisfaction in them, though they be but commonplace or in a style that gives little pleasure.

Now this harmony is by no means alone a question of architectural style, still less is it solely an affair of horticulture. It is far more a matter of the blending of the house and garden by terraces and such devices, of the relation of levels, of the maintenance of a suitable scale of parts, of just proportions and of well-contrasted light and shade. In the gardens of the Moguls splendid examples of this harmony are to be found. What could be in more perfect unison than the buildings at Srinagar and their surroundings? They are all compact of beauty. The life of the house is the life of the garden and we pass from one to the other without the slightest shock, getting the same quality of pleasure from both. In an entirely different way there is a delightful harmony between the Iris garden at Horikiri and the slender structures that adorn it.

Let us for a moment look at another example within these covers. Whether one finds at Levens Hall a curious charm in the strange forms of the clipped yews and in the formal informality of their grouping or whether he deems them mere topiary puerilities, he can scarcely feel that they bear such an intimate artistic relation to the house as do the gardens at Srinagar. Pained as any one of taste and sentiment would be to see them swept away, he might, nevertheless, easily imagine them replaced by something, which though lacking their historic interest, might, by its very harmony with the Hall, afford a higher pleasure. Now this is not conceivable of the Indian

example nor of any works that reach the highest level of the art. In them there is an inevitableness that defies replacement by some more fortunate design.

The second of the principles is that the garden should be in effect an extension of the house so that just as the rooms serve their several purposes as enclosed spaces, so the parts of the garden should serve theirs as partly unenclosed spaces. Nowhere can we find this principle applied with finer understanding than in the gardens of Italy. The broad walks for both winter sunshine and summer shade, the well-trimmed bowling green, the parterre with its show of flowers, the orchard, the bit of woodland, the splash of dancing water or the cool mirror of the pool, each plays its part for use or delight, each has its definite character giving an individuality to its part of the garden. A score of examples might be cited. If we turn to Mr. Dawson's description of the Villa Lante, this separation into well-marked purposeful parts cannot escape us. It may be seen almost equally well in many an English garden, for even among the smaller of them, with their peculiar charm of intimateness, such a division is evident.

The Villa Lante illustrates the third principle, an excellence possessed by all masterpieces of the garden art, the perfect relation of the house and its garden to the surrounding landscape. There, though the gardens be rich in their own beauty, the charm of the landscape is never lost; the garden and the landscape do but enhance each other's beauty. The Italians were singularly fortunate, or more truly, they were singularly skillful in bringing about this kind of harmony. Caprarola, vast and grandiose, has a largeness of parts, a simplicity of conception quite justified by and fully at one with its surrounding landscape of rolling hills and broad horizons. Even the Villa d'Este, in spite of the triviality of much of its detail, has in its splendid terraces, its deeply shaded pools and its solemn cypress groves elements that bring it into a fine harmony with the "august Roman landscape." In extensive gardens with flat surroundings, this relation cannot be expressed, and therefore classic French examples, such as Versailles, create their own landscape within their own limits.

The three principles here stated are by no means a complete code, but they lie at the root of the matter. Without their observance entire satisfaction is not to be found. With them in mind it may not be difficult to test the artistic value of the "Historic Houses and their Gardens," to which these pages are dedicated.

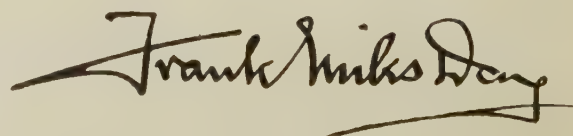
A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Frank Miles Day". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the name.

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HISTORIC HOUSES AND THEIR GARDENS

I

The Achilleion

The Villa and Gardens of the Late Empress Elizabeth
of Austria on the Island of Corfu*

FRANK W. JACKSON

THE pride of the "Hepta Nessie," the seven isles of the Ionian which once were formed into a separate confederacy under the Venetians and later under the *régime* of Great Britain, is Corfu, the Corcyra or Kerkeera of the ancient Greeks. The gem of the island is the palace of the late Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, which stands almost at the summit of Mount Kyriaké near the little village of Gastouri, overlooking the harbor and city of Corfu and commanding a surpassingly rare and beautiful view of Epirus and Albania, and of the narrow stretch of sea which alone separates the island from the mainland. On this rock-bound coast, 174 meters above the Ionian, this monument to the wealth and esthetic taste of the unfortunate Empress has been reared regardless of temporal and material considerations, but regardful of symmetry and system, of art and artistic adornment, to such an extent that it may well be classed among the most attractive domiciles of Europe. Yet it is neither a poem nor a dream, as the ultra-esthetic are sometimes inclined to name it. Neither is it an oasis in the heart of a desert; for the fertile though poverty-touched island is anything but deserted. It is not even the "Fairy Palace" of Viennese imagination, but a beautiful home, a luxurious retreat into which ambition and a true sense of the beautiful, abetted by wealth, have brought together and displayed the works of art and

architecture not merely to delight the senses, but above all to elevate and inspire. The Achilleion is above all things Greek, as its name implies, yet it is also cosmopolitan, for it has called upon many sections of the world to contribute to its equipment and conveniences. Modern in execution and design, the light, rich touches of the East are joined with the more ponderous and elegant effects of the North and West. Its spirit is withal Greek, but Greek of that early age which the world has come to look upon as its own,—the age of Homer and of those beautiful, mythical days which have proved an inexhaustible storehouse from which men of every subsequent period have never ceased to draw *ad libitum*.

Thus it is in the air of these classic days, and in the presence of the world's master minds in literature, philosophy and art, that one breathes the spirit of the Achilleion more than in the beauty of its surroundings or the comprehensiveness of its position. However, it so happens that we are concerned more particularly with the latter, although



THE TRIUMPH OF ACHILLES

A wall painting at the head of the grand staircase

* Now the property of the German Emperor.

The Achilleion



THE MARBLE STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE GARDENS



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE FROM THE BENIZZE ROAD

no description of the Achilleion which slights the former is either complete or just.

Visitors to the Achilleion may go by sea to the private landing of the palace near the little fishing village of Benizze, whence they may follow the beautiful, easily rising roadway which leads from the small marble pier around and around the steep hillside to the palace above. Or they may drive the eight miles, stretching between the city of Corfu and the palace, along the road which winds about the little lagoon,—Lake Kalikiopulo they call it,—and among olive trees old enough to be saints, until it threatens to land one at Hagii Deki, turns unexpectedly into the ramshackle old town of Gastouri, and plants one without preliminary warning at the lodge-keeper's gate. There one pauses long enough to spell out the letters AXIAEION, boldly displaying themselves above the great entrance gates, and takes a hurried and none too satisfactory glimpse at the main entrance of the palace, although in his eagerness to sweep the whole at a single glance, no less than in his belief that he will study the opening effect more minutely upon his return, his first impressions are more or less hazy and undefined. Nor is the visitor alone at fault. The palace, rising so majestically at close view, leaves the eye unprepared for things of an order less magnificent. And between admiration for the stately edifice of marble, and the natural inquisitiveness to know what lies beyond the broad staircase leading off to parts unexplored, one has little inclination to follow the

driveway to the left for a fuller or more comprehensive view of the palace, or to wander so much as a few paces along the terraced walks which lead to the right.

Meanwhile the setting of tropical plants and shrubs which adorn the space immediately before the great porte-cochère is almost lost to view. So that if there is one regret, aside from the regret common to all visitors that things so perfectly ordered must be so soon left behind, it is that the proximity of this magnificent and splendid structure to its ground entrance renders an appreciation of its points of architectural excellence little less difficult than the appreciation of a towering American skyscraper from the sidewalk opposite.

The gardens lie to the rear of the palace on a level with the first floor above the ground floor, and are reached either from within by the grand staircase which opens upon the colonnade, or from without through the beautiful series of marble steps that lead up from the right side of the palace and continue in an avenue of serpentine windings to the colonnade above. Its statues of alabaster whiteness, outlined against a background of ivy-covered walls and overhung by the tall *Dendra diaphora* which lift their heads from far beneath, form a picture of almost perfect shading. It is doubtful whether any one section or object in this palace beautiful, excepting the masterpiece in marble of the Dying Achilles or the poetic beauty of his triumph over Hector, has a more perfect setting and produces a more pleasing



THE TEMPLE OF HEINE

and lasting impression than this marble approach to the palace gardens.

These gardens, comprising three plots terraced into the mountainside, run practically north and south, and the serpentine approach terminates in a semicircular court which opens into the upper terrace at its southeastern corner on a level with and facing the colonnade. The visitor's first impulse is to begin with the colonnade, inspect the first terrace, then in order, the second and third, and finally to return and inspect the palace. A decade ago such an order of procedure probably produced the most satisfactory results,—provided of course one got any farther than the colonnade, which happens to be a most detaining spot,—for then the tall

palms and the numerous other varieties of tropical plants were little more than shrubs. To-day, however, these same shrubs are no longer children but grown men, as it were, and the view of a terrace from the one next above is anything but satisfactory, unless one is content with evidences of an artistic beauty too general to analyze, and with a rather confused and too jumbled idea of what is to be seen and of what has been seen. There is plenty of evidence, in fact, that from the beginning these gardens were meant to be viewed from north to south to obtain a concrete idea of their plan. At any rate it seems most satisfactory that we pass unceremoniously through these gardens oblivious of their points of beauty until we stand at the extreme northern limit of a small plain attached, as it were, at right angles to the mountainside, from which the view is bounded only by the limit of human vision.

Here in the apex of this somewhat conically shaped garden is located the Dying Achilles, sculptured from Carrara marble by Herter in 1884. As a block of marble, it is faultless; as a work of art, magnificent; and as the crowning feature of the Achilleion, as well as the standard by which every other piece of art has been measured, nothing else of its kind could be conceived more appropriate and more perfect. To look upon that powerful yet graceful form in its agonizing struggle with Death, who has at last found the vulnerable spot with his poisoned dart, is to know as one can scarcely know



THE STATUE OF HEINE

By the Danish Sculptor Hasselries

otherwise the power and influence of the Homeric mind which conceived the character, and to more truly appreciate the inspiration which those patriarchs in literature have given to the art of subsequent ages.

Immediately back of the statue is a semicircular seat of marble overtopped to-day by a tapestry-like hedge of bonibus, and filling the space of this semicircle is a tea-table of Indian granite. Leading to the immediate right and left of the statue are the garden walks, whose ramifications increase in number until the center of the terrace is reached, then decrease in the same proportion to the grotto at the southern end of the garden. The plots of ground thus laid out by these ramifications are correspond-

ingly numerous, and vary in size from the two small ones on the immediate right and left of the statue, to the large one in the center about which are grouped four others of equal size and of like design. Each plot is bordered by a narrow hedge of boxwood, cropped very close, and the whole garden bristles with tropical and quasitropical shrubs of a variety, size and condition such as would more than vie with a tropical garden itself. The phoenix and date palms, numerous and without blemish, are set with every regard for their proper expansion, and the whole plan is free from any sign of crowding or of that confusion of flowers, shrubs and tropical plants such as is too often met with in gardens which grow under these climatic conditions. There is, in fact, a conspicuous scarcity of flowers in this first terrace; and while one remarks the scantiness with which a few of the ordinary varieties are scattered about, he also remarks the restfulness which steals over him as he inspects a spot so elegant, yet so quiet and free from affectation, and so much in harmony, by reason of its very contrast, with the wild mountain scenery about it.

To the far right and left of the Achilles, following the marble balustrade which caps the garden wall rising like a giant fortress from the mountainside beneath, two other paths lead away and are almost immediately lost in the arbored avenues or pergolas which follow the garden walls to their southern limit and converge at the grand marble approach to the second terrace. These walks now canopied with

The Achilleion



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE GROUNDS FROM THE SEA
The temple of Heine in the distance



“THE DYING ACHILLES”

In the distance is the stairway to the Second Terrace now overhung with vines, under it is The Grotto



LOOKING NORTHWARD FROM THE FIRST TERRACE

Taken when the gardens were young. The City of Corfu in the distance

The Achilleion



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PALACE

The building was designed by the Italian architect Raffaele Cavito

vines of great beauty, form a cool retreat for the numerous potted plants whose frail natures are not proof against the searching rays of the summer sun, and their noticeable though slight convexity of form as they draw in toward the southern end of the terrace, contribute much to the general beauty and harmony of this section of the garden.

The formal arrangement of this terrace is worthy of a word of special mention. In the exact center and in a direct line south of the great statue at the northern limit is the statue of the coming midshipman, a little sailor lad in knickerbockers, jersey and tam-o'-shanter who sits upon the side of his diminutive bark intent upon the nautical chart laid open before him. About the base of the statue is clustered the finest collection of flowers in all the garden, and overtopping it is a splendid specimen of the magnolia tree.

Back of the statue at the extremity of the terrace and forming a part of the marble approach to the second garden above, is the grotto, one of the charming sights of the Achilleion, and certainly the most striking phenomenon of this altogether phenomenal spot. Its deep recesses of stucco, half hidden to-day beneath a heavy, clinging growth of vines, give no little promise from without of intricate windings and subterranean passages. The visitor, peering somewhat timidly into these cavernous openings, is startled at seeing in the distance a diminutive garden of great beauty and of equally great distinctness, catching in his line of vision the play of muscles in

the back of a second sailor lad, the gentle waving of many palms, the tufted helmet of a fallen warrior, and beyond all these the blue of the sea, and hill rising upon hill in unbroken succession till lost in the clouds above. One's scattered faculties are neither quickly nor easily reassembled to the task of persuading the mental eye that it has merely seen in these mirrored depths the beautiful lower terrace of the Achilleion in reverse order; and the magical illusion is not dispelled until long after the palace has been left to its quiet watch on the mountainside.

A description of the second terrace must, of necessity, partake of the general nature of the foregoing, and yet there is everywhere that evidence of variety, coupled with symmetry, which does not escape the sensitive appreciation of the spectator, even though it may be found too subtle for expression in words. The two terraces have much in common, it is true, both being veritable palm gardens, and both are singularly free and open in design. It is noticeable that on the first terrace there has been a preference for the date palm, while on the second the phoenix flourishes in greater number, and there is here to be observed, possibly, a greater variety of shrubs. But the principal point of difference lies in the arrangement, and it is in this that the visitor finds greatest cause for admiration. Whereas the first terrace was laid out with its points of greatest interest at its extremities, the second is arranged about a real central figure, no less a personage than the winged Mercury, whose talaria as well as the



THE EASTERN END OF THE COLONNADE

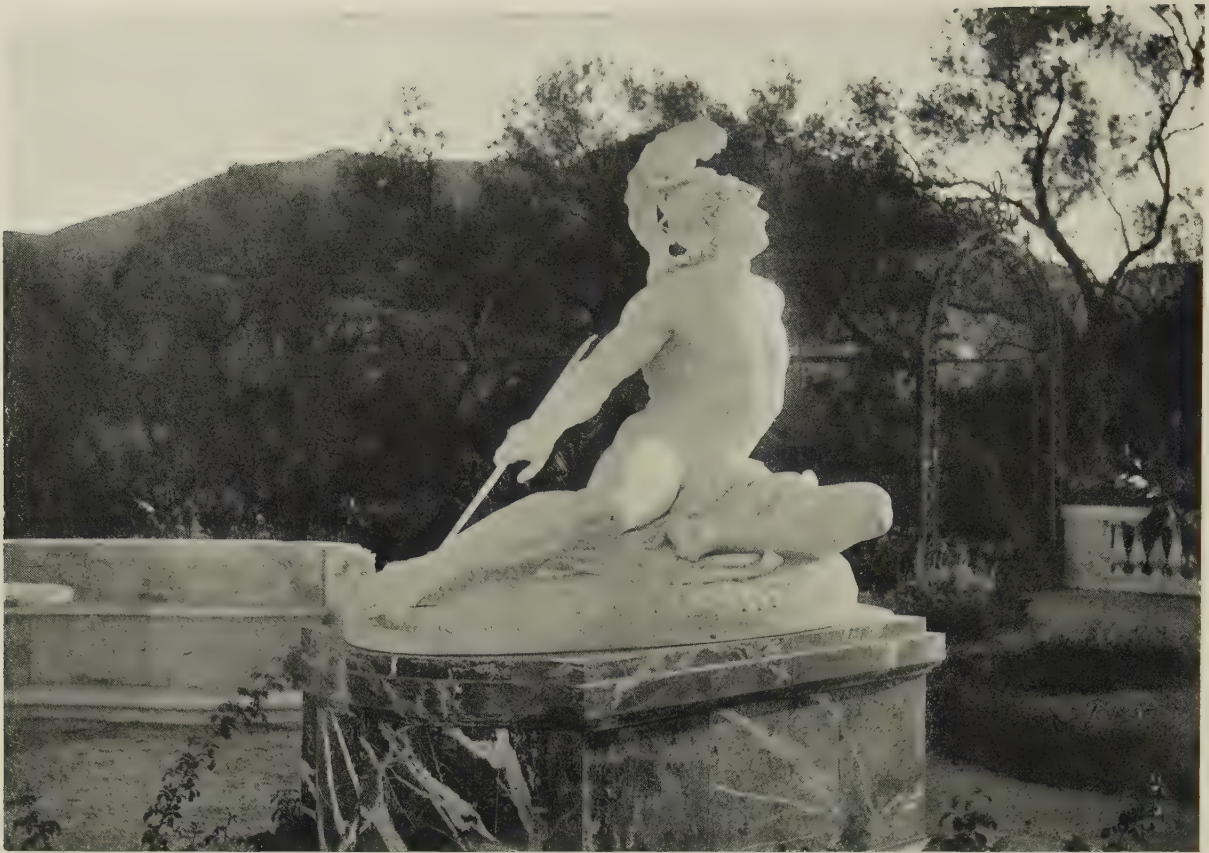
tall pedestal upon which the statue rests are now hidden in a sphere of the inevitable *bosso*. In fact the agile god seems to have risen like Venus from the foam of the sea, except that the foam has been replaced by a great evergreen bubble. At its southeastern extremity the terrace opens upon a shaded avenue which winds about the hillside to the water's edge. We turn aside here, not with a view of making the descent and of inspecting the water works, the electric plant, and certain other mechanisms of the palace, but to glance at the splendid statue of Byron which has been set up close by this exit. It is altogether appropriate that this distinguished Englishman should find a place in the land he served and supported; and the statue depicts admirably that delicacy which is the ineffaceable heritage of this unique figure in literature. Greece also boasts another statue of the famous bard set up in a little province of the North, where tradition says he left his heart if not his body; but the statue of the Achilleion is the statue of the living not the dying Byron.

Passing between the nude bronze forms of the gladiators who stand guard at the entrance from the second to the third terrace, the visitor finds himself divided in opinion upon the excellencies of this last garden, and full of wonder at the difference which exists between it and the other two below it. One

is not quite sure wherein this difference lies. There seems to be a relaxation in the somewhat rigid plan followed in the other gardens; walks have not been laid out in any exacting manner; palm-trees have given place to numerous cypresses which rise in alternating heights according to their peculiarity of growth and age; and the flowers which have played an insignificant and sorry part hitherto, here blossom out in great variety and beauty. Toward the center of the plot is placed a fountain in the figure of the Dolphin, after the original in the Museum at Naples, and to the rear of it is a pleasing statue of Bacchus. On the left or eastern side is found a counterpart of the beautiful semicircular seat of marble in the first terrace, with its tea-table of Indian granite, but without the capping of hedge which added a peculiar charm to the settle by the statue.

But the spectator is always conscious of the colonnade, which forms the boundary of the terrace on its western and southern sides. It is not easy to describe its points of chief interest, or to estimate the nature and extent of the influence which its classic and beautiful setting has upon the Achilleion as a whole. Beside each of its twelve Ionic columns stands a muse; and it is a relief to find these classic maidens taking up their abode on a level with humanity rather than upon some towering height, as if

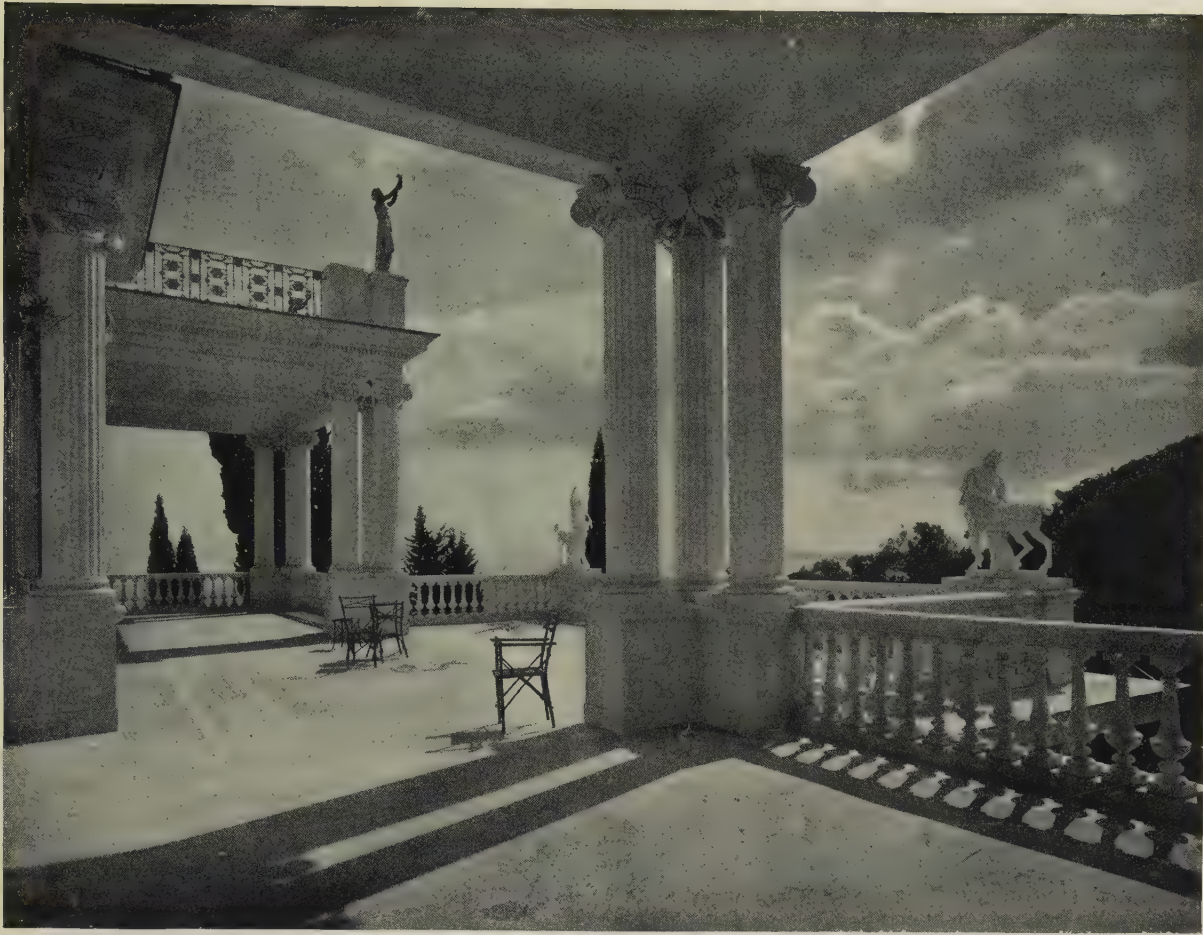
The Achilleion



A SIDE VIEW OF "THE DYING ACHILLES"



THE EASTERN FRONT OF THE COLONNADE

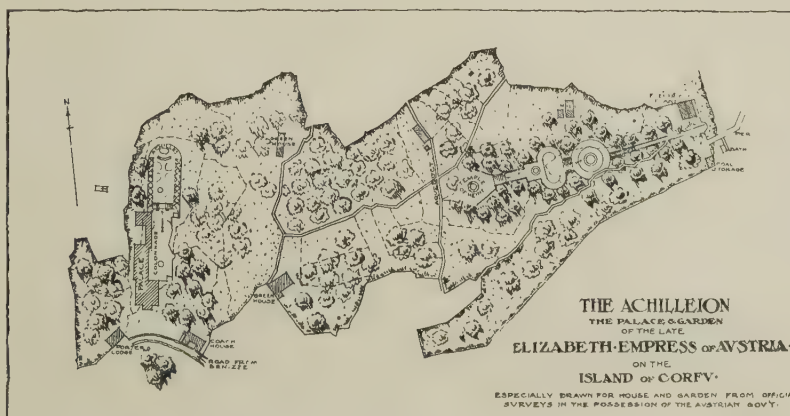


THE UPPER TERRACE BY MOONLIGHT

their lofty mountain origin precluded them from sharing the habitat of men. At the colonnade's northern entrance is a beautiful statue of Leda, mother of Helen, then in order come the busts of Posidonius, Demosthenes, Antisthenes, Zeno, and others of the patriarchs of classic ages,—eleven in all,—and at the southern terminus, more truly speaking, the eastern terminus, since the colonnade makes a turn at right angles, stands the twelfth and last, the bust of the immortal Shakespeare, the only Anglo-Saxon whose name has been enrolled in this Hall of Fame. Of equal interest with these classic names whose forms adorn the colonnade throughout its entire length within, as do the forms of the Muses without, are the mural paintings which decorate the spaces above them. Here at the northern terminus is found a splendid repro-

duction of the Homer of Gérard; then, in order, are the story of Orpheus and his enchanted lyre with which he charmed even the wild beasts of the forests; the gallant Perseus rescuing the fair Andromeda from the very jaws of the dragon at her feet; and a vivid representation of the somewhat fickle but altogether fearless Theseus who stands triumphant over the hideous Minotaur lying bleeding below him. One admires these painted stories of mythical days and deeds not only because of the art with which they have been chosen and executed,

but because they are themes whose surroundings are such as to induce and compel admiration. One might almost say they are not entirely free from local coloring, for in the distance lies the mythical Phæcean ship which brought Odysseus on his way to Ithaca; a few hours' journey



PLAN OF THE ACHILLEION AND GROUNDS



THE LOWER TERRACE

to the south is the home of the faithful Penelope who patiently awaited the return of her lord and master, while one can all but catch the rift in the mainland through which the mysterious, Plutonic Acheron finds its way into the sea. Again Achilles is recalled to us. Entering the palace from the eastern extremity of the colonnade, one is face to face with the heartrending but magnificent scene of the death of Hector—The Triumph of Achilles. It is a scene resplendent with the color of life and somber with the shadow of death, a scene that brings again to mind the greatness of the intellect which conceived it, no less than that which gave form to the conception. The mangled Hector, dragged relentlessly before the swimming eyes and amid the deafening cries of his helpless countrymen and friends, becomes to the spectator an object of sincerest pity, while the heartless victor is to him both wonderful and shameless. And turning from the scene, he seeks again the open air and, catching in the distance a sight of that same victor in the agony of death, he whispers to himself, "How are the mighty fallen," and the hate for the heartless victor triumphing over his fallen foe melts away to be replaced by commingled pity and admiration for the no longer conquering but conquered hero.



LOOKING NORTHWARD FROM THE COLONNADE

Silently the visitor steals from the spot, as yet unconscious of the thing or things which have impressed him most, but knowing only that whether he remembers in detail much or little, there has been indelibly impressed upon him somewhere a feeling of the elevating beauty and harmony of the Achilleion which neither the passing of the years nor of scenes still more beautiful can ever efface from his memory.



ENTRANCE HALL OF THE PALACE AND GRAND STAIRWAY

II

Blenheim Palace

P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

AMONGST the historic houses of England, Blenheim must rank highly. It was built by the English nation and bestowed as a reward for his military services on John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, the hero of many fights, who did good service to his country in the days of "Good Queen Anne." In the grounds once stood another palace, that of Woodstock, a very famous house, the hunting-palace of the Kings of England.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, doomed it to destruction because of her spite against the architect, Sir John Vanbrugh, who wished to restore it as a house for himself. Here Henry I. often came to stay in order to hunt in the neighboring forest of Wychwood, and kept a menagerie in the grounds of his hunting-lodge. It saw the rising of the storm between Henry II. and Archbishop Becket, who here bearded the King, and here was forced to sign the Constitutions of Clarendon, so obnoxious to ecclesiastics. Here too, was the famous maze associated with the tragedy of Fair Rosamund, the mistress, or, as some chroniclers seem to imply, the wife of Henry II. The story tells how Queen Eleanor found her way into her rival's chamber, and forced her to drink a poisoned cup of wine. Fair

Rosamund's body was borne to Godstow and laid to rest in the graveyard of the good Sisters. The lovers of Tennyson's *Becket* will not need to be reminded of poor Rosamund; but in all probability she died peacefully at Godstow without the aid of a dagger or poisoned wine. At any rate, her well is still known at Woodstock, and she lives in legends which lack not romance. John, a king of whom we are not proud, was born at the old palace, and often hunted in the neighboring forests when he was not being hunted by his barons. Chaucer, too, is said to have been born here, but like Homer, seven places claim the honor of his birthplace. Woodstock frequently saw Edward III., and here his sons were born. Richard II. kept Christmas here in 1391, when a tournament was held in the park, which ended in tragedy, the youthful Earl of Pembroke being slain by John St. John, whose lance slipped and fatally pierced the Earl's body. Here too, one William Morises tried to assassinate Henry VIII. Woodstock palace was the prison of the Princess Elizabeth under the close gaolership of Sir Henry Bedingfield. It had been disused for some time, and was so ruinous that the gate-house was fitted up for her reception and hung with such stuffs as could



THE NORTH FRONT—BLENHEIM

be found. Her soldier-guard and attendants, who lived in the rambling, ruinous palace, grumbled sorely during the long cold and wet nights of a weary winter. The Princess liked not her captivity and envied a poor milkmaid who was "singing pleasantlie, and wished herself to be a milkmaid." One day she wrote some sad verses on a shutter with a piece of burnt wood, and on another day she inscribed with a diamond on her window-pane the words:

*"Much suspected of me
Nothing proved can be
Quoth Elizabeth Prisoner."*

She whiled away the time by studying her books, working embroidery and coquetting with astrology under the guidance of the celebrated Dr. Dee, past master of the art. She came here again on several occasions under happier circumstances, and repaired the dilapidations of the old palace. An island in the lake, called after her name, still preserves her memory. Sir Robert Cecil speaks ill of the old house in the times of James I. "The place is unwholesome," he writes, "all the house standeth upon springs. It is unsavoury, for there is no savour but of cows and pigs. It is uneaseful, for only the King and Queen with the privy chamber ladies, and some three or four of the Scotch Council, are lodged in the house, and neither chamberlain nor one English councillor have a room." Those who know Sir Walter Scott's *Woodstock* need not be reminded of the strange adventures of the Parliamentary Commissioners who took possession of the rambling old building, and of the pranks played upon them by "an adroit and humorous Royalist, named Joe Collins," who "summoned spirits from the vasty deep" and raised ghosts numerous enough to tax the energies of the Psychical Society, and at last frightened the commissioners away. It was a merry time for old Woodstock. But the ghosts have gone with the old house, which has given place to the lordly Blenheim, with which we are now mainly concerned.

On June 18th, 1705, less than a year after the battle was fought, from which the palace takes its name, the grateful nation began to rear this pile and to bestow upon the hero of many fights a gift of an estate of over 2000 acres. Lands in England were formerly held by many curious tenures, e. g., providing men-at-arms for the king's service, presenting a rose to the king whenever he passed through the manor, holding the king's head when he crossed the sea, etc. This custom of grand or petit serjeantry was revived when the nation gave this estate to the Duke, who, or his successors, was required on the anniversary of the day of the battle of Blenheim to render to the sovereign at Windsor "one standard or colours with three fleur-de-lis painted thereon, as an acquittance for all manner of rents, suits and services due to the Crown."

The house has been called with truth "the extravagant culmination of Palladian grandeur." Its cost was enormous. The sum of £300,000 was expended, of which the nation gave £240,000, the rest being supplied by the Duke and Duchess. The great Duke did not live long enough to inhabit his palace, and the Duchess, the famous Sarah Jennings, or la belle Jennings, the favorite and then the bitter opponent of Queen Anne, quarreled hopelessly with Vanbrugh. She thwarted him in every way, and actually refused him admittance to see his own work. The poor architect, cheated of his salary, was obliged to stand without the gates of Blenheim, and pass two uneasy nights at "the Bear" without a glimpse of his wonderful erection. Duchess Sarah was indeed a remarkable lady, headstrong, passionate, revengeful, and yet withal a faithful loving wife at a time when conjugal faithfulness was not a common virtue in the courts of the last Stuart monarchs. A writer who has carefully read the records of her time, and has formed a very fair and just estimate of the character and conduct of the Duchess, says that "he who shall study in detail the story of the building of Blenheim will arise from his delectable task with no small knowledge of the England that passed from the rule of the Stuarts to the dynasty of Hanover."

Leaving the old town of Woodstock, once famous for its gloves, we pass through the Triumphal Gate, which has a large central arch and two posterns with an entablature supported by double detached columns raised on pedestals. An inscription records that—"This gate was built in the year after the death of the most illustrious John, Duke of Marlborough, by order of Sarah, his most beloved wife, to whom he left the sole direction of many things that remained unfinished of this fabric. The services of this great man to his country, the pillar will tell you, which the Duchess has erected for a lasting monument of his glory and her affection towards him, 1723."

On entering the park by this gate a magnificent view of the noble house greets the eye. The architectural critic will not fail to perceive the remarkable vigor of design, however much he may scoff at the extravagance of Palladian grandeur. It possesses the usual regularity of plan. There is a great courtyard facing the principal building, and on each side two smaller courts, the kitchen and stable courts, surrounded by buildings. A grand vision of towers, colonnades, porticoes and exuberant variety of design greets us from whatever point of view we regard the palace. The principal front is 348 feet in length. It consists of a large central block with wings forming the smaller courts, and joined to the central block by arcades. We enter the palace through a noble gateway under a tower at the eastern end of the east courtyard. Above the archway appears the inscription: "Under the auspices of a

Blenheim Palace



THE EAST FRONT FROM THE GARDEN—BLENHEIM

munificent Sovereign this house was built for John, Duke of Marlborough, and his Duchess Sarah, by Sir J. Vanbrugh, between the years 1705-1722, and this royal manor of Woodstock, together with a grant of £240,000, towards the building of Blenheim, was given by Her Majesty Queen Anne, and confirmed by Act of Parliament (3 and 4 Anne C. 4) to the said John, Duke of Marlborough, and to his issue male and female, lineally descending." The ironwork of the gates records the arms and crests of the Duke and interlaced M. M., which signify his titles, Marlborough and Mindelheim. The latter refers to his title of Prince of Mindelheim in Suabia of the Holy Roman Empire. On each side of the gateway there are lodges, and surrounding the court are estate and domestic offices. Two sides are adorned with a piazza. Once there were here a theatre and the

Titian gallery, the latter of which is replaced by a conservatory, and the former by an estate office. The Titian gallery contained a beautiful collection of paintings on leather which was destroyed by fire in 1861. Over the second archway leading to the

principal front, is a clock tower, and passing onwards the grand north front of the palace appears in sight. Its detractors pronounce it heavy, but they cannot deny that the effect is imposing, and that the appearance is lightened by an exuberant variety of design, and a skilful combination of towers, colonnades, porticoes, and pyramided

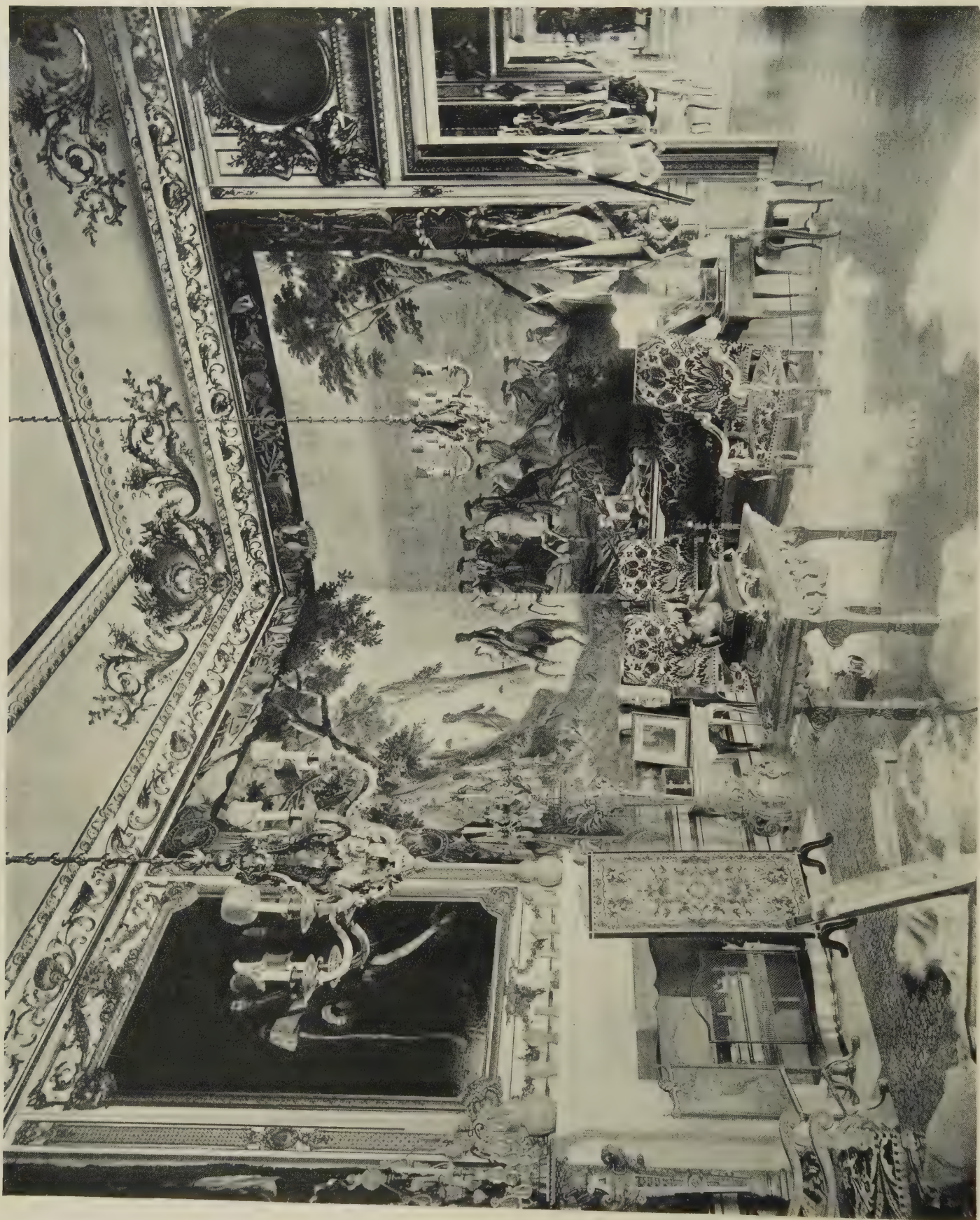
attics. The buildings are grouped round three sides of a square. On the fourth side there is a grand view of the park, and across the bridge rises amidst the trees, the Duke's Column. At the entrance of the palace there is a grand Corinthian portico, over which stands a statue of Minerva. On the tym-



TRIUMPHAL ARCH, WOODSTOCK ENTRANCE—BLENHEIM



BLENHEIM PALACE FROM THE SOUTH



A ROOM IN THE STATE SUITE—BLENHEIM



THE ITALIAN GARDEN AND VINERY—BLENHEIM

panum appear the arms of the Duke with military emblems. Two small cannons which came from the battle-field of Blenheim, guard the entrance.

The south front is in five grand divisions; the center, containing the saloon, is entered by a Corinthian portico, crowned by a pedestal, bearing the inscription *Europæ hæc vindex genio decora alta Britanno*. A colossal bust of Louis XIV., taken from the gates of Tournay, surrounded by military emblems, surmounts the pedestal. The palace is entered from the principal or north front, and we find ourselves in the great hall, a noble chamber with a lofty ceiling supported by fluted Corinthian columns, between which smaller columns of the same order support an arched corridor leading to the saloon opposite to the entrance. The key of the main door is a copy of that formerly used to lock the gates of Warsaw.

The ceiling of the hall was painted by Sir John Thornhill, and is a fine allegorical representation of Britannia crowning the great Duke after the battle of Blenheim. His bust by Rysbrach appears over a doorway with an inscription in Latin by Lord Bolingbroke. Some fine bronze statues, copies of the famous Florentine marble statues, and several other statues and busts adorn the hall. A few pictures are seen in the gallery above, portraits of Queen Anne, Prince George of Denmark (Kneller) and the Countess of Essex (Marc Geerards).

At the entrance of the ante-room to the drawing-

room are the busts of the present Duke and Duchess by Story. The Duchess is an American by birth, a daughter of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt of New York. The ante-room contains a good collection of old Dresden china.

The green drawing-room is perhaps one of the most interesting chambers in the palace on account of the superb paintings which line its walls. There is the great masterpiece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a picture of George Spencer, third Duke of Marlborough, and his family, which has been valued at £40,000. Kneller's picture of the first Duchess and Lady Fitzharding playing at cards, a portrait of the third Duke by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, by Kneller. There are also other remarkable family portraits by Cosway, Romney and Reynolds.

We pass into the next chamber, called the red drawing-room, or grand cabinet, the walls and furniture being adorned with red damask. Beautiful views of the park and of the Italian gardens are obtained from the windows of this room. The tapestries at Blenheim palace are remarkable. Many of them were copied from paintings of Le Brun, and represent battle scenes. In the suite of rooms through which we pass we notice some excellent paintings, Romney's portrait of Caroline, Duchess of Marlborough, and Kneller's portrait of the first Duke. Copies of the old banners taken at the battle of Blenheim are preserved here. The

Blenheim Palace



THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM—BLENHEIM

center of the chimneypiece in the great drawing-room is a fine alto-relievo in white marble, representing the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, copied from an antique of which Tryphon was the sculptor.

The saloon, always a prominent feature in a Palladian house, is a noble room, rising to the whole height of the building, in the same manner as, and communicating with, the great hall. Its base is marble, and the four door-cases are also of marble, consisting of pilasters, supporting an arch with shell keystones, within which is a smaller doorway, surmounted by the arms of the first Duke. The walls and ceiling are elaborately decorated, the painting being the work of La Guerre. The scheme of decoration includes a fine façade covering a raised gallery supported by fluted marble columns. The upper story is ornamented with stone statuary. Trophies of arms with groups of soldiers appear above, and below are groups of various nations, Scotch, Dutch, Swedish, Spanish, African and Chinese. On one side is the portrait of the artist, and near him that of Dean Jones, the chaplain of the Duchess Sarah. The ceiling is an allegorical paint-

ing of the career of the first Duke. We see him represented as a Roman conqueror driving his chariot over prostrate warriors. Mars and Minerva are fighting for him, and Time can scarcely keep pace with him. He is compared with Hercules fighting the dragon. But Peace stays his victorious career, while Truth, Plenty and Victory attend his progress, and Queen Anne watches her favorite. It is impossible to give in detail all the remarkable features of this elaborate scheme of decoration.

We pass to the State apartments. The tapestries are very fine and represent scenes in the career of the famous Duke, who ordered them to be made for him at Brussels. First we see the siege of Donavert, then that of Lisle, then the Duke is before Mons in Hainault. The march to Bouchain and the siege of that place, the Earl of Cadogan and his favorite mastiff, the siege of Oudenarde, and groups after the school of Teniers representing the horrors of war, are some of the scenes portrayed in this remarkable series of excellent tapestries. Some of the pictures in the State rooms are worthy of notice, especially a beautiful portrait of the present Duchess by



A FOUNTAIN IN THE ITALIAN GARDEN—BLENHEIM



CEILING OF THE GREAT HALL—BLENHEIM



A CORNER OF THE GREAT HALL—BLENHEIM

Carolus Duran, Louis XIV. by an unknown artist, and Kneller's painting of the great Duke and General Armstrong, who are represented in the conduct of the siege of Bouchain.

The library is one of the finest rooms in Europe; it is 183 feet long and occupies the entire southwest front. It formerly contained the famous Sunderland library of 80,000 books, which were sold at Christie's a few years ago. The carving of the bookcases is said to be the work of Grinling Gibbons. Rysbrach's white marble statue of Queen Anne, who is represented in her coronation robes, stands at the upper end, and on the pedestal is this inscription: "To the memory of Queen Anne, under whose auspices John, Duke of Marlborough, conquered, and to whose munificence he and his posterity with gratitude owe the possession of Blenheim, A. D. 1726." Amongst the pictures are Van Dyck's Mary, Duchess of Richmond; George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by Mytens; Van Dyck's Lady Morton and Mrs. Killigrew, two famous beauties of the court of Charles II.; the Earl of Strafford by the same artist. Sargent's portrait of the present Duke and Duchess with their family is a fine and pleasing painting. Closterman's picture of the great Duke and Duchess has an historic interest. The poor artist was driven almost to distraction by the quarrelsome Duchess Sarah over this picture. The Duke wrote to Closterman: "It has

given me more trouble to reconcile my wife and you than to win a battle." Vanloo's portrait of the second Duke and Duchess, that of the first Duke and Duchess by Kneller, Lely's Duchess of Portsmouth, Hudson's Earl of Sunderland, are some of the most striking paintings that arrest attention. A fine organ fills the lower end of this magnificent library. There are many other interesting paintings and busts, and some valuable documents, letters and dispatches of the great Duke which are preserved here. Although the present collection of pictures possesses many examples of great interest, it has only a tithe of the number of valuable paintings which formerly belonged to the family and formed a collection which both in extent and selectness was one of the finest in England. No private cabinet in Europe possessed such treasures of art. It was particularly rich in works by Rubens. A large number have been sold. Raffaele's celebrated Madonna d'Ansidei, the gem of the collection, realized £70,000, and is now in the National Gallery.

One more chamber in the palace must be visited, the chapel, which contains a somewhat heavy and pompous marble monument by Rysbrach of the first Duke and Duchess, a monument of the seventh Duke (1822-1883) and a recent memorial of the brilliant but erratic statesman, Lord Randolph Churchill.

The architect was Sir John Vanbrugh, the con-

ceiver of massively majestic effects, who escaped not the poet's satire conveyed in the epitaph:

*"Under this stone, reader, survey
Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay.
Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."*

Lord Lyttelton wrote enthusiastically of it in 1728:

*"Parent of Arts, whose skilful hand first taught
This tow'ring Pile to rise, and form'd the Plan
With fair proportion; Architect divine
Minerva; Thee to my advent'rous Lyre
Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
'Blenheimia,' Monument of British Fame,
Thy glorious work! For thou the lofty Tow'rs
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy Shield
In peril guarded, and thy Wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war. Majestic in its strength
Stands the proud Dome, and speaks its great Design.
Hail, happy Chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious! Grateful Nation, hail,
Who paid his service with so rich a Meed!
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise.
The Hero, or the People? Not the Vale
Of Tempe jam'd in song, or Ida's grove
Such beauty boasts."*

The gardens and park are no less famous than the palace. Wise, one of the race of early landscape gardeners, was the original designer, but his plans have happily been improved upon by his successors. The Italian garden, bounded on the north by the conservatory, with its graceful fountain and beauti-

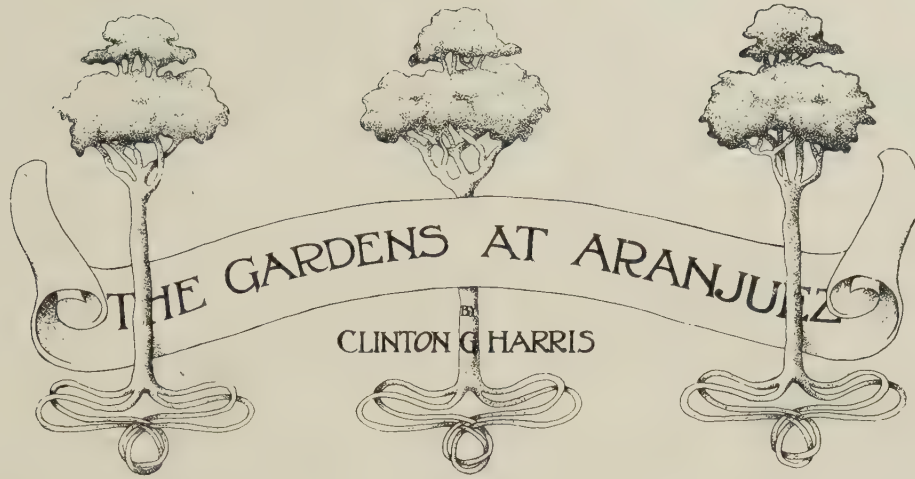
ful formal arrangement is most attractive. The pleasure grounds cover 300 acres, and have some splendid trees, deodars, Portugal laurel, cedar, copper beech and pine. There is the Temple of Health, erected to commemorate the recovery from illness of George III. in 1789, and the Ionic temple of Diana designed by Sir William Chambers, who also built the bridge which spans the lake. This noble bridge contains several chambers which were intended to be used as a summer residence. The lake is artificial, and was formed by "Capability" Brown by damming the little river Glyme. The groups of trees in the park were originally planted in groups, so as to form a plan of the battle of Blenheim, each group representing a battalion of troops. A prominent feature of the park is the column crowned by a colossal statue of the great Duke, and adorned with a record of his distinguished services to his country. "Rosamund's Well," the traditional rill in which the fair beauty bathed, and the high lodge, an old building once the residence of the ranger of the Royal Forest, are objects of interest that attract the curious.

As we leave the palace the rays of the setting sun shed a halo of glory on each tower and pinnacle of this wondrous house; the deer are browsing in the park beneath the shade of the ancestral trees; old oaks which have witnessed the hunting exploits of mediæval kings cast their shadows, and tell of the past glories of Woodstock.



CLOISTER COURT—BATTLE ABBEY

III



THE country around Madrid, and in fact most of the central part of Spain is an immense wind-swept plateau, elevated some two thousand feet above the sea level. Vast plains extend in all directions, almost devoid of dwellings, and even of vegetation, save here and there the starveling wheat which barely hides the barren soil, and, occasionally, a few solitary trees which, scattered about on the horizon, relieve the monotony of the landscape. No traveler who has entered Madrid by daylight can help being impressed by these desolate fields, which stretch even to the city gates. Without the least hint that he is approaching a well-peopled capital, he is suddenly brought face to face with palace, dome and spire; the scene changes with magic rapidity. He leaves the arid plains; and lo! Madrid, on a low sloping hill, bursts upon his view. The customary suburbs of the modern city are here entirely lacking; and in this respect, perhaps, the Spanish capital stands unique and alone. Attractive as it proves on nearer acquaintance with its wonderful gallery, and scarcely less celebrated armory, its touch of royalty, and its alluring bull-fights, there is withal an air of despondency about the city. One soon wearies of the glare of the hot sun-baked streets, and yearns for an excursion into the world of woods and flowers, and to the coolness of refreshing brooks.

But Madrid, unlike its sister capitals—Paris or Rome—boasts of no Versailles nor Tivoli in its immediate neighborhood. It was when we were in search of some such spots as these, that we heard first of the once favorite summer palace of the court, with its gardens and streams, distant thirty miles at the village of Aranjuez. Eager for the adventure, but not with the most entire confidence as to what should be our reward, we prepared to leave the city the next morning. The hot and busy Puerto del

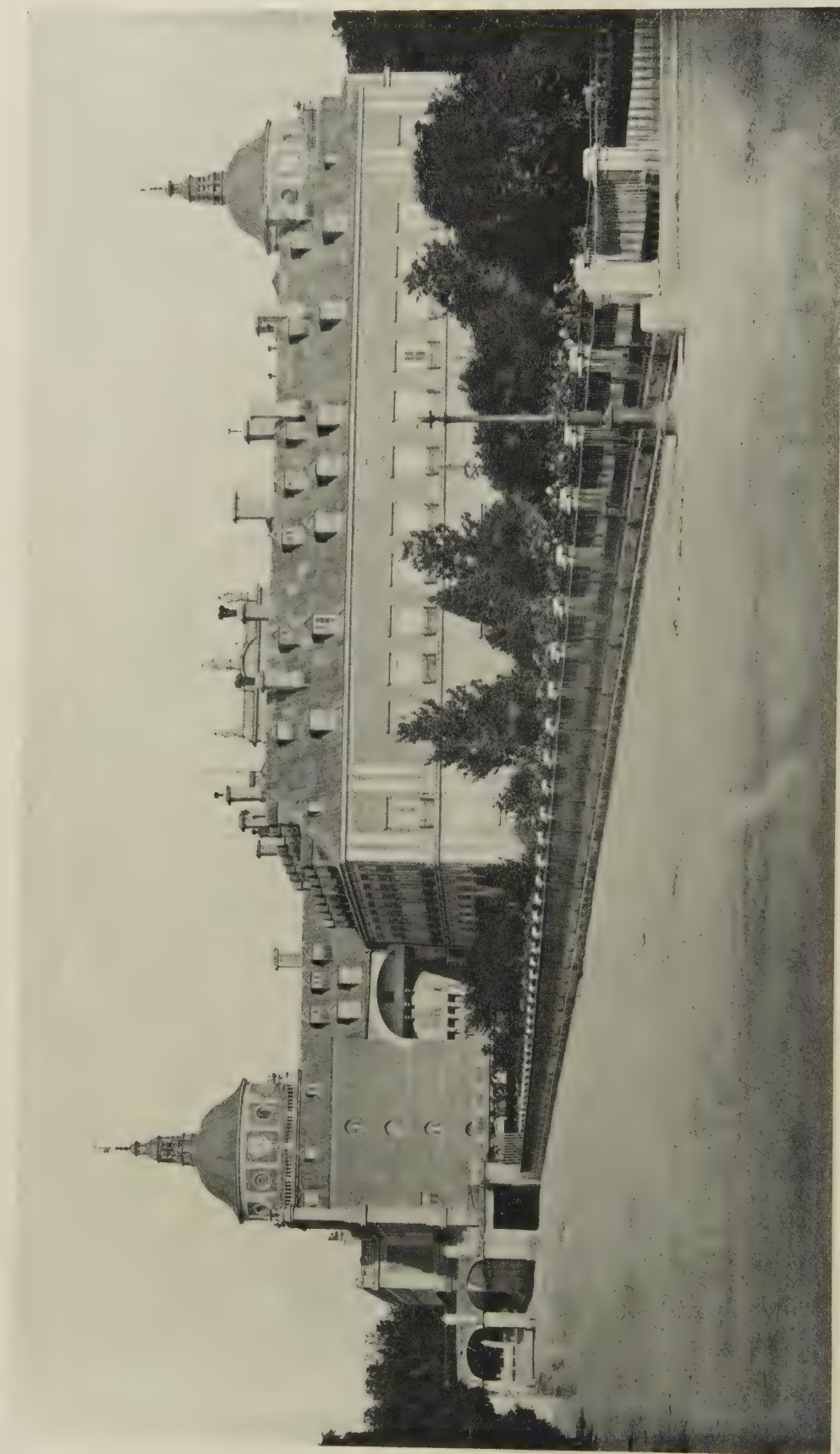
Sol was willingly left behind, and we were off at an early hour, *en route* for the station. Why mention the inevitable delays? It is a Spanish railway; the phrase must cover a multitude of sins.

The day is a glorious one—a bright May freshness in the air, that which comes the world over with that delightful month. In these southern countries its exhilarating freshness is to be doubly appreciated, for here the spring lasts but a short time, fading away quickly into a dry and parching summer. We wind out leisurely through a country of undulating plains, with scarcely a tree or a dwelling in sight. Were it not for the brilliant fields of gorgeous poppies, that seem to crowd out the impoverished wheat, the mind might well grow melancholy at so dreary an outlook. Yet, even while we are oppressed by these rambling thoughts, or wondering whether there is aught better in store for us at our journey's end, suddenly we are conscious of a change, and we awaken from our reverie.

A welcome relief to the faithless travelers, there come to us as Heaven-sent accompaniments to the glorious sky and the balmy air, the song of rejoicing birds, and the breath of fragrant woods. We have passed suddenly from a barren parched land into a realm of verdure and flowers. Trees have appeared as if by magic, and we hear the cooling, refreshing sound of running waters. We have entered Aranjuez. Well may it be called an "oasis of flowers." They commence at the very station, not arranged niggardly as in typical railway beds, but grouped in solid masses, brilliant of color, poppies and roses huddled close together, as if fearing that by some mischance one of their number might be blown out on the desolate plain to die alone.

Unique Aranjuez! a town existing apparently as an humble companion to its gardens. There is little

The Gardens at Aranjuez



THE PALACE FROM THE PARTERRE—ARANJUEZ



THE FOUNTAIN OF APOLLO IN THE ISLAND GARDEN—ARANJUEZ

The Gardens at Aranjuez



THE WESTERN OR MAIN FAÇADE OF THE ROYAL PALACE—ARANJUEZ



THE SOUTHERN FAÇADE OF THE ROYAL PALACE—ARANJUEZ

at first to suggest a village, yet we know the houses must be somewhere near, for the idlers have gathered about the station to greet the arriving train. The usual beggar is here, and one or two tumble-down hacks, but there is little need to engage a carriage, for already the shade of the glorious grove tells us that we are in the midst of the very gardens themselves. A vista through the trees reveals the distant palace, and we feel, at once, though in the very heart

When in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the possessions of the Order of the Santiago were absorbed by the crown, the character of Aranjuez was suddenly changed, and it became a royal summer residence, furnishing a breathing spot not too distant from the capital, to which royalty might retreat and escape from the heat and glare of city streets, and the oppressive ceremonials of the court. Villas replaced cloisters, and gaily dressed courtiers and ladies



A GENERAL PLAN OF ARANJUEZ AND ITS GARDENS

of Spain, that foreign influences have been at work to transform Aranjuez. Even the trees above our heads are not the characteristic Spanish trees. We are surrounded by the elms of an English park; about us is an air of Fontainebleau or Versailles; and we turn eagerly to inquire the history of this verdant spot.

Far back in the fourteenth century, the wealthy and illustrious order of the Santiago, under the leadership of Lorenzo Suarez de Figueróa, founded here a monastery. Trees were planted, the olive and the vine cultivated, and the marshes at the junction of the Tagus and Jarama rivers were reclaimed and made to yield abundant crops. How different its aspect must then have been, without its groves, without its palaces, only the plain whitewashed ecclesiastical buildings, with their brilliantly tiled roofs, contrasting strongly with the deep blue of the southern sky!

pushed aside the cowed monks. The son of Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V., in 1536 made it into a shooting villa, in which to while away a moment now and then, when he could escape from his almost constant wars. His son, Philip II., on his several visits to England, admiring the glorious elms of the northern island, caused many of them to be carried to Aranjuez and planted so as to surround his summer palaces, employing the architect Herrar, to construct additional buildings. Many of these, however, were ere long destroyed by fire, and Philip IV. swept away this part of the town, and commenced to rebuild it after the French styles; but with Spanish irresolution he did not complete his work, and it was left to be finished by his successors.

Great were the court gatherings, now in this favored spot, and Aranjuez was the scene of many a fête. According to the journal kept by Lord Auckland, Ambassador to Charles III., the court and ministers

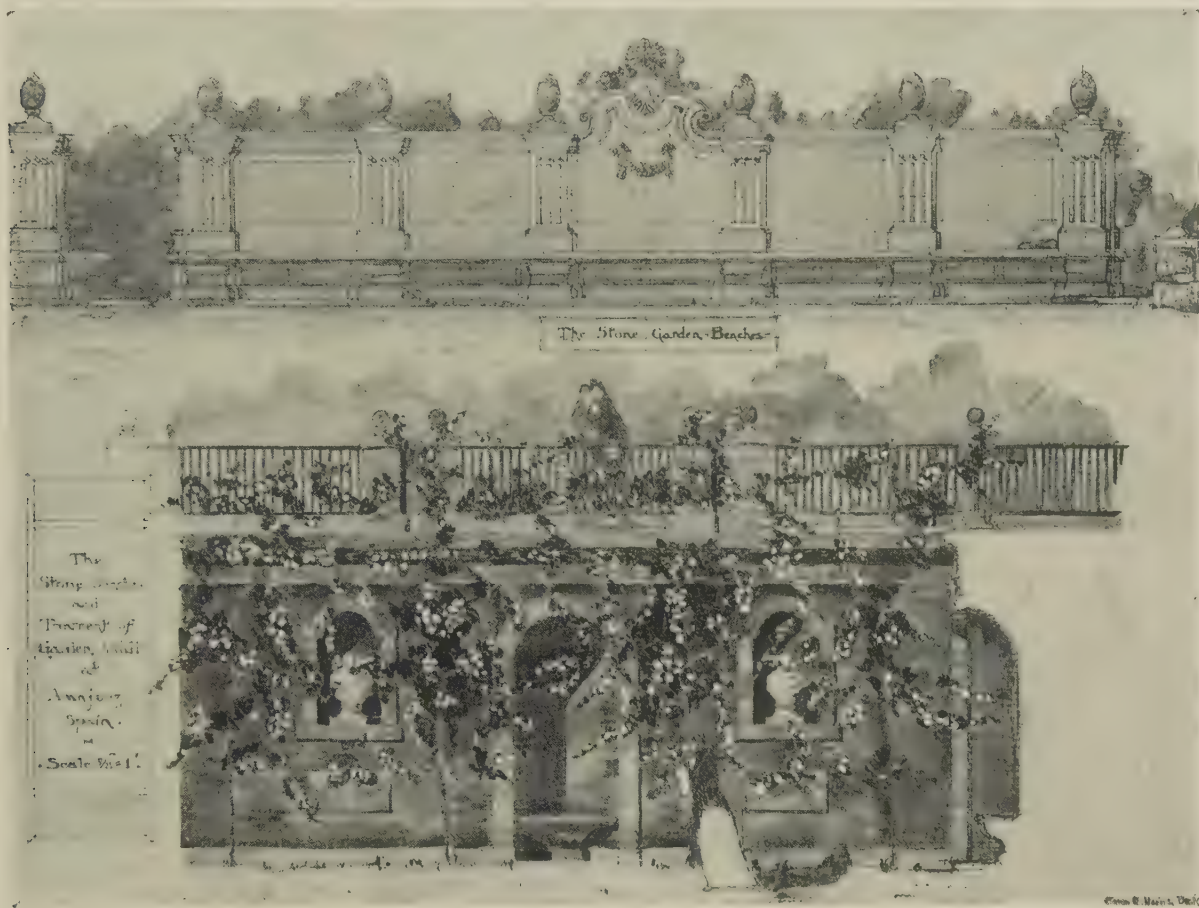
The Gardens at Aranjuez



THE GARDEN FRONT OF THE PALACE—ARANJUEZ

drove in the principal avenues through the gardens every afternoon in landaus, each drawn by eight or ten mules, followed by four footmen. There was much shooting, hunting, and many balls, and frequent exhibitions of horsemanship, called *parejas*, where the princes and young nobles played the most prominent part in the presence of ten or twelve thousand spectators. The horses, to the sound of music, formed in various figures, resembling a very complicated dance. So had the panorama changed from conventual to court life, and from monastic to palatial architecture, until in the eighteenth century

records on this glorious day. We have come to see the gardens. Nature is alive about us, the birds are thick in the tree tops, calling to us to come and search for more satisfying treasures than the doings of by-gone kings and queens. Before us stretches the great grove of splendid elms, arranged regularly, but with foliage so massive and beautiful that we readily overlook the checker-board planting. Let us follow one of these parallel avenues. No one forbids; the place partaking somewhat of the character of a large public common. Here and there a donkey—a remnant, doubtless, of the famous herds which were once



STONE BENCHES AND TREATMENT OF GARDEN WALL AT ARANJUEZ

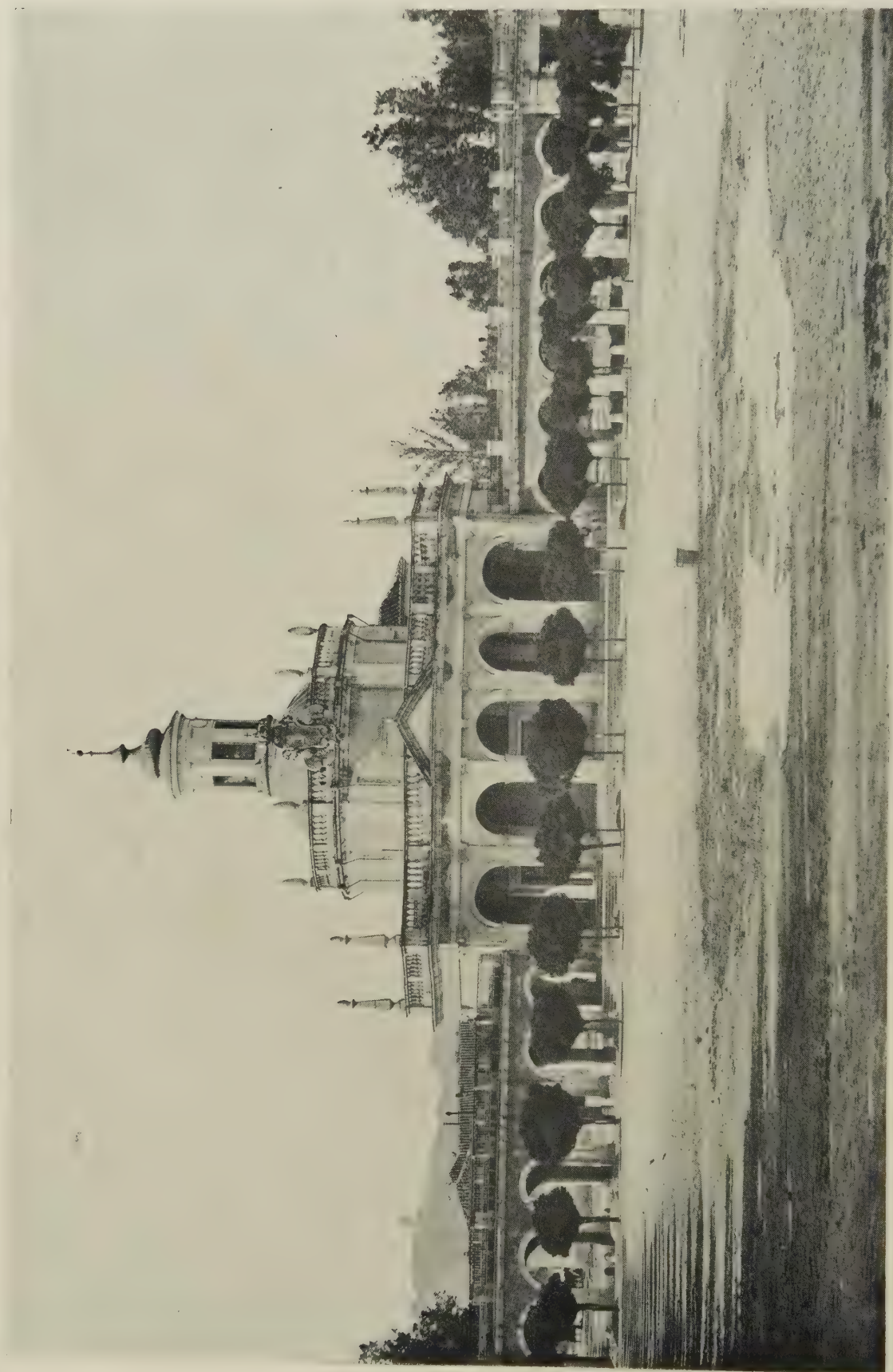
we find Aranjuez amid customs and surroundings largely borrowed from France—the country which at that time was setting the style for all European courts to follow.

At this point, however, the scene ceased to shift; and in many of its features, the Aranjuez of to-day is the Aranjuez of a century ago; save that the court has fled, the fickle taste of Spanish Royalty now preferring La Granja as its place of ease. So it is likely to remain for the present, since the Spanish exchequer is now too depleted to allow of any large amounts being expended in altering it. Interesting as its history is, let us not delve too deeply into past

raised here—grazes about at will, almost the only sign of animal life. Each vista seems to lead the eye to the palace, whose extensive façade and curiously placed domes at the meeting of the wings with the central portion, attracts our attention.

As we emerge from the woods a large oval grass parterre opens out before the palace. About its border are placed great garden seats of a rich yellow stone. These, some eight in number, and about thirty feet in length, are splendid in design, with high paneled backs, the central panel rising slightly in contour and supporting a well carved basket of fruit and flowers. Conforming to the shape of the

The Gardens at Aranjuez



THE CONVENT OF SAN ANTONIO—ARANJUEZ



ENTRANCE TO THE ISLAND GARDEN—ARANJUEZ

parterre which they surround, we find the benches gently curved in plan. They furnish pleasant places in which to rest a moment and take in the charming situation of the palace before us, as it lies banked with deep woods on every side. 46478.

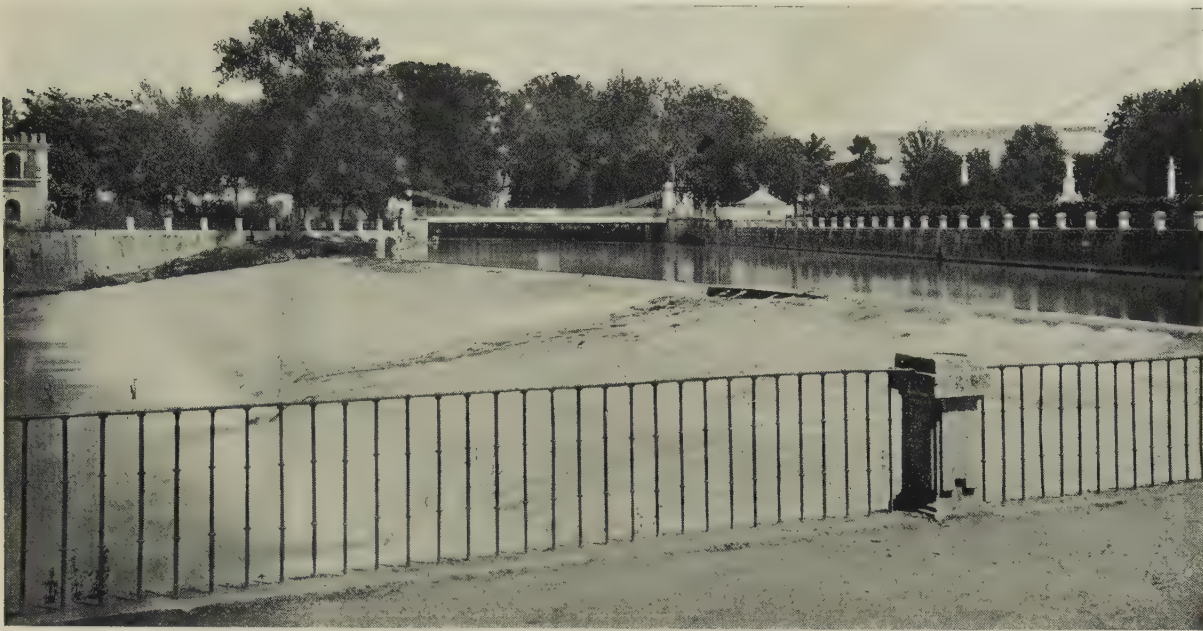
We are not satisfied with the façade of the building, however; the monotonous lines and closed blinds seem especially dull on this bright day, but entering, we find within some interesting rooms. Splendidly represented is Bosch, a painter of the beginning of the sixteenth century, almost unknown out of Spain, whose fantastic and allegorical subjects in the style of Brueghel were much praised by the authorities of his time. The cabinet is a treat for china fanciers, and is filled with the finest known specimens

of Buen Retiro porcelain. The walls of the room are entirely covered with large plaques, representing high relief groups of Japanese figures, beautifully painted and modeled. The looking-glasses made at La Granja, add to the effect, the frames being composed of fruits and flowers carved in wood. This room was painted and modeled by Joseph Gricci, of Naples, one of the artists brought from Italy by Charles III., when he established at Madrid in 1759, the fabric of Buen Retiro, which had existed previously at the Neapolitan Palace of Capo di Monte. This porcelain is marked with the *fleur-de-lis* in colors of gold. The mirrors and the inlaid woodwork throughout the entire palace are especially fine.

As we pass the windows we catch lovely glimpses of



PARTERRE BESIDE THE TAGUS—ARANJUEZ



THE WEIR AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE—ARANJUEZ

the parterre below, and behind the palace we see shady avenues of Oriental plane-trees and boiling cascades. The elms seem to thrive wonderfully under the combined influence of heat and moisture, and some are of enormous proportions. It has been said that in their branches all the nightingales of Spain collect, and well they might, for nowhere in that country could they find a more lovely singing gallery. To reach these gardens we must pass along beneath the small acacia-trees, which line the road at the side of the palace—between the long arcaded buildings, the abode of the officers of the estate—and the garden walls. The rear portion of the palace is of wholly different style, the sloping slate roofs with their double tiers of dormers showing the Dutch influence introduced into Aranjuez upon the return of Marquis Grimaldi from his Embassy to The Hague.

We now seem to be standing at the focal point of this royal village. Wide, shady avenues lead away in all directions, while near by we see the Convent Church of San Antonio, with its lanterned domes and covered arcades flanked with bushy acacias, which seem determined to look their best that they may not wholly give up their native town to the invasion of foreign trees. Between the arches and toward the ends of the avenues, we see the surrounding low hills whose barren slopes add emphasis to the verdure of Aranjuez. Fantastic fountains in the parterre behind the palace, indicate that water is not a scarcity here. In fact, beyond the parterre we see the winding river Tagus, and across a small suspension bridge, tastefully flanked with figure-capped pedestals and stone vases, is situated the one sign of commercial industry in the village—a substantial and very respectable looking flour-mill. Evidently the water power is put partly to industrial

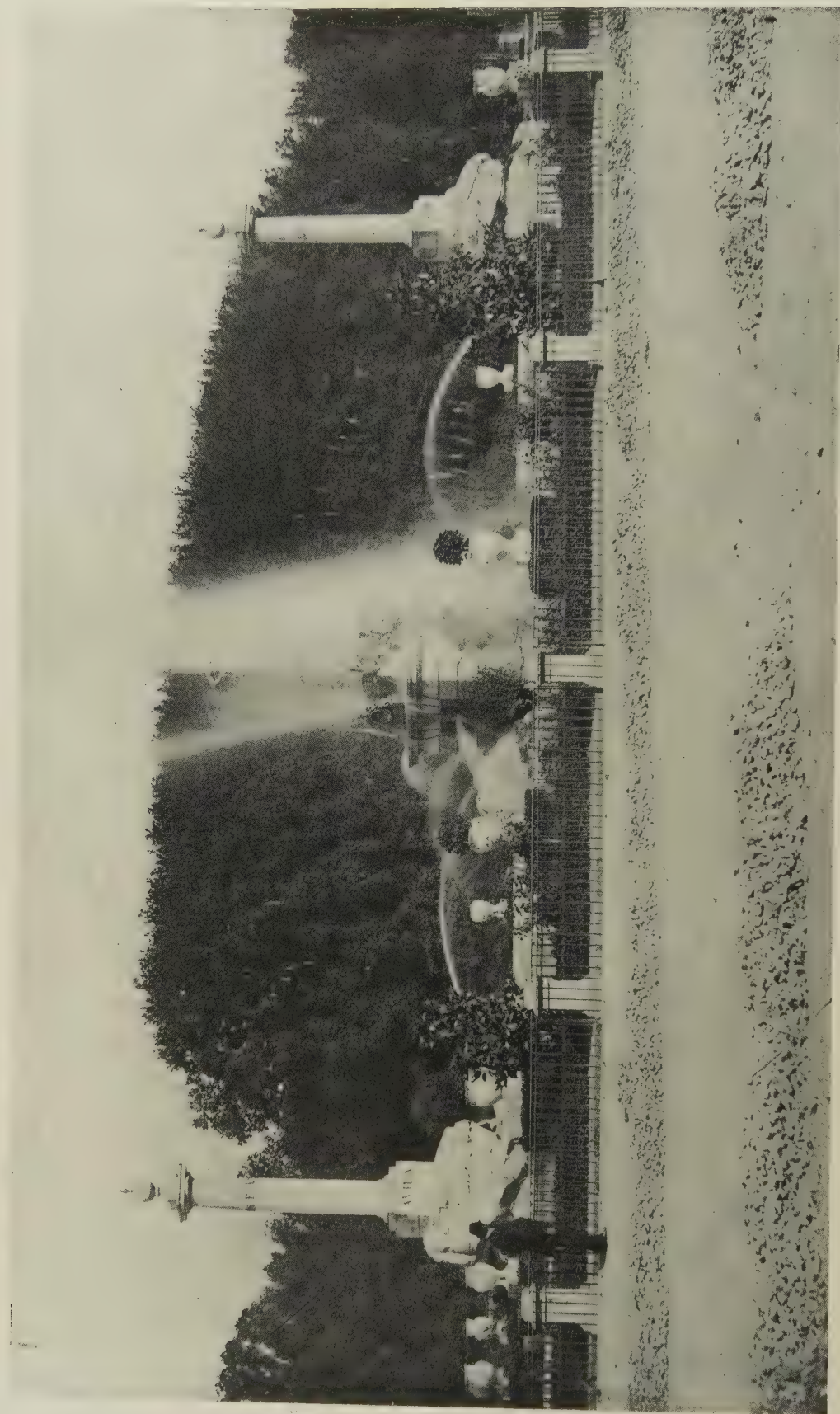
uses, and is not wholly absorbed in the ornamental function of supplying the fountains.

But standing here before the entrance to the palace garden, the delicious odor of the flowers comes to us; the gates are open, we are tempted to explore further, and we enter, passing the gay fountain with its commemorative columns on either side. Much as we have seen of delights, one little dreams of the treat that here greets the eye. Roses everywhere, roses of all kinds and varieties, growing high on a single stem, to burst out in a clustered mass at the top, or clambering over the walls a solid mass of bloom,—roses of a size to challenge measurement, for rarely does one see such splendid blooms.

From an L-shaped wing of the palace, which serves as a barrier from the public road, along which we have approached the garden, a high wall extends for some distance. It is effectively treated, in brick with stone trimmings, and adorned with niches, containing stone seats. These niches alternate with smaller high-up recesses, in which busts have been placed. Surmounting the wall is an iron railing, forming a protection to the promenade, which leads from the second story of the windows of the palace. Over wall and railing climbs a white rambler rose, its heavily laden sprays hanging far out over the garden paths or crawling in behind some bust to form a delightful background of green and white against the deep rich red of the brick.

The flower beds are laid out formally, with small box-wood edgings, and, here and there, a corner box-tree or a fountain of a single jet in a center. Toward the north, one looks from the iron-railed wall directly down the river, which here takes a sharp turn and flows rapidly over a low weir and away amidst grassy islands. Above the weir, a flume carries a

The Gardens at Aranjuez



THE FOUNTAINS OF THE PARTERRE—ARANJUEZ



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE SWAN



THE FOUNTAIN OF CERES

IN THE GARDEN OF THE PRINCE—ARANJUEZ

The Gardens at Aranjuez

small stream, which, passing beneath the garden bridges, flows swiftly, boiling along beneath the palace windows, coursing through the woods and amongst the tall elms to rejoin the main river below the gardens. To this cool and shady part of the palace grounds is given the name of *El Jardín de la Isla*, or the Island Garden. Crossing the moat by one of the bridges, gay with its groups of statuary, we stand on this wooded island. Beyond the fountain we look down a splendid avenue of plane-trees. These giants, imported originally from France, are looked upon by the inhabitants with the same curiosity as a palm-tree is in more northerly climes, but that they have thrived much better than such exiled palms is shown by their healthy appearance after so many years.

It would, indeed, be difficult to find a more pleasant walk than along this *Salón de los Reyes Católicos*. Here from benches placed between the trees are afforded, on one hand, views up and down the wooded river-bank and away to the hills, while on the other side, inviting paths lead off into the cool depths of the grove. The hedges here have grown wild, and visitors are few, so that we wander with careless pleasure up and down the various walks amidst a mass of vines and bushes, the shrubbery, however, being kept within bounds by bordering beds. How shady and peaceful it all is! Now and then a statue or some old fountain, marks the meeting of principal paths, fountains differing in design, moss covered, cool and dripping, each junction of ways furnishing four equally pleasing paths to be

followed out and explored, each certain to reveal another lovely spot on which to pause and while away a moment alone with the trees and the shrubbery to the soothing accompaniment of the birds and the distant waters.

The reputed neglect of this *Isla* is one of its chief charms, rather than a cause for concern and discouragement, as the guide-books would have us believe. It is the charm that comes after man has done his work and departed, when Nature steps in again to reclaim her own, the same charm that is found to-day in the Villa d'Este, and the other apparently abandoned Italian gardens. What better could be done here than to leave this shrubbery to follow its own course, with now and then a judicious trimming, lest it become a mere tangled thicket? The paths are well cared for, and formed of large pebbles, bounded by flat oblong blocks of stone; they have the advantages of always remaining free from mud in situations where, at the driest season of the year, moisture must necessarily collect.

Leaving at last this quiet spot and retracing our steps through the rose garden, we are again in the open parterre with its fountains and converging avenues. That we are in royal domains is indicated by the names of the roads—*Calle de las Infantas*—*Calle del Principe*—*Calle de la Reina*. Following the latter along its shady paths for some distance we reach *La Casa del Labrador* or the Laborers' Cottage, the Petit Trianon of Aranjuez, again reminding us of the French ideas developed at Versailles, and here imitated by the Spanish Court.



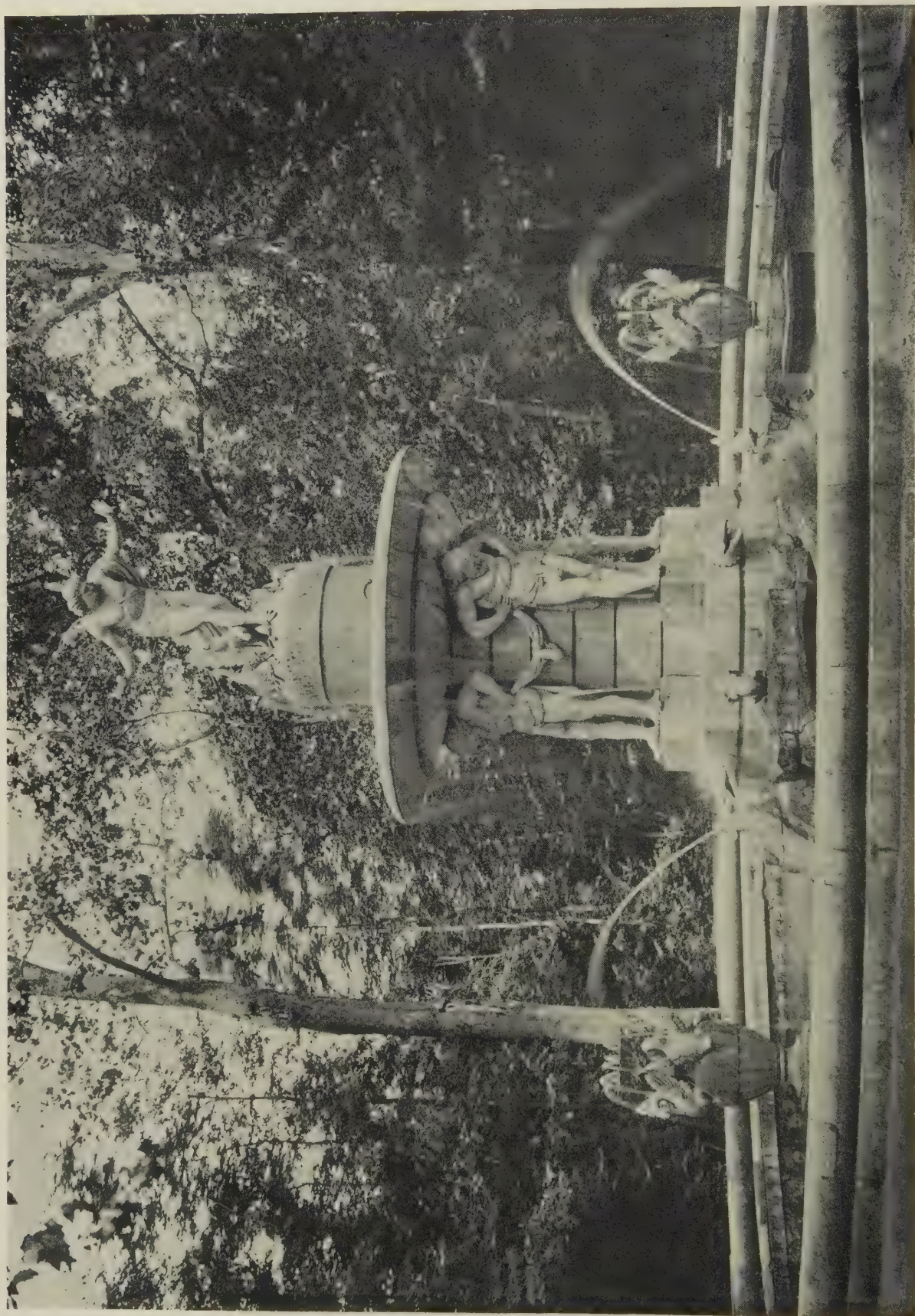
THE DESCENT TO THE ISLAND GARDEN—ARANJUEZ



SUMMER-HOUSES ON THE RIVER, GARDEN OF THE PRINCE—ARANJUEZ



FOUNTAIN IN THE PLAZA OF SAN ANTONIO—ARANJUEZ



THE FOUNTAIN OF NARCISSUS IN THE GARDEN OF THE PRINCE—ARANJUEZ



THE SALON DE LOS REYES CATOLICOS IN THE ISLAND GARDEN—ARANJUEZ

This royal plaything of the light monarch, Charles IV., is situated in a portion of the estate, separated from the palace gardens by the winding river, and known as the *Jardin del Principe*, or the Garden of the Prince. It is far more interesting—architecturally than the more extensive palace. It is richly fitted up with marble, tapestries, china, and platina-inlaid walls and doors.

The immediate grounds are laid out as a *Jardin Ingles*, but, by far the most interesting part of these gardens is reached from the first gate, on the *Calle de la Reina*, near the suspension bridge. Straightway before us stretches a splendid avenue, a quarter of a mile in length, lined on either side with foot-paths, and shaded by four rows of huge plane-trees. Permission from the guardian, which is granted for the asking, seems all that is necessary to allow us a full view of these splendid gardens. Our attention is called to a group of men stretched at full length on the grass, just outside the gates, some asleep, some idly talking or smoking: "another lot of idlers," we say; but when an hour later we recognize these same men working among the flowers, or gathering the luscious strawberries now at their best, we realize that these "idlers" are the gardeners. The midday heat is so great throughout Spain as to cause a general cessation of outdoor labor about noon, and we find that to our sleeping friends we are forced to give the

credit for the neatness of the garden paths, the flower-beds, walks and vegetable patches.

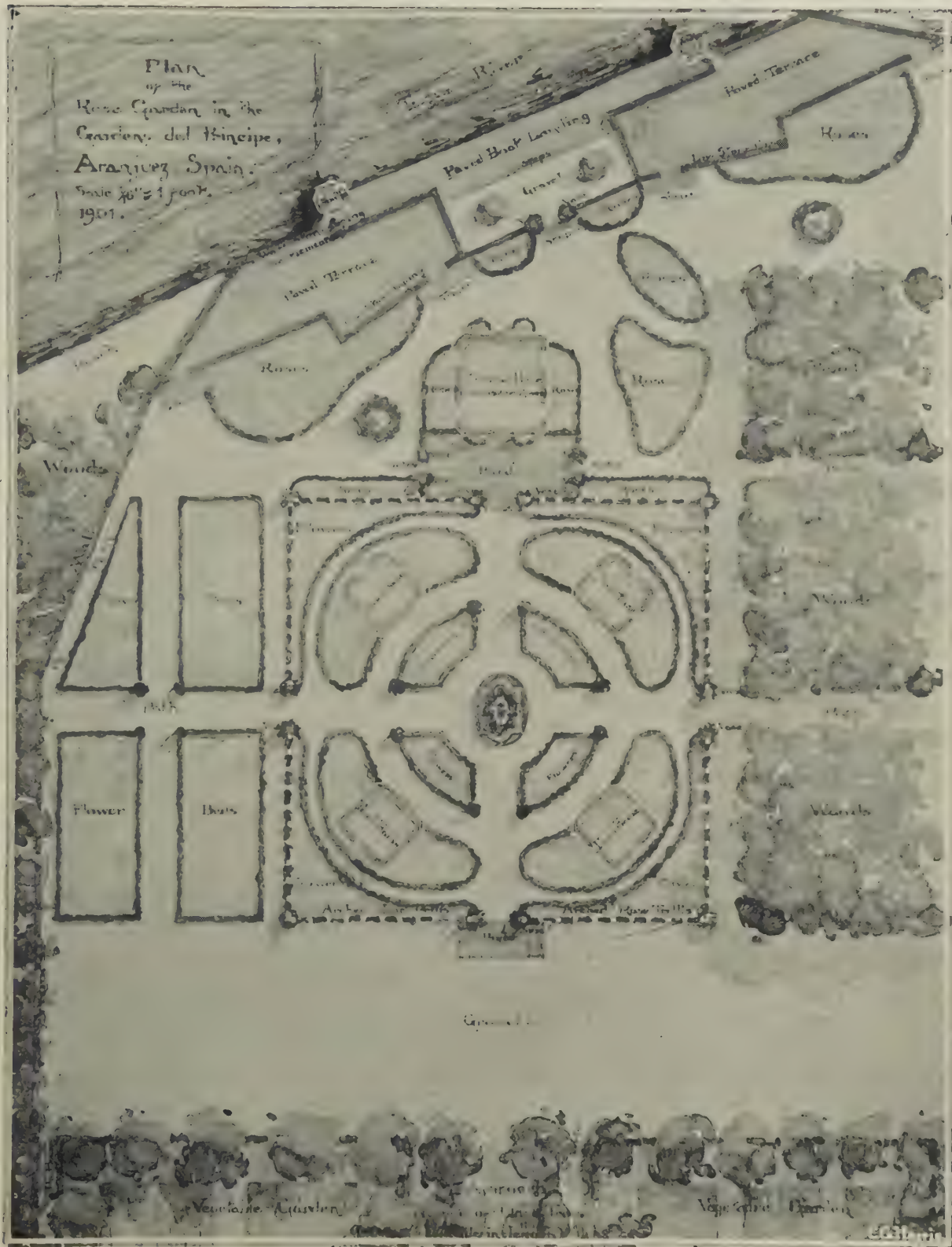
But what is to be our reward at the end of this pleasant walk? That bright patch of sunshine at its extremity must bring forth some new pleasure, so we hurry along and are rejoiced to find another garden filled with roses, its name, *La Florera*, indicating fully its nature. It is difficult to describe our feelings, as we suddenly burst from the cooling shade of the trees upon the small open and lovely flower-garden. It is a little gem, entirely surrounded by a single stick trellis, a series of arches completely enclosing the square. Clambering over the arches is a mass of tiny white roses, now in the height of their bloom. Box hedges, trimmed low, border the beds, where sweet william, phlox and other brilliant flowers exhale delicious odors. The center-piece to this feast for the eye is a small oval pool, from which rises on the rocks a basket, filled with trailing vines and brilliant geraniums.

At each corner of the trellised enclosure facing the pool is a square gardener's house, roughcast in yellow plaster, covered with green latticing, over which more roses climb, even to the roof line. On the main axis of the avenue, and directly opposite the entrance to the square garden, is a somewhat larger house of the same construction. Save for the window spaces, its walls are a mass of wistaria, whose

The Gardens at Aranjuez



THE FOUNTAIN OF HERCULES IN THE ISLAND GARDEN—ARANJUEZ



PLAN OF THE ROSE GARDEN IN THE GARDEN OF THE PRINCE ARANJUEZ

The Gardens at Aranjuez



LA CASA DEL LABRADOR, OR LABORER'S HOUSE ARANJUEZ

delicate lavender clusters hang luxuriantly from under the cornice. No doubt this house served as a small casino, a retreat from the heat of the sun or a sudden shower for the royal wanderers among the flowers. Before its door is a small paved fore-court, lying one step below the level of the garden, surrounded shoulder high by hedges and entered through wooden gates.

Perhaps the most original part of this lay-out is found just behind the casino. Here we have again reached the river in our wandering. A small embarking place leads up from the shore; and on both

a perfect not-to-be-forgotten picture. Up the stream stretch long winding avenues, cutting through the woods,—avenues that lead in and out, now bordering on the river bank, now piercing far back into the heart of what seems to be a boundless wooded park. Here, too, are attractive statues, well placed at the end of each vista; and each succeeding turn reveals moss-covered fountains, deep in the enclosure of the woods, which reflect in their dark bosoms the green foliage overhead. Here reigns a solitude emphasized by the life and gaiety which we have so recently seen amongst the flowers. Wander-



THE COURT OF "LABORER'S HOUSE"—ARANJUEZ

sides of it, reached by a few broad steps, are low coped terraces. These are paved with large flag-stones, the wall toward the river rising waist high of brick, battlemented in stone, while two octagonal stone pavilions, dainty in design, afford vantage ground for views up and down the winding stream. Toward the garden the terrace walls are banked with a perfect sea of rose bushes. Beyond, in much the same way that one enjoys the view of a sunken garden, we glance from our slightly elevated terrace, through the trellised arches, upon the brilliant flower-bed. The surrounding green of the woods, the garden, a sunny blaze of color in the foreground, the ripple of the river below us, together with the glory of the May day, combine to make

ing thus pleasantly about, finding always something unexpected and refreshing in the quiet glades, we finally emerge from the woods to meet again the busier life in the garden, where the laborers pause in their work to eye the passing strangers. The day is drawing to a close, yet we feel as if we were but getting acquainted with Aranjuez, and we long to explore further and learn more of the charms of this rarely visited land.

The question will recur—why is this attractive garden spot so little known? Why, in these days when the interest in gardens has so greatly revived, and so many books are being written on the subject, do we read so little of the attractions of Aranjuez? These questions arose in our minds as we walked

The Gardens at Aranjuez



THE FOUNTAIN OF APOLLO IN THE GARDEN OF THE PRINCE—ARANJUEZ

reluctantly to the station, and puzzled our brains as the train bore us slowly back over the plains to Madrid, and we left behind all but the memories of that ideal May day.

Perhaps there are several answers. In the first place, Central Spain is as yet far removed from the beaten track of European travel. Its railways are anything but convenient, and especially so should one depart from the chief lines. Again, the guide-books, as a rule, are enough to chill the marrow in the strongest bones. If taken alone, they would seem to make the trip to Aranjuez scarcely worth the while. They speak of gardens in great neglect and weedy; fountains dried up and unswept paths strewn with leaves; the general air of the place deserted and forlorn. One grows rather suspicious, however, as to whether the authors ever actually

investigated for themselves; for the accounts in two guide-books are almost identical, word for word. Both conclude in the following pathetic manner: "And well may we exclaim with Schiller,—*Die schönen Tage in Aranjuez sind nun zu Ende.*" From a historical point

of view, no doubt this is true; but after days on the arid wastes and barren plains of the surrounding country, it comes as a relief to the traveler, to find again the green trees, to breathe the cool air from the woods, and to listen to the splash of the turbulent waters. Could Schiller but have been there on such a day as we had, could he have wandered as we did, along the shaded paths, among the fragrant flowers, surely then he would have written—"that glorious days in Aranjuez still exist for those who love Nature in one of her most attractive forms—the garden."



IV

The Gardens of the Villa Lante

GEORGE WALTER DAWSON

IN writing of the Villa Lante it is of Italy and her gardens I write. To write of Italy and her gardens is to touch of the spirit of all gardens. To write of gardens is to write of Nature and man: a pleasant task!

A garden, I take it, is a place where Nature and man come close together; where they join hands, as it were, to the greater pleasure of man, and I like to think, not to the displeasure of Nature. It is man's little domain, for him more specialized than the wild field; Nature focused, stilled, and gently cared for. Delight in Nature is universal; and every kind of man, of every grade of life, makes outward expression of this pleasure. The little wayside garden; the bright pots with their green festoons, reaching from some high tenement window; the stately gardens of palace and castle; the sweet, trim gardens of our ancestors; the Babylonian terraced gardens and the terraced hillside gardens of Italy; the classic garden of Greece and Rome; the flower-bordered pools of Spain and Persia; and the gardens of the far East, all attest man's love of flowers and grass and trees, his love of bright sunshine and cool shadow of pleasant odors and magic sounds.

Our appreciation of Nature becomes all the more glorious, as we begin to realize how superbly superior she is to our efforts to imitate her. As we realize this more and more, comes an appreciation for those things artistic, which are, after all, man's creations and expressions, not Nature's, and not servile imitations of Nature. The two are so distinct. It is

this dual something, then, that we shall find in the great gardens of the world, and the ones under consideration, the Italian, exemplify for us, perhaps better than any others that have ever been, that beautiful relation of Art and Nature, that joy of man's going out to meet Nature and Nature's willing desire to help his efforts.

If we recall the period of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries in Italy, we will remember it was a period of great intellectual development, as well as an age of much "civility and elegance." What a list of names is to be found here, from Dante to Michael Angelo! Men of great intelligence and understanding there were, men who could and did do marvelous things, not in one branch of art alone but in all. Painting beautiful frescoes, sculpturing

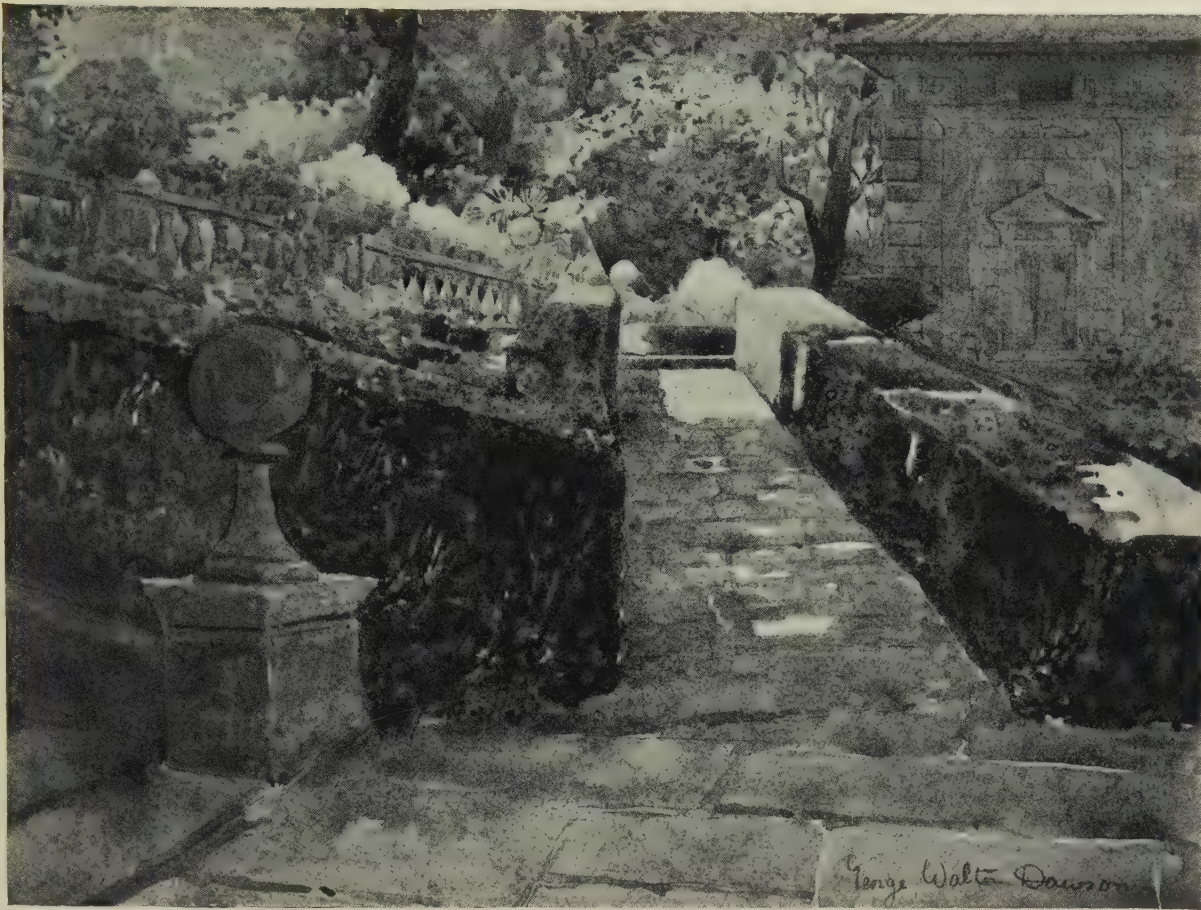
wonderful marbles, building great churches and palaces, designing villas and gardens, each of these men comprehended not only his own special art but also that of others, and he was able to turn and work in it. Above all, they were ardent lovers of Nature. So when we turn to-day to the villa garden we find just what we should expect to find following upon those conditions: a highly refined, well-ordered artistic unit, a combining of all the best traditions of the past in garden art. We find man making a vantage spot from which to enjoy field and sky and wood and stream, and the bringing into this spot for his closer and more intimate contemplation of them, those smaller beloved things of forest and meadow that it is impossible to always go afield to enjoy;



A WATER-COURSE OF THE UPPER TERRACE



A STAIRWAY TO THE TERRACES



A HEDGED RAMP

we also find this spot most admirably arranged for the convenience and realization of a highly refined and elegant life.

Because the gardens of the Villa Lante show to-day, perhaps, better than any other in all Italy, the spirit of the time that produced them, because they have come down to our time with fewest changes, because they have from generation to generation been so thoughtfully and lovingly cherished and cared for, and not allowed to perish, we select them to represent the truest spirit of Italian Renaissance gardens. There are others that strive for more effect; there are others that are larger; others that are more princely; but none are more charmingly beautiful, not another that represents more of a complete artistic unit supplying living memories to the mind's eye.

During most of its history, Lante has been the property of the bishops of Viterbo. Raffaello Sansoni Riario, a cardinal under Pope Sixtus IV., began the building of the villa in 1477. The Florentine, Niccolo Ridolfi, fifth cardinal bishop of Viterbo, carried the work on; but his successor, Gualtieri, gave it up on account of the expense and rented the buildings out. Another cardinal bishop, Giovanni Gambara, enriched the place with paintings by Antonio Tempesta, and in 1588 the cardinal Alessandro Damasceno Peretti or Montalto acquired pos-

session of the villa and reserved it for the use of the popes and their relatives. He also built the casino and the water works and had the planting of the grounds completed at great cost. Pope Alexander VII. left it all to Duke Bommarzo-Lante of Erbpacht, whose family still retain possession of the property. Authorities differ as to the architect of Lante. Some declare the design to be Vignola's; others that the work was carried out at different times by several architects.

The villa is built into an oak grove on the northern slope of a gently rising hill, backed by greater and more rugged heights. The entrance, at the end of the principal street of the little town, opens directly on a flower garden, bright in the sunshine and lovely in its masses of bloom. Beside flower bed after flower bed one wanders about reveling in the beauty of the blooms and inhaling their fragrance, lingering perhaps a moment to watch the gold fish, to admire the group of statuary that rises above the large central pool and the garden. Then cool shadows and the sound of falling waters lure one on by way of stairs and ramps between box hedges, overhung with masses of old-fashioned roses, to the upper terraces. These are rich and varied in their character: sometimes open to the sun, sometimes planted with beautiful trees, giving delightful shade to walk in



THE PARTERRE GARDEN FROM THE TERRACES

and from which to view as one wanders, the beauties of the parterred space just left below. Everywhere are fountains, either a series of jets or cascades, where are reflected niched walls and stairs and urns. But mere greenery, running water and these architectural ornaments are not all, for the shaded levels are heightened in color by great potted plants. Rhododendrons and azaleas, camellias and huge hydrangeas surround balustrades and border green alleys. One lingers and rests on old stone seats, listening to songs of birds and the ripple and splash of water, watching the golden patches of sunlight that sift through the interlacing branches and dance over lichen-covered walls, tree-trunks and columns entwined with vines.

Awakening from his reverie the visitor finds himself in a grove of oak-trees that surrounds the formal part of the villa. Here and there, usually where a path divides, is a fountain or basin recalling the more formal arrangement elsewhere, but nothing more, for this is really Nature's part. In these thick woods wild flowers and ferns cover the ground; ivy carpets it, clambering over banks and climbing not infrequently to the topmost branches of the oaks. Trickling in and out among the great roots of the trees are little streams, so overhung with delicate ferns that, but for the gentle murmur of the water one would

come upon them unawares. Beyond all these superb trees and their water-courses and basins are outlying olive groves and vineyards and the wilder and more rugged hill slopes.

A study of the plan (page 58) will show much better the actual arrangement. The formal part, occupying something less than four acres, is divided into four levels, the upper one being about fifty feet above the lower. Of these divisions the lowest, which we shall call the first level, is much the largest. It contains the formal garden and occupies about one third the depth of the entire plan. This level is simply divided by cross paths into squares for flower beds, and at the end of it are built two houses or casinos, balanced on each side of an open central axis which extends from front to back of the entire scheme, and on or about which every feature of the plan is placed.

Between these two buildings extends a slope joining the first to the second level. The latter is a living-terrace, and here are the entrances to the houses. In the center is found a circular arrangement of fountains in four levels which is illustrated on page 56. From each side of this fountain, stairs at right angles to the main axis lead to the third level. This is much deeper than the second, and is rich in its arrangement of fountains and basins.



HEDGES OF THE PARTERRES

The Gardens of the Villa Lante

Other terrace stairs lead to the fourth level, which contracts in width, but which is longer again than the third. It is subdivided into three parts. First is a thickly planted grove with a green alley down its center, along the axis of which runs a stream. The middle division is occupied by an octagonal fountain of several levels. Surrounding it is a tall hedge, and overhanging it on each side are great trees. The third division of this level is occupied by two little garden pavilions, and between them is a cascade which supplies water for the many fountains.

These are in general the features of this small villa. They are not many, but they are simple and all beautifully wrought into a whole in which not only is the scale of stairs and walls, of buildings and fountains, of balustrades and urns well conceived, but the scale of the plants and flowers and trees also. Trees balance columns, clipped yews and lemon trees balance urns and sculpture, box alleys are of calculated height and relation to the basins and walls. Flowers balance flowers, tall ones are never planted where low ones should be, and a low group never occupies the place of a group that should afford an emphasis in the design. Good taste has become a



AN ASCENT TO THE UPPER TERRACE

tradition and having been established, seems never to have gone astray.

Not even in the more formal portion of the garden, the hardest place of all to attain harmony and accord is there anything that is seriously a false note. The planning and the planting aid each other. And this part is so very beautiful that it is worth while to devote a little more attention to it. It is a big square, in extent something less than an acre and a half, every part of which is open to the full light of the sun. Bounding its east and north sides runs a box hedge, some twelve to fourteen feet high. This hedge continues along the west side, but here it is low, giving an outlook over the plains.

The south side is bounded by the buildings and terraces. All about the garden runs a broad path. Within this, the garden is divided by the paths running parallel to the central axis into three parts. The two long side divisions show a very wise disposition. They are filled with box and form, in spite of their rather elaborate designs, restful gardens of green, which make a splendid foil for the long beds of flowers that frame them.



A FOUNTAIN AND CANAL—THIRD TERRACE



THE BALUSTRADES OF THE THIRD TERRACE

The Gardens of the Villa Lante

Across the two ends of the central division are parterres of flowers, while the center of this division and the formal garden contains a fountain with fine architectural features giving a center to what might otherwise be a spotty design—a fault of so many gardens. It is this central pool, in fact, which is the distinguishing feature of the Lante-garden. From midway of its sides it is crossed by four bridges, bordered by balustrades that meet in a circular path about the large fountain in the center. An arrangement of concentric basins terminates in an octagonal pedestal supporting a central feature of a fountain

many, nor are they as varied as in many a garden I know in this country. They are for the most part old-fashioned varieties, all the more beautiful because proved and best loved by the owners. Here are the flowers of our ancestor's gardens: lilies and roses chiefly,—those two favorites of all ages. Of the lilies the stately white or Annunciation lily has been a favorite; and they seem as they stand there, in long rows with their tall and stately stems, and their crowns of shining white, the purest, most exquisite and most beautiful of all the flowers. But “side by side in equal right” with the lily are roses of many



THE FOUNTAIN ON THE SECOND TERRACE

that crowns every view across the garden. It is a splendid group of four fine lads hewn in stone by a strong and sure hand. Lithe, graceful, athletic boys they are, beautifully poised, disposed in two groups, back to back, with four lions between them. Bathed as it has been, for generation upon generation by the gently falling streams of the fountains that play over them, the stone below has become as polished as metal and taken on a rich green and brown color like the bronze emblem of the Montalti Family the lads hold proudly high over their heads.

As for the flowers themselves, there are not as

sorts and kinds, old-fashioned and new. The damask, velvet, and double Provence rose, the sweet musk rose, double and single, the double and single white rose seem to be all there, as are also many varieties of the sweet-smelling tea roses. The sweet brier is not missing, and many beautiful semi-double old-fashioned sorts stand about, while others clamber over buildings and walls; indeed every tint and color and kind seems present.

In spring the various bulbs, tulips, jonquils, narcissuses and lilies-of-the-valley are in bloom. Then later come the day-lilies. A special favorite

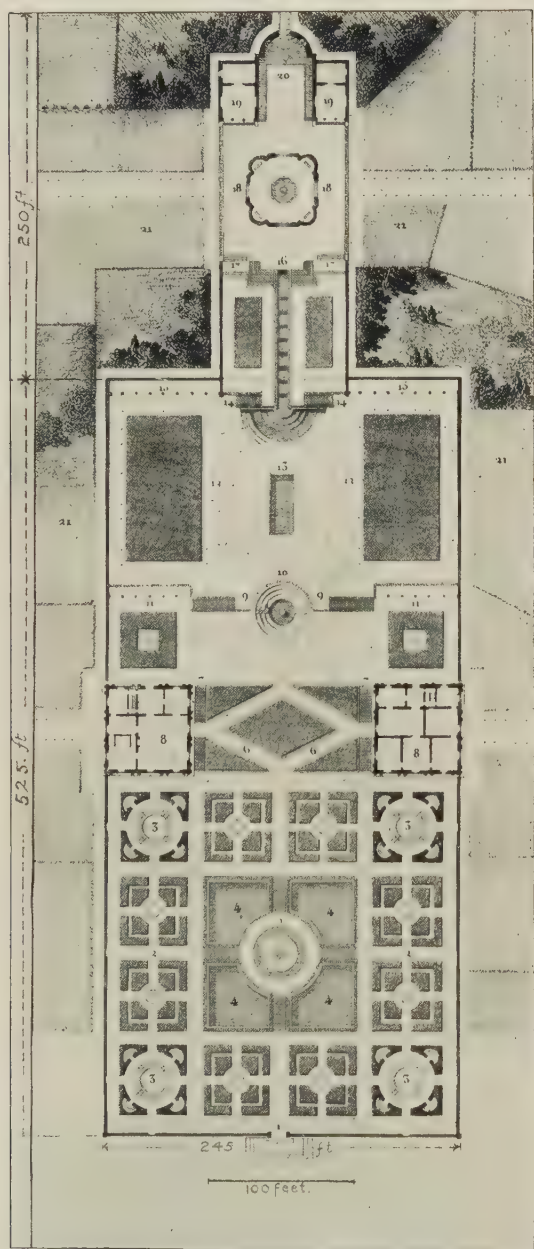


THE FOUNTAIN ON THE THIRD TERRACE



A WALK IN THE PARTERRED GARDEN

seems to be a beautiful pale yellow one, as it grows under standard roses in great clumps and hangs over the box borders. Large clumps of the *Tritoma* are most happily placed with trimmed yews for backgrounds. There are peonies and columbines and fleur-de-lis, poppies, hollyhocks, marigolds, chrysanthemums, zinnias and dahlias, the tall-growing and low phloxes, pansies, petunias, geraniums and verbenas. Then there are such sweet smelling flowers as violets and mignonette, jasmines and heliotrope, sweet peas (a few only) and great clumps of lavender, clove pinks and gillyflower and thyme. All these flowers and more are in this sunlit garden. It is not a long list but quite enough to give a perpetual bloom; and they are flowers, after all, that one most cares for. Rarely have I seen flowers more



PLAN OF THE VILLA LANTE GARDEN



URNS OF THE BALUSTRADE

effectively planted. In the small inner beds, always box-bordered, are the low growing flowers; in the long beds that enclose these are the tall standard roses and lilies and other tall growing varieties; and the yews rise as strong cones at important points to hold all together. Thus the garden stands a part in a well-ordered scheme.

Lovers of flowers and trees, of sweet odors, of rippling and falling water, of balmy air and sunshine, will ever turn to it with joy. Lovers of trim, well-kept and well-ordered gardens will revel in it. Students, searching for that proper unity between Nature and Art, will find here an example than which no better exists, for Lante is an instance of how flowers and trees, garden walls, stairways and balustrades and urns, fountains, still and running streams can be combined into one intricate yet simple scheme to produce a beautiful unit. Nature happily leads the way to unity and dignity and order, to system and consistency. And they were wise in the ways of Nature, as in the ways of Art, those old garden builders and splendid artists, and they realized that they were not to try to imitate her, but to follow her in the way that she ever signifies, keeping in touch with her at the same time that they built for their own comfort and use. So Lante was conceived and built, and it yet remains an exquisitely complete and unified work, to be classed among the most complete of Italy's art treasures, to be thought of, so far as its unity is concerned, with such finished gems as Gozzolio's chapel, the Borgia apartments or Galla Placido's tomb.

V

The Gardens of Castle Miramar, near Trieste, Austria

The Property of His Imperial Majesty, Francis Joseph I.

H. LOWE

SIX miles northwest of the city of Trieste, upon a sloping headland, thickly wooded with fir and pine and overlooking the blue Adriatic, stands the castle of Miramar. The building and its park are the creation of Prince Ferdinand Joseph Maximilian, brother of the emperor of Austria. The promontory comprising the site was formerly a barren and uneven waste, but its beautiful situation at the northern extremity of an inland bay, sheltered from the northeast wind by the mountains, won the fancy of the Prince; and at an expenditure

of two million dollars, not to mention a deal of personal energy, he converted the wild region into an ideal abode, especially appropriate, by reason of its commanding position, for the habitation of a ruler. Commenced in the year 1856, Schloss Miramar was completed in 1860, when it became the permanent residence of Prince Maximilian and his wife, until the ill-advised offer

of a throne in Mexico induced them to leave the Eden of their making. On the 10th of April, 1864, the Prince solemnly accepted at Miramar the title of Emperor of Mexico. The same day he treated with an agent of Napoleon, regarding the quartering of French troops in that country, and signed the historic "convention of Miramar." Soon afterward the Prince and Princess departed for the new world, where, alas! the husband met his untimely death at Querétaro and whence the wife returned raving mad to Austria only to die in solitary confinement.

Miramar has since been the favorite residence of the Empress of Austria, who used to spend part of her winters here, the remainder at her castle on the island of Corfu. Now travelers from every part of the world make an excursion to the place,—taking either the train or the boat from Trieste,—and are fully repaid in finding, at the end of a short ride, one of the finest gardens in all Austria. Guide-books persist in describing Schloss Miramar as a "marble palace," whereas, truth is, it is built entirely of light sandstone from the neighboring quarries of

Repen Taber. The most imposing view of the castle is from the sea. The steamer which makes the journey daily from Trieste, on doubling a last headland, affords a view of each successive projection of the building which abuts upon the azure waters above a high sea-wall, the base of which is laved by the Adriatic, upon whose bosom, on calm days, are reflected the architec-



THE PARTERRES OF THE FORMAL GARDENS

ture and the surrounding woods. With the exception of the "Throne Room," the castle has no very spacious halls, for the Prince never intended making Miramar anything else than his home. An extensive library, however, and many other relics of its former lord are to-day its chief attractions. Even the furniture, which remains just as it was when the Prince left it never to return, is of the simplest kind; and it is not without a feeling of pity that the visitor notices Queen Marie Antoinette's writing-table, the gift of the Emperor Louis Napoleon to Prince Maximilian.

The Gardens of Castle Miramar



THE GARDENS AND CASTLE OF MIRAMAR



THE GARDENS OF THE "VISITORS' HOUSE"

A pergola upheld by pillars of red and white bricks and covered with wistaria leads straight from the eastern side of the castle to the *caffeehaus*, dividing the woods on the south from a series of Italian and Dutch formal gardens on the north. These gardens have been placed at an angle with the pergola so that they may be graded down to the wall beside the sea. This has been done by means of three terraces, the upper one being very extensive and elaborate, as the illustrations show. The pergola and the more architectural portions of the gardens are richly and tastefully studded with mythological bronze and marble statues. Here they have been placed on ancient columns from Aquileia, there they stand on modern pedestals of granite. Running nearly parallel with the pergola is the

camellia avenue, sheltered on both sides by laurel-trees. Farther to the north, beyond the formal gardens, are a ruin, a propagating house, and before the "little castle" is a symmetrical parterre. South of the pergola the woods spread over a wide area, extending as far as the stables, wine cellars and service houses. The thickly planted trees are penetrated by serpentine walks, in the convolutions of which

are several lakes and also a small nursery garden. Skirting the wood upon the verge of the sea is the high road to Trieste, commanded by the porter's lodge at the entrance to the gardens. The only other way of driving to Miramar is by the road crossing the railway near the station. This building is but a hundred and fifty yards from the entrance to the grounds, and is two hundred and seventy



A FOUNTAIN EAST OF THE CASTLE



A WALK TO THE FORMAL GARDENS—CASTLE MIRAMAR



CASTLE MIRAMAR FROM THE ADRIATIC

above the castle itself. East of the woods are orchards and openly planted groves, extending to the boundary of the village of Grignano. At many places in the groves is heard the cheerful melody of water in marble fountains, and the beds of exotic flowers in the formal garden make, by their combination of shade and color, a veritable mosaic to the background formed by the sea. Signor Lamarmora, the prefect of Schloss Miramar, to whom I am indebted for the plan of the gardens, has made the melancholy remark, "Never did the Prince see this creation of his mind in its present superb reality."

With the assistance of the prefect and the head gardener of Miramar, the following outline of the flora has been made. Along the avenue from the main portal of the grounds to the entrance of the castle are to be found *Laurus nobilis*, *Arbutus Andrachne*, strawberry trees (*Ar-*

butus Unedo), holm-trees, or holly (*Quercus Ilex*), *pittosporum* and *viburnum*. About the verandas and pergola are licorice (*Glycyrrhiza glabra*), *Vitis quinquefolia* and glycine. There are huge masses of rhododendron, and in important positions is the *Camellia Japonica*, planted in the ground and thriving all year in the open air. In the parterres are palms, *Acanthus mollis*, yucca, *Agave Americana*, *Wellingtonia gigantea*. The hedges, picturesquely translated into English as "walls," are made of arbor-vitæ (*Thuja Biota orientalis*). Near the swan's lake are plantains, having leaves five feet in length, also the Langerstremia of Japan, with square-shaped branches. Connected with the parterre

is an alley of oleanders (*Nerium Oleander*). The wood is composed of fir and pine trees of the following species: *Pinus sylvestris*, *Pinus Austriaca*, *Pinus maritima*, holm-trees (*Quercus Ilex*), yew-trees



PLAN OF THE CASTLE AND GROUNDS



THE PERGOLA AT MIRAMAR

The Gardens of Castle Miramar



VIEWS FROM THE TERRACE OF MIRAMAR

(*Taxus baccata*), myrtle (*Myrtus communis*), the spindle tree (*Euonymus Europæus*), also cedars and cypresses. Horse-chestnuts (*Æsculus Hippocastanum*) form the avenue to the railway station; and beside the station building is a beautiful and unique example of *Araucaria excelsa*.

On the coast north of the castle is a grotto, into which the sea penetrates and affords a series of bathing basins, entered through an artificial passage cut into the rock. Outside the northern boundary of the park, a large hotel has been built on the coast,

and is a favorite resort during the summer season on account of the proximity to the Miramar grounds, which are benevolently open to the public throughout the year from daybreak to sunset. The "visitors' house," of which a view is given, was built for the Prince's guests. Here the ex-Empress of Mexico was lodged on her return, in the hope that old associations might soothe her distracted mind, but former scenes served only to aggravate the insanity brought on by her husband's terrible fate, and she was removed to Bavaria.



THE JAPANESE, "BLUE JAY," IRIS

VI

The Iris Garden at Horikiri, Near Tokyo, Japan

ANNE H. DYER

THE gardens of Japan possess a significance which is, so far as my knowledge goes, lacking in all other gardens in the world. They exercise a spell upon the beholder, the cause of which is undiscoverable. We may analyze it in vain. After all is said there remains a quality unaccounted for in the physiognomy of all Japanese gardens—a nameless something which in a human being we would call intelligence—but which in a garden we may, for want of a better word, term significance.

We feel that something is meant, that it was not by chance a garden has come to express what it does, but that long ago it grew out of the mind and shaping intelligence of some human consciousness to express or fulfil some human need, the meaning of which may be hidden from us but which is very clear to all Japanese.

We do come to perceive, however, after a little study, that a Japanese garden is as closely related to the laws of composition as a poem or a picture, and



IRIS BESIDE THE PONDS AT HORIKIRI

The Iris Garden at Horikiri



THE JAPANESE IRIS

that in a very true sense it is no less an inspired work of art. The ancient landscape gardens of Japan, indeed, live on like old pictures whose lines and tints do not fade but gather an added depth and richness from age.

Most of us are accustomed to thinking of gardens as places in which to grow things, or at any rate as places in which they are or may be grown, and we generally proceed to fill such places, much as a child might, with regard chiefly to the number and variety of our selections. Such ideas would seem lamentably crude and even laughable to a Japanese gardener, in whose eyes every stone possesses character and every plant and species of plant life a distinct individuality. But plants are, with him, ever a minor consideration. The garden space itself is first, and that is selected with as much care as a canvas for a picture or the space for a wall decoration. Upon this is sketched the lines of a composition in rock, tree, hill, and stream. Color comes last and sometimes is wanting altogether. Such gardens, without flowering plant or shrub to

soften their bold outlines, are like a vigorous Chinese landscape drawing in pen and ink, and many of the most famous of the old landscape gardens are of this class. But the elements of a garden are, after all, very simple, and such as may be found almost everywhere except in the most arid sections of the earth. Rock, tree, hill, and stream—I think I have never seen a Japanese garden without these four primary elements. Endurance, aspiration, contemplation, and activity, they might be said to represent. But whatever their fancied qualities they are present in reality or semblance in even the most miniature of all gardens, such as may be kept in a shallow bowl on one's desk.

In the little village of Horikiri, situated a few miles out of Tokyo and within easy *jirikisha* distance, is to be found what is perhaps the oldest and most famous iris garden in the world; although it is only one hundred and twenty years old, which is very young for a Japanese garden. To this garden, however, and to the founder of it, Kodaka Izayemon, we owe the iris as we see it to-day. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this flower in its present remarkable state of development is so modern a product. Up to the time of Kodaka's discovery, it was nothing more than the little wild mountain iris which has been charmingly portrayed

by some of the old flower painters, and which may be found now on almost any hillside in certain localities, growing scarcely more than one foot, or at most two, in height, the blossoms of two colors only, blue and white, and with three petals as in the fleur-de-lis or in our own flag lily. But one hundred and twenty years ago a certain well-to-do Japanese farmer who surely had the soul of a discoverer, even if he was only a sort of head gardener in the little flower-raising village of Horikiri, in making a journey to the foot of Fuji, brought back a specimen of the iris growing there. With this and two other specimens procured from different places, he formed the nucleus of the garden which was to grow into what is at present one of the most celebrated gardens in Japan. It was not until late in the Tokugawa period, however, in the time of the second Kodaka, the son of the original founder, that *Koda-ka-en*, as it was for a long time called, came into prominence. Two *samurai* chanced to visit it, and their reports attracted others, until finally the fame of it reached the ear of the reigning *shogun* himself,

who came in person to see it. Since then the tide of visitors has annually increased until it is not only known to all Japanese, but has also become a favorite resort of the foreign tourist.

The fact that there are comparatively few flower gardens in Japan may account in part for the popularity of this one with the tourist, who does not find demands made upon his appreciation to which he is obviously unequal. The untutored visitor can say with Thoreau: "All fables, indeed, have their morals; but the innocent enjoy the story." If there is a moral, a lesson, or a creed contained in this garden, it is to be found, apparently, only in the duty of joyousness and in the communication of that quality from nature to man. Of the subtleties and symbolisms of some of the more ancient gardens there appears to be no trace. It would seem to have been created in a mood of pure delight in beauty for its own sake and as an end in itself.

One's first impression, coming upon it suddenly after the long ride through flat, green intersections of intermediate rice fields, is like passing from the silence of twilight into a burst of sunlight and music. The brilliancy of the scene is almost operatic in effect. As the Japanese themselves are fond of saying, "It is more beautiful than nature, it is as beautiful as art." From the wide irregular ponds situated in the central and flat portions of the garden the flowers rise in magnificent battalions that assault and take the eye by storm. With no suggestion of confusion or massing, each giant spear and stalk stands out clearly, tipped with its great, furred, quivering butterfly blossoms flashing in the sunlight in prismatic hues of gem-like splendor and bearing on its wings all the concentrated radiance of midsummer in Japan.

The garden is not very large, but it is jewel-like in its completeness of form and intensity of color. No Western artist has given even approximately such range of color with such infinite blending and shading of tone; only those of the later Ukiyo artists who sacrificed everything else to dramatic effect have partially done so. In a sense such a garden is a departure from the normal, as all genius is, and surely nothing less than genius could have evolved from three simple specimens more than three hundred different varieties of such complex and bewildering beauty as are here displayed. The little simple classic iris of so many centuries has



A GROUP OF IRIS BLOSSOMS

blossomed into a Court Beauty. The hills, her ancient playgrounds, know her no more, and she lives henceforth in an atmosphere of adulation and applause. Strangely enough a sort of moral transformation has accompanied this phenomenal growth. In its later brilliant development the iris is a flower more admired than beloved by the Japanese, who find in it none of the ethical qualities dear to them in the plum and other flowers. *Ayame* is a name frequently adopted by that most brilliant class of modern Japanese women, the *Geisha*, as signifying a superlative degree of beauty and accomplishment, but it is almost never used in private families, being held to typify qualities too striking to fulfil the Japanese ideal of womanly excellence, of which the most essential attribute is a retiring modesty. Nevertheless, the modern iris is to my mind, pre-eminently the flower of temperament. If she has lost her simplicity she has not lost her inherent grace and charm, and she has remained through all her phases a fruitful source of inspiration to poet and artist.

The Iris Garden at Horikiri



THE IRIS GARDEN AT HORIKIRI



A LANDSCAPE ARTIST'S FOREGROUND

The Iris Garden at Horikiri



IN THE MIDST OF THE GARDEN AT HORIKIRI

There is a pretty story told of a beautiful lady named Ayame, who lived six hundred years ago in the reign of Go Shirakawa, and who was beloved by the famous warrior, Minamoto Yorimasa. This warrior had the good fortune to deliver his Emperor from a *bakemono*, the ghost of a woman who appeared nightly to her august victim in the guise of a demon whose head was composed of three gigantic emeralds. Upon being asked to name his reward Yorimasa without hesitation named the Lady Ayame. The Emperor, perhaps to test his love, perhaps in the hope of retaining the young favorite at court, caused to be brought before him twelve maidens who, by means of the art of dress, had been made so exactly to resemble one another that it was impossible to detect the smallest shade of difference between them.

Being told to make his choice, Yorimasa, concealing the great perplexity which he felt, replied in words which have since become proverbial:—

*Samidare ni, ike no makomo ni,
Midzu no oite, idzure Ayame to
Hikizo wadzuro.*

Which being roughly translated to prose means, "When the June rains flood the pond, how impossible it is to distinguish the beautiful Ayame from common reeds!"

This answer so displeased the Lady Ayame that she blushed crimson with mortification, and thus

unconsciously gave her lover the signal that he hoped for.

It would require too much space to attempt to give any adequate idea of the place the iris holds in the art and literature of her country. Her praises have been sung in verse and painted on screen, *kakemono*, and even the single sheet print. In a recent exhibition by modern artists almost all their work was done on gauze or *roe* silk of a very transparent quality. This material proved excellently well qualified to suggest the translucent greens of the spears and the sun-soaked quality of the flowers, whose marvelously luminous and glowing petals are so diaphanous as to transmit the very quality of light itself. As a rule, in these pictures, as in all Japanese painting, the fewer the brush strokes the more admirable the suggestion.

In a collection of verse which I have on the iris, this is one of the simplest:—

Kono tsuyu ga Hotaru ni naru ka, Hana Shobu!

These drops of dew upon the iris, I wonder if at nightfall they become fireflies.

Like the picture of a few brush strokes, or the poem of a few syllables, the garden at Horikiri, in its large suggestiveness and its essential poetic feeling, remains with us in memory as the pictorial idea of a garden, and long after we have ceased to see it, is still a vision of that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

VII

The Gardens of the Taj Mahal

E. B. HAVELL

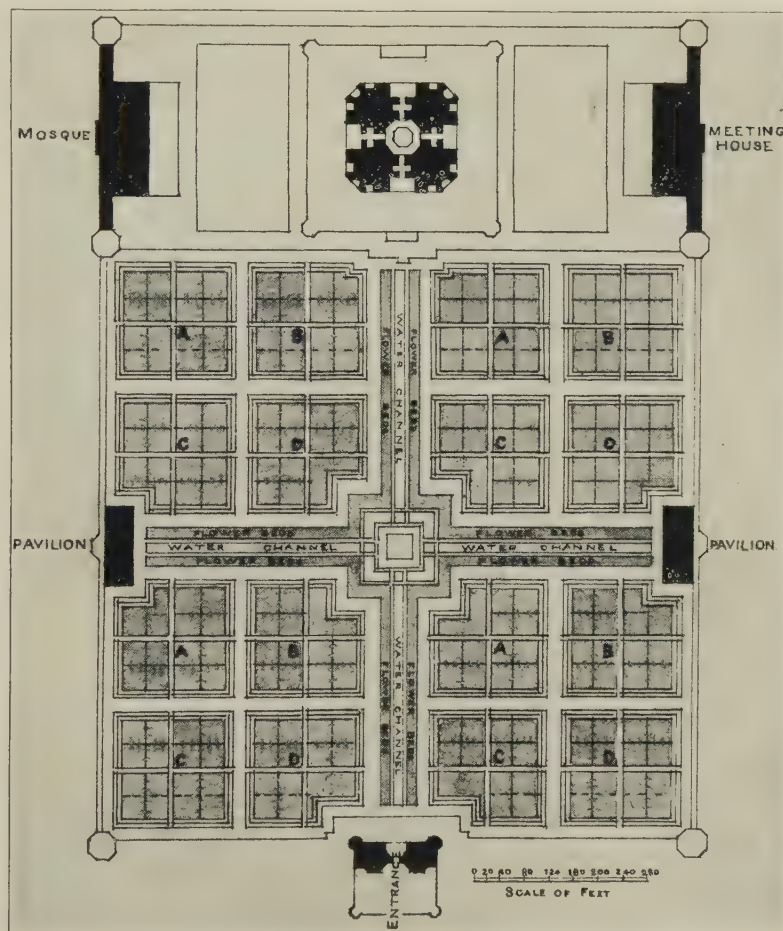
Of the Government School of Art at Calcutta

THE famous Taj Mahal at Agra was commenced by Shah Jahan in 1632, as a memorial to his beloved wife, the Empress Mumtaz Mahal. The earliest existing plan of the Taj gardens was made in 1828 by Colonel Hodgson, Surveyor-General of India, and probably shows the original lay-out of the beds, though not the original planting of the trees. The gardens have since been considerably Europeanized; and, as attempts are now being made to restore them on Indian lines, it will be very opportune to take them as an example in discussing the question: How were the Mogul gardens planned and planted? They are so essentially a part of the whole great architectural conception of the Moguls, that their restoration is a matter of much artistic importance.

The plan shown by Colonel Hodgson is very simple. It is a square, subdivided into four smaller squares (the "four-fold field-plot" as Babar called it), by two main avenues crossing each other in the center. One avenue forms the main approach to the Mausoleum; the other leads up to two large pavilions on the east and west sides of the garden.

Each of the squares formed by these avenues is similarly subdivided by branch avenues into four compartments, and smaller pathways again divide each of the latter into yet other four. The monotony of the squares is varied by the entrance gateway, the

central platform and the corners of the pavilions breaking into the angles of those adjacent to them. A water channel containing a row of fountains runs through the middle of the two main avenues, which with the platform in the center of the garden form a Greek cross; only the arm nearest to the Mausoleum is slightly longer than the others. On either side of the water channels are long parallel strips of earth panelled into geometric shapes with stone borders. These shapes have always been treated as flower beds, until recently they were filled in with grass and planted with a continuous row of



COLONEL HODGSON'S PLAN

cypress-trees down the center, as shown in the illustration. I believe this arrangement to be wrong, on artistic and archæological grounds which I will presently discuss.

Let us first investigate the earliest historical

The Gardens of the Taj Mahal

accounts of the Taj gardens. Bernier, the French physician, who saw them about 1660, gives the following description, viewing the gardens from the raised platform of the Mausoleum:

"To the right and left of that dome (the Mausoleum) on a lower surface, you observe several garden walks covered with trees and many parterres full of flowers Between the end of the principal walk and this dome is an open and pretty large space, which I call a water parterre, because the stones on which you walk, cut and figured in various forms, represent the borders of box in our parterres."

This is only intelligible on the supposition that the two lines of geometric figures already described were not flower beds but were filled with water, like the channel which divides them. I cannot help thinking, however, that the honest Bernier, writing at Delhi, had in these details mixed up the Taj gardens with the other great gardens which Shah Jahan constructed there. An earlier historian, a native author of Shah Jahan's time, Muhammad Salat Kumbo, in the *Shah Jahan Namah* seems to contradict Bernier on this point. He says: "In the four beds situated in the center of the orchard (i. e., the beds in the four arms of the Greek cross), each of which is 40 *dirra* broad, there is a water-course 6 *guz* broad in which *jets d'eau* besprinkling light are by the waters of Jumna playing and sprinkling pearls." The distinction here made between the beds and the water-course does not agree with Bernier's suggestion that the whole arrangement was filled with water.

Jahangir in his memoirs has given several indications as to the planting of Mogul gardens before the Taj was built. He tells us that one of Babar's gardens at Agra had a long avenue of areca-nut palms about ninety feet high. The gardens of Akbar's tomb at Sikandra were planted with cypress, wild-pine, plane and *supânry* trees (areca-nut palm). Another garden constructed under Jahangir's directions at Sehrind, is described

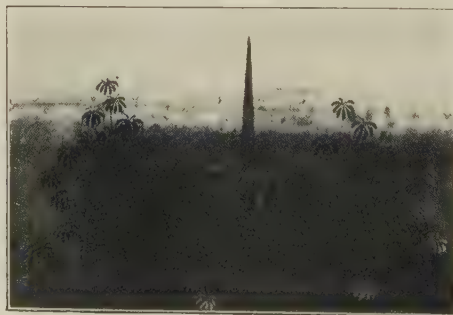


CONTRAST OF FRUIT-TREES AND CYPRESS

From an Oriental Carpet Design

of the Taj gardens is more than a century old. During the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the Mogul Empire was falling to pieces, Agra was occupied for years by the Jâts and Mahrattas, both Hindus in religion, who had no respect for the Mogul masterpieces and looted whatever they could lay hands on. It is more than probable that in these troublous times the gardens were often used as a convenient camping ground for Jât and Mahratta troops. Even if they did not wantonly destroy the gardens, it is unlikely that they took any trouble to preserve them. We may safely assume that when the British captured Agra, in 1803, a great deal, if not all, of the original plantation had perished.

In attempting to reconstruct the gardens, according to the original idea, it is first necessary to consider the strictly religious purpose of the Taj and the symbolism and mysticism of Oriental art. Next, we must remember that the great artists who designed the whole magnificent architectural scheme would never have neglected the proper relation of the garden to the building. The whole art of the Taj being so largely derived from Persia, we may be sure that in the planting of the trees the Mogul gardeners symbolized the mystery of life, death and eternity



FROM AN OLD INDIAN PAINTING

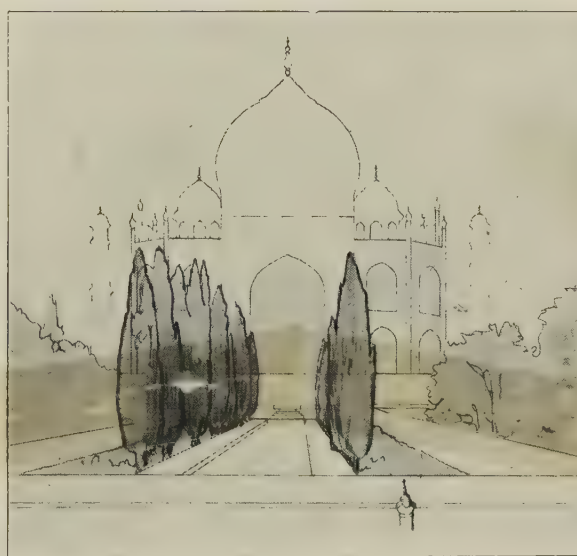
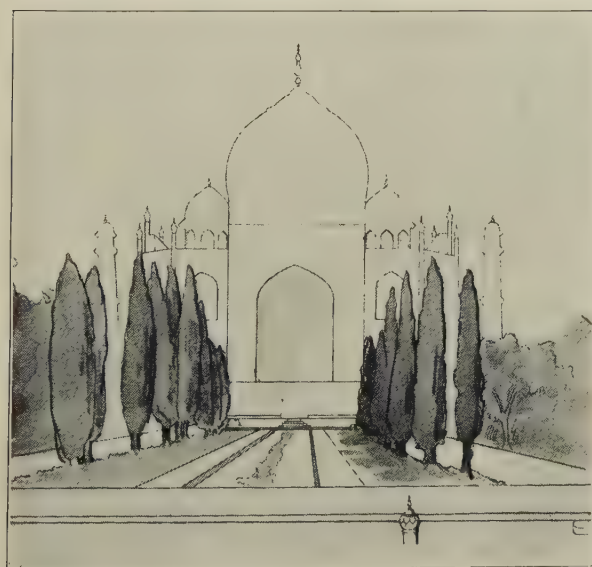
in the manner in which it is always represented in Persian art, i. e., the fruit-tree or flowering shrub contrasted with the evergreen, flowerless cypress. The illustration on page 72, from an old Indian painting, shows the cypress alternated with a flowering shrub. This is the usual arrangement. The cypress was often planted at the corners of flower beds. Sometimes a pair of cypresses is alternated with the emblem of life, as in the illustration taken from an old Oriental carpet.

In an old, sixteenth-century, Indian painting the intervals between the cypresses are occupied alternately with a flowering shrub and an areca-nut palm. We may take it that the cypress trees in the Taj gardens were planted in one of these ways.

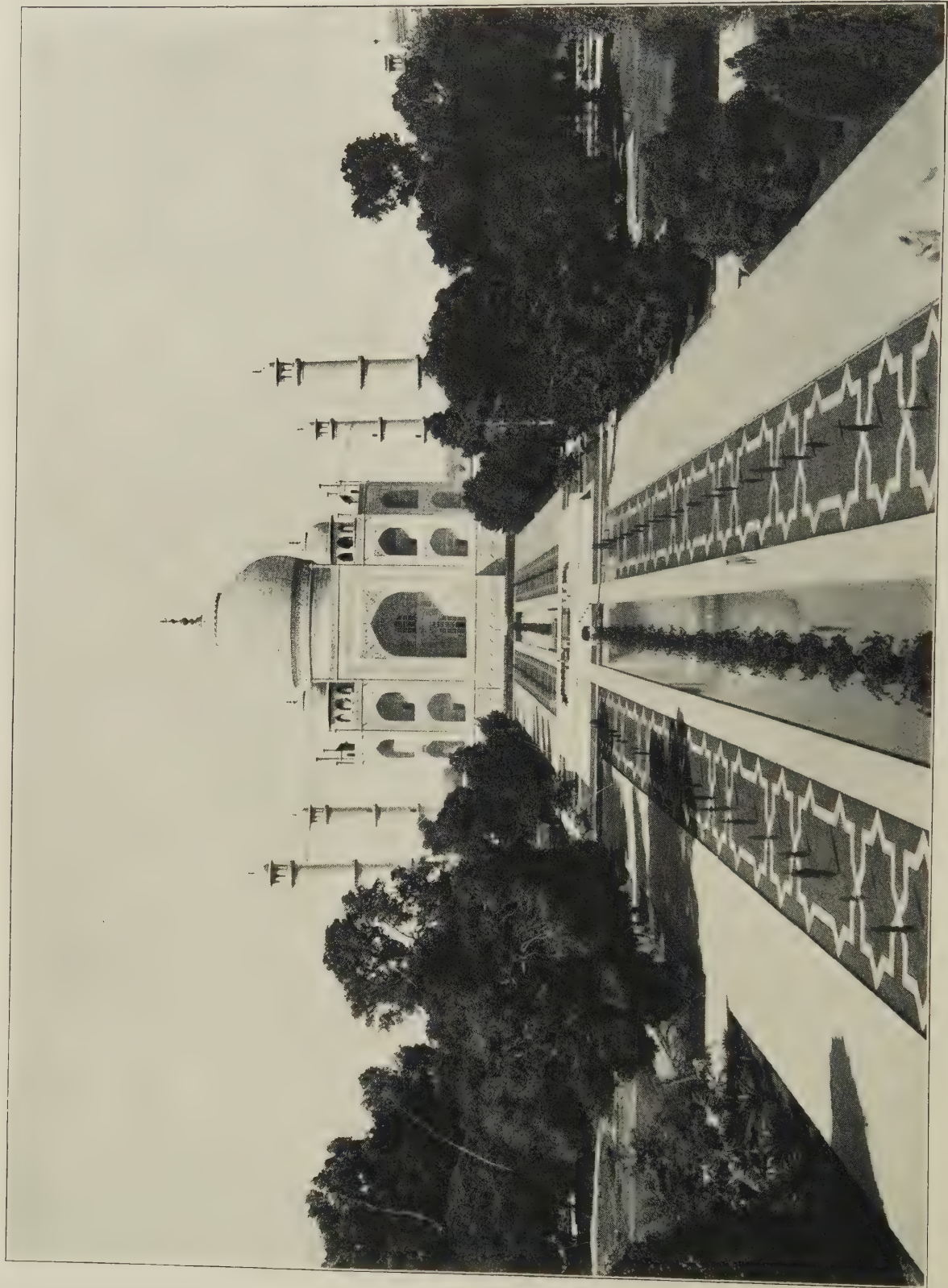
While the Taj has been in British possession an avenue of cypresses has always been planted down the main approach to the Mausoleum. Since 1803 it has been replanted at least twice, for in times of great drought the trees perish for want of irrigation. Each time a different line has been taken. I think it will be interesting and instructive from a gardening point of view to endeavor to determine which of these lines are the right ones. The plan on page 77 shows a portion of the main avenue with details of the water channel, the geometric beds and the three lines of cypresses as they have been successively planted. The lines AA' represent the trees as they were in 1828, according to Colonel Hodgson's plan in which the cypresses were very carefully indicated. The correctness of the plan in this particular is attested by an old native painting of about the same date in a book now preserved in the Victoria Memorial Collection, Calcutta. The cypresses were then planted in pairs along the inner edges of the borders, BB' of the flower beds. About 1850 these had perished and new ones were replanted in the lines BB' on the

outer edges of the flower beds. Our illustration, from a photograph taken about thirty years ago, shows the effect of this change. Another great drought killed the trees, and two or three years ago they were replanted in a continuous row in the centers of the flower beds.

Now it is obvious that in the avenue which is the main approach to the Taj, the Taj itself is the chief point to consider, not the trees. Let us then compare the different effect of the three lines of cypresses, AA', BB' and CC' in their relation to the Taj, the point of view being the central platform. The two diagrams on this page in which the architectural composition is reduced to its simplest elements, are sufficient to show these differences, for the effect of the lines AA' and CC' are nearly the same, so far as the architecture is concerned. In the first diagram it will be noticed that the cypresses as a mass frame in the chief division of the front of the Taj. Each row of trees, at the end nearest the building, terminates just under the springing of the great dome, and carries the eye up to its incomparable contour. No artist or architect could believe that the Moguls, if they planted cypresses in these parterres at all, would have done otherwise; for any lines which go inside of these, as AA' and CC', are disastrous to the composition, because the cypresses, instead of supporting the dome, seem as it were to undermine it, and to elongate very unpleasantly the proportions of the great alcove in which the entrance door is placed. It is quite conceivable that there were no cypresses at all along these flower beds. They might very possibly have been planted only along the edges of the square plots, thus making a still wider avenue than either of the three lines we have discussed; but the artistic objections to both the lines AA' and CC' are to my mind unanswerable.



EFFECTS OF PLANTING ON OUTER AND INNER LINES



THE TAJ GARDENS IN 1904



THE TAJ GARDENS IN 1875

If the cypress avenues on the latter lines fail to satisfy artistic considerations, they are equally unsatisfactory from an archæological point of view, for the plan of the whole garden shows clearly that the water channel and the flower beds on either side of it must be treated in the design as one space (as they are by the native historian quoted above) and not as three separate spaces. This being the case, the outer lines BB' are the only possible ones for cypresses, as the Moguls always planted cypresses at the corners or on the edges of their flower beds, never in the middle.

Having thus cleared the ground, let us try to plant out the central avenue as the Moguls might have done it. We will assume that there were flower beds and cypresses planted along them. The form of the geometric pattern seems to suggest that the latter would be planted in pairs, as they were in 1828. So we will accept Colonel Hodgson's plan as correct in this respect, only we will remove them from the inner to the outer borders of the beds and thus restore them to the line shown in the above illustration, which is surely the most beautiful of all modern representations of the gardens. Taking a hint from the Oriental carpet design, let us plant a plum-tree between

each pair of cypresses. In the flowering time the sprays of snow-white bloom, emblems of life and purity, will echo the silver whiteness of the Taj itself and contrast beautifully with the deep green tones of the solemn cypresses, emblems of death and eternity. Through the branches of the plum-trees anyone walking down the avenue will get beautiful vistas of the Taj, which would be entirely blocked out by continuous lines of cypresses. If we followed Babar's plan and filled up the flower beds with roses and narcissus "alternately and in beds corresponding to each other" the Great Mogul himself might say, "indeed, the garden is charmingly laid out."

The most fatal objection to the latest laying out of the Taj gardens is that all the poetry and religious feeling of Oriental art are lost in the pretty formality of its grass-plots and unbroken lines of cypresses. We shall see how Shah Jahan, even in his pleasure ground at Lahore, suggested the symbolic idea of the cypresses and flowering-tree by alternating plane-trees with the tall and slender aspen. Certainly then, in the Taj gardens, which all Indian historians compared to the Gardens of Paradise, the art of the Moguls would not have lost its religious significance.



THE ANGURI BAGH IN THE AGRA FORT*

Indian art never was and never is detached from the inner spiritual and religious life in the same way as our cold, modern eclectic art. If we recognized this we should never teach Indian art-workmen to place Hindu symbols upon our sugar-basins and teapots, and to carve the sacred incarnations of Vishnu upon sideboards and dining-room screens. We should be terribly shocked at the idea of putting such representations in our churches. We should be equally shocked if Hindus were to use effigies of our Lord and our Christian symbols as meaningless decorative features in their houses. But we fail to understand that the real Indian artist, uncontaminated with European ideas, does not recognize one art for the church and another for the home. To him all art is one, and in all art there is a meaning beyond and above, but yet a part of, the decorative idea.

Now let us continue the reconstruction of our garden. The clue to the planting of the square beds on either side of the main avenues is given in the native history of Shah Jahan's reign already men-

tioned. The author alludes to the garden of the Taj as a "paradise-like orchard." There is every probability that these square plots were really planted with fruit trees. The Gardens of Paradise, to which the Taj gardens were continually compared, were always represented as full of trees bearing all kinds of delicious fruits. The Moguls were keenly alive to the beauty of fruit-bearing trees. Babar writes with delight of the "pomegranates hanging red on the trees," and is in raptures at the sight of an apple-tree in the autumn, when its branches showed a few scattered leaves of a beauty which "the painter with all his skill might attempt in vain to portray."

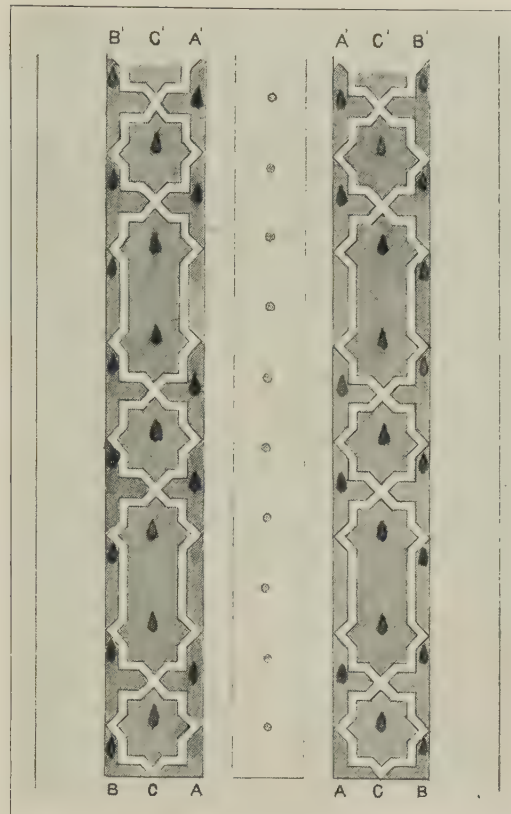
There is another reason which makes it exceedingly probable that this part of the gardens was planted with fruit-trees. The Taj was a great charitable institution. It had an endowment of over two lakhs of rupees, of which a great deal was spent in pensions to deserving persons and in gifts to the poor. It would be quite in accordance with Mogul custom to establish a public orchard as part of a religious and charitable foundation. Jahangir in his memoirs, after telling us that large and lofty shade-trees had been planted by his orders all along the road from Agra to Lahore, a distance of four hundred miles, adds that in his reign many benevolent persons had laid out spacious gardens and plantations containing every description of fruit-tree, so that travelers in all

*It is supposed that the Anguri Bagh, or "Grape Garden," originally had a pierced stone trellis, or railing, on the outer edges of the four main plots into which it is divided. This trellis may have supported the vines which gave the garden its name. It will be noticed that the water-shoot, which conveys the overflow from the fountain in front of the main pavilion, has below it three rows of small arches. These were doubtless arranged for lamps to light up the cascade from behind, in the same way as will be seen in the Indian garden of Shahlimar Bagh at Srinagar.

parts of his dominions could find at convenient distances rest-houses and a refreshing supply of fruit and vegetables.

Let us take the fruit-trees which Jahangir mentions in the description of the garden at Ahmedabad, i. e., orange, lemon, peach, pomegranate and apple-trees. Colonel Hodgson's plan indicates that in 1828 the trees were planted in the middle and in the center of each of the sides, of the smallest square beds. Cypresses were placed on the outer corners of the squares, alternating with the other trees. This would be quite in harmony with Mogul traditions.

But there is another point to consider before we proceed further. If the whole of the square plots are filled up with fruit-trees, the effect will certainly be very monotonous. It will be remembered that Bernier, in his description quoted above, says that the garden to the right and left of the dome was covered with trees "and many parterres of flowers." I think, therefore, it is highly probable that in the center of each of the four main subdivisions of the gardens a space was kept for flower beds. According to Mogul ideas of gardening this could only be the squares ACDB, which I have marked on the plan, containing sixteen of the smallest square beds. The Anguri Bagh in the Agra Fort, another of Shah Jahan's gardens, gives a very good idea of how such a flower garden would be laid out; it was panelled

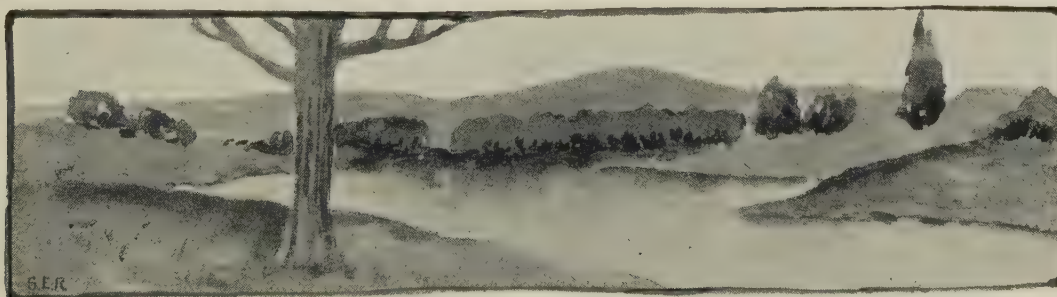


ALTERNATING METHODS OF PLANTING
CYPRESSES

into geometric parterres of flowers such as Bernier described. Colonel Hodgson's plan also shows that the four angle beds which adjoin the central platform, were planted in a different way to the others. I would suggest that here, on the edges which face the platform, we should plant the areca-nut palm which, as we have seen, was often found in Mogul gardens. Towering with their graceful heads above the cypress-trees, they would mark the center of the gardens and make a pleasant break in the long lines of the main avenues, without obstructing the view of the monument. With their slender stems they would repeat the idea of the graceful detached minarets at the four corners of the Taj platform and contrast finely with them.

Some of the good people at Agra have been very much distressed at the cutting down

of the large trees which have been allowed to grow up in the gardens, especially of a great pipal (sacred fig-tree), which, it is asserted, is probably as old as the Taj. This, I venture to say, is an impossibility. The sacred tree of the Hindus rarely found a place in the Mogul gardens. I myself could view with complacency the removal of a great many of the trees in the present Taj gardens, for they have been planted, or allowed to plant themselves, without any consideration for the artistic ideas of the creators of one of the world's masterpieces.



VIII

The Chateau De Brissac

V. HUSSEY WALSH

THE Château de Brissac has been the scene of some of the most stirring and eventful episodes in the history of France. Originally one of the strongholds of those Counts of Anjou from whom sprung our King Henry II., it subsequently became the residence of the illustrious family of Cossé Brissac who supplied no less than four Field Marshals to France. Situated as it is on the main road from Angers to Doué, and at the junction of other important routes, it has seen many an encounter between the supporters of the rival houses of Plantagenet and Valois, as their respective heads contended for the mastery of France. It was forfeited to the Crown by King Philip Augustus and Louis XI., both of whom

razed its fortifications to the ground, and it was taken and retaken by Leaguers and Huguenots when Catholic and Protestant were tearing France asunder in the cause of religious ascendancy. By giving hospitality to a king and to his mother, it cemented their reconciliation within its walls, and it remains now a living witness to the heroism of some and the folly of other proprietors who, great and small, helped in their several times to raise the dignity of the feudal lord and adorn the court of the *Roi Soleil* who declared that he alone was the State.

The Dukes of Brissac have won renown both on the field of battle and in the Council Chamber, though others of them have been handed down to us



THE DINING-ROOM

by the scandal-mongers of the day as men of striking peculiarities or of depraved lives. We are justified in saying, therefore, that at all times Brissac has well played its part in the making of that phase of the history of France which is to be read in the strongholds of its nobles, quite as much as in the halls of its royal palaces. Though, as we have said, the old feudal castle has been more than once razed to the ground and has for the most part now given way to a seven storied product of the Renaissance, the towers of Brissac have braved the storms of ages and have come down to us from those days when it was the capital of a country described in the dog Latin of the period as *Pagus Bragascensis*.

The modern name of Brissac occurs for the first time in an account book of 1480; but it is more than probable that Bracaceorum, Bracosachs and Bracasae as the fortified stronghold of the tenth century was written, was so pronounced by the local peasantry. The Counts of Anjou added to the old keep from time to time, bridges were thrown across the Aubarne and water-mills constructed in its immediate neighborhood. In 1068 Geoffroy le Barbu, who was count of part of Anjou, rebelled against his brother Fulk Rechin and laid siege to Brissac, but was taken prisoner with a thousand of his knights in front of the stronghold itself. It would seem, however, that even at this time it was not the habitual residence of the Counts of Anjou. In the year 1100 they were represented by Archalos, later on Seneschal of Anjou, who with the consent of Fulk the younger, surrendered to the Abbey of Fontévrault the right of levying toll at Brissac.

The Chemillés became hereditary governors in course of time. Thus in 1105, Pierre de Chemillé is described as Lord, or rather as Governor of Brissac; but in 1112 Fulk the younger led his army there, doubtless to show that he was liege lord of the country. In October, 1208, Guy de Thouars, who had married Eustache de Mauleon, Lady of Chemillé, became Lord of Brissac and was confirmed in its possession by Philip Augustus, who had taken the side of Prince Arthur of Brittany and Anjou against his uncle John, King of England. The new governor did not, however, remain for long in the good graces of his sovereign, for in 1204 he transferred Brissac to Guillaume des Roches, and on capturing it on Ascension day, 1206, razed its fortifications to the ground.

Though the over lordship of Brissac was long debated between the kings of England and France, the Chemillés, Pierre, Jean, Guy and Thomas were its governors from 1240 to 1380 when Jean de La Haye-Passavant married Thomasine de Chemillé. He was succeeded by Bertrand de La Haye in 1394. In 1416 Jean de La Haye rendered homage to his liege Lord for Brissac but ceded it in 1434 to Pierre de Brézé, Lord of Maulévrier, in Normandy, who

owned the pond and the mills ten years before Louis XI. confiscated his son's, Jean de Brézé's, estates when he was convicted of the murder of his wife Charlotte the natural daughter of King Charles VII. by the beautiful Agnes Sorel. The property was, however, restored to his son, Louis de Brézé, by the king on his marriage with Yolande de La Haye-Passavant, a descendant of the former owners. Louis de Brézé, Grand Seneschal of Normandy, did homage for Brissac on September 9th, 1498; but sold the castle and its appurtenances to René de Cossé on January 29th, 1502. At that time the whole estate consisted of the castle, the ponds, four water and two wind-mills, some farms and the feudal dues raised on the surrounding country. Its importance was, however, far less then than a few years later on, as it was only then a *châtellenie*.

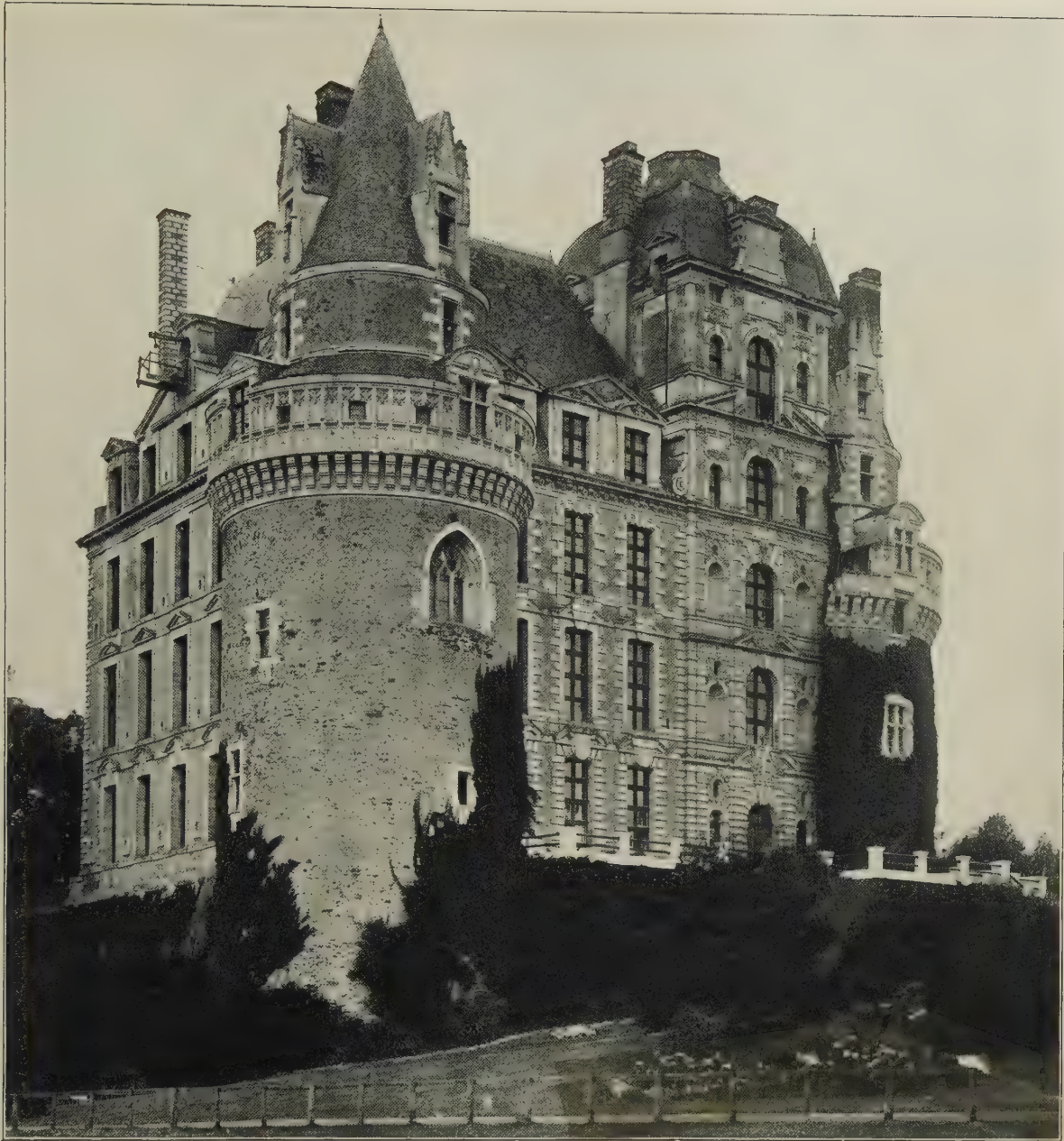
The Cossés who shortly exchanged their name and title of Cossé Lords of Brissac for that of Cossé-Brissac claim descent from Cocceius Nerva. This may or may not be true; but the fact remains that they can trace their pedigree back to the thirteenth century when they held Cossé-le-Vivien in Poitou. Fiaire de Cossé was Gentleman of the Wardrobe to King Philip Augustus, whilst Roland de Cossé accompanied Louis IX. to the Holy Land.

Réné de Cossé made very considerable additions to the property, which he had purchased, and commenced the restoration of the village church. He was Lord High Baker and Grand Falconer of France, and was appointed Governor of Anjou and Governor of the children of King Francis I., whom he accompanied when they were despatched as hostages to Spain in 1530. His wife, Charlotte Gouffier, was, first, Governess to the Princess Margaret and then her Maid of Honor when she married the Duc de Berri.

Charles de Cossé, first Count de Brissac, their son, was so celebrated for his personal beauty that he was known as "le beau Brissac." He was small and weak but excelled in all military exercises. His action at the Siege of Perpignan in 1541, in charging the enemy and recapturing the guns taken from the French so aroused the admiration of Henry II., then Dauphin of France, that he embraced him publicly before the whole army and exclaimed: "Were I not Henry of France I would wish to be Brissac." His valor on this occasion also secured for him the appointment of Grand Master of Artillery. Some time after this he had an interview with Ferdinand Gonzagua and the chronicler tells us, that whilst the Spaniards were decked out in their gaudiest array, Brissac's French soldiers turned up in those blood and travel-stained rags and tatters which they had worn on many an expedition. Bezion de Villars says that the Spanish general professed to be heartily ashamed of the contrast between the men of the two detachments and that he gave vent to his feelings to



THE "CHAMBRE JUDITH"—CHÂTEAU DE BRISSAC



THE CHÂTEAU FROM THE SOUTHEAST

Brissac: "You have taught me a most valuable lesson. Whilst my men are clad like damsels, yours appear like soldiers whose finest clothing are the stains and grime which they have received on the field of honor."

Fighting in Flanders, Brissac displayed the greatest courage, when wounded and almost unarmed he held the enemy at bay with his broken sword until his own forces had time to come up and rescue him. This act of valor impressed King Francis I. so much that he publicly invited him to drink out of his cup.

His patriotism was even more conspicuous still, during the campaign of the French army in Savoy. His troops had been victorious in Piedmont but were disbanded without pay. In their indignation they asked their leader, with threats, where they could

obtain bread. "From me as long as it lasts," was his reply. The local merchants gave the army what it required on his word of honor that they would be paid. On his return to France he found that the Guises, who then ruled the country, were little disposed to meet his engagements, so he turned round to his wife: "Here are men who have risked their all on my word. The Minister will not pay them and they are ruined. Let us put off the marriage we were contemplating for Mademoiselle de Brissac and let us give these wretches what we had destined for her dowry." With the funds thus secured and with borrowed money, he was able to pay the merchants half that was due to them and gave them full and ample security for the remainder. His beauty was said to have enamored the lovely Diane de Poitiers



THE DRAWING-ROOM



A WINDOW IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

and to have excited the jealousy of King Henry II., who kept him out of harm's way by employing him as much as possible in Italy.

His brother, Artus de Cossé, was also renowned for his courage, and likewise raised to the rank of a Field Marshal. When he was appointed Minister of France, his wife, who belonged to the old family of Pui-Grissier, but who always put her foot in it, came to make her obeisance to the Queen: "Faith, ma'-

am," said she, "without this appointment we were ruined, for we owed a hundred thousand crowns. Thank God, we have paid this debt within the year and have earned another hundred thousand crowns with which we hope to buy some fine property." This stupid remark amused the Queen and the Court immensely, but was profoundly distasteful to her husband, who sent her home on the spot.

The great architect of the family fortunes was,

The Chateau de Brissac



THE HALL

however, Charles de Cossé's son, Charles II., first Count and then Duc de Brissac. He was one of the Leaders of the League and had earned such a reputation for valor and generalship, that when he was taken prisoner at Falaise, Henry, King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France, wrote to the Comtesse de Gramont: "I have won Ivry, Argenton and Falaise, but I have done far more for I have taken Brissac prisoner." He was appointed Field Marshal in 1593 and Governor of Paris for the League in 1594. The conversion of Henry to Roman Catholicism enabled the new governor to surrender the capital with a clear conscience to the King of France and of Navarre, who made his solemn entry on March 22d, 1594.

In the meanwhile Brissac itself had been a bone of contention between the various factions and had suffered considerable damage from both Huguenots and Catholics alike, as they in their turn captured the stronghold from one another until finally Judith d'Acigné, Countess de Brissac, was authorized to take up her residence there, on condition that the fortifications were razed to the ground.

One of the first objects of her husband was, therefore, once peace had been restored to France, to

repair the ravages made by time and by civil war. In 1607 he laid the foundations of the northwest pavilion which consists of seven stories and rises to a height of 143 feet from the ground. In 1615, Jacques Danguise was appointed architect in chief and was assisted in his work by Michael Hutin and Charles Corbineau, who together with him superintended the works until 1620. Edmé Pothier who had come to live at Pont de Cé in 1621, Pierre Gosselin and Louis Gillion, all artists of renown, looked after the interior decorations, the woodwork was left in charge of Antoine Harmot and René Legras and the glass of Pallustre and Colleart. The present building rose on the ruins of the old one and was shortly ready for the reception of royalty.

It was here, as we have already noted, that Marie de Medici was reconciled with her son Louis XIII. on August 13th, 1619. The King had been awaiting his mother with impatience. They met but a short distance from Brissac and embraced with the greatest affection. They were received right royally by Charles de Cossé, Field Marshal of France, and the reconciliation was cemented by a residence of five days under a common roof. The king had given letters patent to his host raising Brissac to the rank

of a Duché-pairie, but the Parliament had hitherto refused to register them. It was not until July 8th, 1620, that this formality was carried into effect. The Duc de Brissac did not, however, live long to enjoy his new honors as he died in the following June.

It would be easy to dwell at considerable length on the subsequent history of this illustrious family. Many stories have been told by Tallemant des Reaux, by the Duc de Saint Simon and by those other scandal-mongers who have handed down to us the gossip of the French Court. One of the most extraordinary characters in the family was the Marquis d'Assigny who was a travesty of Don Quixote. He used to send messengers into the forests of Brittany to warn him of the numerous fair ladies who were held prisoners in their castles and strongholds. He pretended to go to the spot and returned a different way, boasting the whole time of his deeds of chivalry. When his servants were at dinner a man would rush in and tell them that the enemy were approaching the castle. They would immediately arm and sally forth in search of the foe only to learn that the imaginary force had fled on learning how well they were prepared for their reception.

Another peculiar member of the family was the Maréchale de La Meilleraye. They were discussing the death of the Chevalier de Soissons, a man of notoriously bad life and a brother of Prince Eugene of Savoy: "So far as I am concerned," said she, "I am sure God would think twice before consigning a man of such illustrious birth to eternal perdition." She married General St. Ruth as her second husband. Her tongue was sharp and she led him a life. He used to lose his temper and beat her. The king sent for him on several occasions and remonstrated with him; but he generally gave way on the slightest provocation. He was given appointments first in Guyenne and then in Ireland, where he lost his life at the battle of Aughrim just as he was on the point of winning the day for King James II.

The fourth Duke married a sister of the Duc de St. Simon; but was not much beloved by his satirical brother-in-law who attacks him without mercy in his *Memoirs*. On his death without issue, in 1698, his estates were much involved and an interesting point arose. There were doubts in St. Simon's mind as to whether he could afford to take up the castle and whether he could otherwise succeed to the dukedom. The fourth Duke's sister, the Maréchale de Villeroy, gave way to him for the honor of the family. The Dukes were, however, divided in their opinions, some of them such as the Duc de Rohan, hoped to enhance their prestige by reducing their number and argued that the title ought only to descend from father to son in direct succession. The others, such as the Ducs de St. Simon, de La Tremoille, de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, were fearful for their own privileges. It was not much more than a century since this title

had first been given outside the charmed circle of the royal family and they were anxious to preserve its inheritance to all their descendants without exception. The dispute waxed warm but St. Simon eventually prevailed, and the fifth Duke took the oath on May 6th, 1700.

His son, Jean Paul Timoleon, the sixth Duke, distinguished himself by his retort to the Comte de Charolais, who, finding him with his mistress said to him:

"Leave the room, Sir."

"Sir, your highness's forefathers would have said: 'Let us leave the room.'"

The eighth Duke, though at one time the lover of Madame Dubarry, was a man of the highest character and a great friend to the poor. He was particularly kind to foundlings whom he educated and taught a trade; so much so that mothers under cover of the night were wont to deposit their children within the precincts of the park. He was also most liberal to those of his farmers whose crops had been destroyed or even injured by game, giving them frequently a discharge in full for their rent if they could make out anything like a good case. He was commandant of the Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI. which made him particularly obnoxious to the Revolutionary party. He was taken prisoner at Orleans and massacred with many others as innocent as himself on September 9th, 1792. Another member of the family had married the Maréchal de Noailles. Notwithstanding her great age she was arrested and led before the Revolutionary Tribunal. She could not hear a word that was said owing to her extreme deafness. "Write down," said Dumas, the President to the registrar, "that she has conspired deafly." She was condemned to death without knowing that she had been sentenced, and was beheaded, at 70 years of age, on July 23rd, 1794, a few days before Robespierre's execution.

The tenth Duke died in 1888 and was succeeded in the title by his grandson whose father had died of typhus fever during the war of 1870. Roland de Cossé, Marquis de Brissac, had married Mlle. Jeanne Say, daughter of the great sugar refiner, who on her first husband's death remarried the Vicomte de Trédern and is the present owner of the château.

Brissac is one of the finest castles in the district notwithstanding its many irregularities and its want of uniformity. Still the massive square building produces an extremely imposing effect and bears witness to the power and wealth of those who, at different periods, have made it what it now is. The front looks east and lies between the two towers which still remain to testify to the importance of the earlier château of Brochessac. One of these is partly demolished, whilst the other contains the chapel. It was doubtless the intention of those who built the front to regularize their work by completely

The Chateau de Brissac

destroying the two towers, and raising in their place buildings more in character with their own design. Antiquarians will, however, congratulate themselves that this act of vandalism was never carried out and that we are now able to enjoy some remnants of the older feudal work. The central pavilion which stands upon a broad terrace protected by balustrades and reached by a flight of steps to the left, was originally intended to form the center of the front and is decorated with pilasters of five different orders of architecture. It was at one time topped by a campanile, covered with lead and surmounted by a statue, both of which were destroyed in 1793. The niches on either side contain statues sculptured by Count Raoul de Gontaut Biron and put in place in 1901, representing History and Music. Above this composite work is a huge stone tablet on which stands inscribed in large letters, "Virtute tempore," the motto of the ancient house of Cossé. The front hall is most imposing with its lofty vaulted ceiling and is full of old armor. Amongst other works of art which it contains is a bronze group by l'Epinay, representing Hannibal engaged in the throes of a death struggle with the Roman eagle. The drawing room to the left is remarkable for its fine gilt oak roof and for the embrasures of its windows and shutters painted with the monogram of the Cossés. The stone chimney-piece, resting on caryatides on either side, is a modern piece of work, above which is the bust of Charles II. de Cossé. Five large pieces of tapestry tell the story of Joseph and his brethren, whilst the intermediate panelling is lined with family

portraits and busts, a picture of Our Lady and the Child, by Van Dyck and Zegers, and a portrait of Madame de Trédern, Marquise de Brissac, by Cabanel. The dining-room contains a musician's gallery and a fine collection of Gobelin tapestry. Of the bedrooms the most striking are the "Chambre Judith," so called in memory of Judith d'Acigné, wife of the first Duke, the room in which Louis XIII. was reconciled with his mother in 1620, with fine tapestry recounting the exploits of Alexander the Great, and the "Chambre Mortemart" with its Gobelin tapestry, representing the Rape of Proserpine, and a Renaissance bedstead. The "Chambre du Duc" and the "Chambre Duchesse" are also well worth a visit. The Baronial Hall with its tapestry by Wauters and its old armor, the Picture Gallery chiefly consisting of family portraits, and the Chapel with its marble bas-relief, by David, of Elizabeth Louise de Malide, first wife of the ninth Duke, are all most remarkable in their way. Above is the theatre in which operas and operettas composed by the Vicomtesse de Trédern, one of the greatest amateur vocalists in Europe, and other distinguished composers, are sung every year in September and October. These performances are generally given during a fortnight when the castle is full to overflowing. The whole building is surrounded by a moat and lies within a few yards of the village entrance at one side of a well-watered and well-wooded park. The surrounding country consists of a series of hills and valleys decorated here and there by small copses of young timber.



IX

Stowe House

P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

THE glories of Stowe have been sung by many poets, a stately mansion that needs no panegyric. In its quiet old age it is, perhaps, more pleasing to the senses than ever it was in the palmy days of its grandeur and magnificence. It whispers a sweet message of peace to the heart, war-wearied with the strife of faction and ambition, and attracts us with its plaintive utterances far more than when kings and poets and wits crowded its corridors or sought refreshment in those wonderful gardens of which the world has heard. In the days of its zenith, Stowe must have been one of the grandest mansions in England, and enough remains of its former greatness to enable us to picture to our eyes the princely seat of the Dukes of Buckingham as it appeared to Pope, Horace Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, the Prince of Wales and a host of other illustrious guests of the dukes of former times. Now the dukedom is extinct.

Stowe has been robbed of most of its choicest treasures by the relentless hammer of the auctioneer, owing to the ruin of the second duke in 1848. It is sad to reflect that all that the prodigal expenditure of immense wealth had collected, all that had descended from numerous lines of ancestry renowned for taste and opportunities of acquiring beautiful and priceless objects of art and *vertu*, all the priceless heirlooms of an illustrious family were scattered over the world to be sold in shops, to glitter in the public rooms of hotels, or to decorate the mansions of the *nouveaux riches*. It is very sad, but happily,

although this is not known to the world, many of the treasures were saved, others have been repurchased and restored to their old places, and the house, now the residence of Lady Kinloss, the widowed daughter of the last duke, is by no means destitute of beautiful works of art, the salvage from the wreck of Stowe's former magnificence.

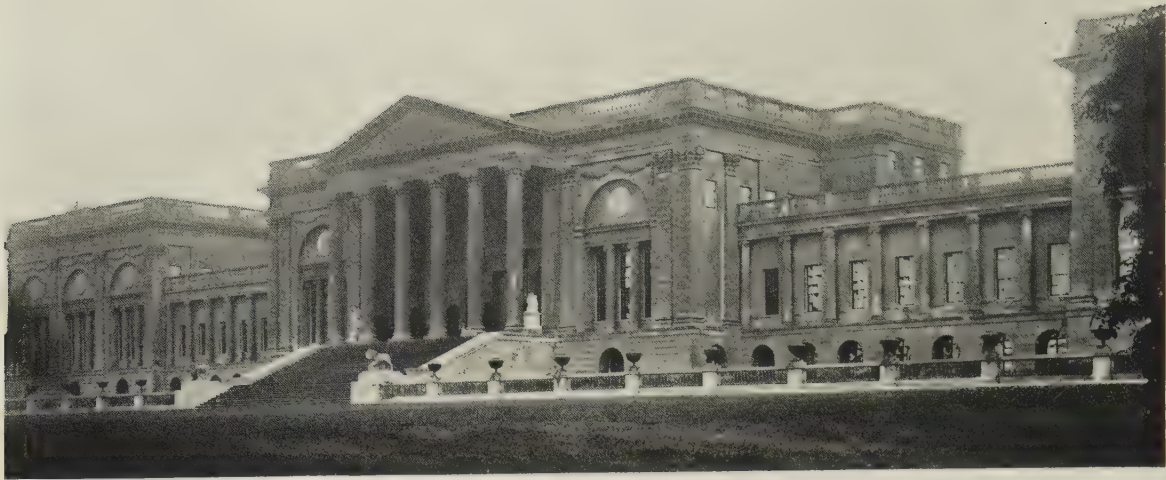
The early history of Stowe need not detain us long. From the Domesday Survey we gather that the manor was held by a Saxon gentleman named Turgis, and that William the Conqueror gave it to his half-brother Odo, the warlike bishop of Bayeux in Normandy. The bishop had so many manors bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, that he could not live in them all. So he let the estate to Robert D'oiley and Roger Ivory for 605 years. But bad times fell upon the battle-loving bishop. William the Conqueror found that he was conspiring against him; hence, the bishop was dispossessed of his rich manors, and D'oiley, a faithful follower of the king, a prudent man, too, who married the heiress of the Saxon lord of the old town and castle of Wallingford, and gained vast possessions, added Stowe to his extensive property. Whether he was overcome with

remorse on account of some lawless oppression of the English, history sayeth not; at any rate he bestowed his estates at Stowe on the monks of St. Friedswide at Oxford, whose minster is now the Cathedral Church of the Oxford Diocese.

The property remained in the peaceful possession of the monks until Henry VIII, that rapacious



A STATEROOM



PRINCIPAL FAÇADE

monarch, wishing to atone somewhat for his spoliation of their monasteries, created five new Sees, and amongst these the Diocese of Oxford. His son, Edward VI., bestowed upon it for the endowment of the bishopric the estate of Stowe, of which the good canons of St. Friedswide had been deprived. Queen Elizabeth, during the vacancy of the See, alienated the best of the estates from the bishopric to which they had been assigned by the letters patent of King Edward VI., amongst them the manor of Stowe. The estate was purchased from the Queen by Peter Temple, Esq., who came of a distinguished family and could trace his descent to Saxon times and claim Leofric, Earl of Leicester, as an ancestor. He erected a manor house in the Elizabethan style, and enclosed 200 acres for a deer park. His son, Thomas, was knighted by King James I., and created a baronet, whose widow lived to a great age and saw four generations and seven hundred of her descendants. Sir Peter followed his father and fought in the civil war for the royal cause. His son, Sir Richard, earned fame by rebuilding Stowe House, and died in 1697. The front of the house was rebuilt by his son, also named Sir Richard, who added the two wings. This Sir Richard was a great soldier and fought with the Duke of Marlborough in the Low Countries and was present at the sieges of Venloo and Rutenmonde. Military honors clustered thick upon him. Moreover, he was a favorite at the Court of Queen Anne and was raised to the dignity of baron and then Viscount Cobham. He kept a gallant court himself at Stowe, and gathered together the wits, poets and great folks of the day, who roamed the extensive gardens which he had created, and revelled in his lavish hospitality.

We shall presently stroll through these same gardens, "a melancholy relic of eighteenth century taste

and magnificence," filled with its pseudo-classical erections. Of course, Horace Walpole visited this shrine of fashion, and, of course, he wrote amusingly about it. Writing to Conway in 1770, he says: "Twice a day we made a pilgrimage to every heathen temple in that province that they call a garden." In the same year he visited Stowe in the company of the Princess Amelia, the daughter of George II., and gives a very amusing description of his sojourn there when writing to his friend, George Montagu. It is, I regret, too long to be quoted here. Thus does Pope describe the Stowe gardens as they were in his day:

*"To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend;
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare;*

* * * * *

*Still follow sense, of every art the soul;
Parts answering parts, shall slide into a whole.
Spontaneous beauties all around advance
Start e'en from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; Time will make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a STOWE!
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake."*

Nor was Pope the only songster who sang the praises of the gardens of Stowe. Thomson, meditating his "Seasons," often came thither to visit the kindly Mæcenas of the eighteenth century, and doubtless after his delightful custom, wandered round the garden in his dressing-gown, and bit off the sunny side of his host's peaches. To make amends for such heinous crimes he, doubtless, wrote the lines:

*"O lead me to the wide extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe!
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
E'er saw such sylvan scene; such various art
By genius fired, such ardent genius tamed
By cool, judicious art: that, in the strife,
All beauteous Nature fears to be outdone."*

The property and titles of Lord Cobham, who had no male heir, passed to his sister, Hester Temple, who was the wife of Richard Grenville, of Wootton. Her son Richard, created the first Earl Temple, was a distinguished statesman, being Lord of the Admiralty in 1756, and Lord Privy Seal in the following year. He did much to improve the house. He died at Stowe in 1779, and was succeeded by his nephew, George Grenville Nugent Temple, Earl, another statesman, created Marquis of Buckingham in 1784. Under his direction, many of the chambers of Stowe were designed and completed. He was the brother of Lord Grenville, of Dropmore, who played a considerable part in the political history of the period. The owner of Stowe was restless and ambitious, and when writing to his brother would often break off in the middle of a political letter telling him that

he was forwarding to him many thousands of young trees for his Dropmore estate. His son Richard, who married the daughter of the last Duke of Chandos, a lady of royal descent, was created Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. The second Duke succeeded in 1839, to a magnificent property, entertaining in a most lavish style. Queen Victoria paid a memorable visit to Stowe in 1845, and was entertained most sumptuously. The Duke was a great collector and amassed a magnificent store of treasures of art and *vertu*. Stowe became a vast treasure-house of priceless objects of artistic merit. But the Duke was ruined by his reckless extravagance. Soon followed the famous sale of all these treasures. Christie & Manson were the auctioneers. Much happily was saved and repurchased by the family; many treasures never left the house, and when the improvident Duke died in 1861, his son, the last Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, bravely faced all difficulties, bought back many of the family heirlooms, and endeavored to revive the glories of Stowe. Having no son, the dukedom died with him, and his widowed daughter, the Baroness Kinloss, now owns and resides at the famous mansion.



THE LIBRARY

Stowe House



THE SMALL DRAWING-ROOM

Nigh the ancient county town of Buckingham stands Stowe, redolent with the memories of its former greatness. You walk or drive along a long straight avenue of somewhat meagre trees, which leads you to a Corinthian arch, sixty feet high, designed by Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford. The southeast front of the house now appears in sight, a grand façade, nearly a thousand feet in length, consisting of a central portion faced with a portico and flanked by two wings. Forty stone steps lead up to the portico, and on each side stand two lions guarding the entrance, which are a reproduction of those to be seen at the Villa Medici in Rome. As I have said, this front was the work of Viscount Cobham. Its style is Italian throughout, founded on models of Palladio's work, a style that dethroned the old English traditions of domestic architecture, and substituted for its pleasing features, a foreign grandiose design, unsuited to our English ideas of comfort and convenience, and harmonizing little with our English landscape. Porticoes, colonnades and other majestic features characterize the palaces of Anglo-Palladianism, and these are abundantly exemplified in the mansion of Stowe. The portico or loggia is formed of six Corinthian columns and two pilasters. There are some colossal female

figures in the loggia from the Braschi collection. Two groups remain out of several designed by Scheemakers, Delorme and others, which once adorned the spaces between the columns.

As we view this noble front, we cannot discover any traces of an upper story. The large windows of the ground floor gaze at us. Above them there is a lofty parapet, and behind this are concealed rows of chambers arranged in blocks perpendicular to the side of the house. If you have the good fortune to stay at Stowe, you will not, therefore, be able to gaze at the beauties of the historic gardens from your bedroom window. This rather bears out the truth of Lord Chesterfield's witticism on an Anglo-Palladian house; he advised the owner, who found it so inconvenient within, in spite of its exterior beauty, to hire a lodging over the way and spend his days in looking at his house.

The usual entrance to the house is at the north-west front, which somewhat resembles the other and has a portico with wings. On entering, you find yourself in a vestibule with a ceiling painted by Kent, architect and artist, the friend of Lord Burlington, the designer of Holkham. This ceiling is an allegorical design representing Victory or Mars presenting a sword to Lord Cobham, the companion



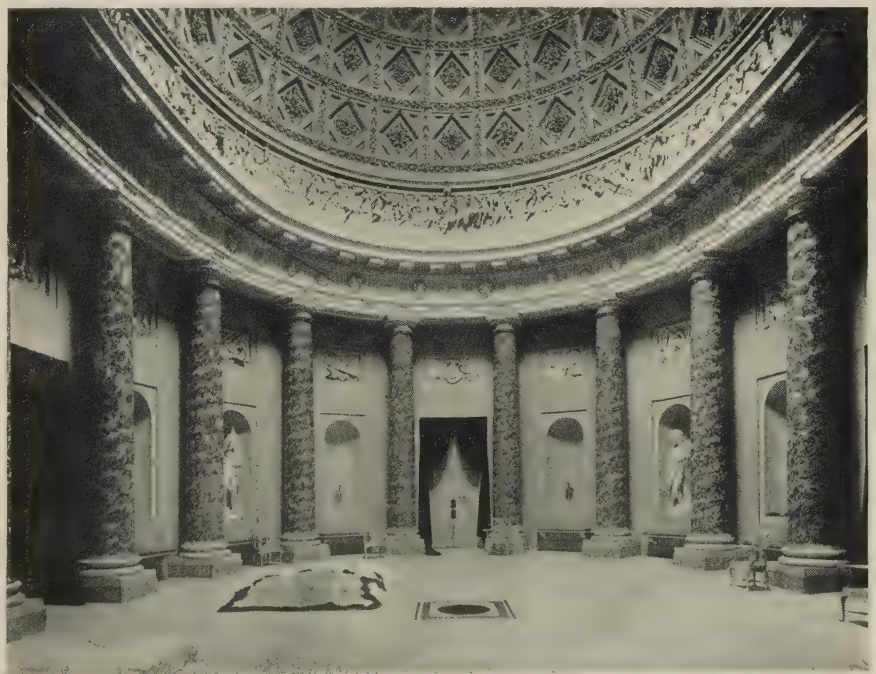
THE CHAPEL

of Marlborough in his victorious campaign. Some people see in the face of Mars the likeness of "Dutch William." A copy of the Venus de Medici, two panels of ancient sculpture, and a large Herculean vase adorn this hall. We pass thence into the large saloon (60 feet by 43 feet), a great feature of a Palladian house. It has a vast dome and a frieze with some remarkable figures engaged in celebrating a Roman triumph, by Valdre. The student of Roman antiquities will see in these figures a strong similarity to those with which he is familiar in "The Eternal City." The staterooms all open from this central saloon. On the right is the state drawing-room, which contains several pictures saved from the wreck. There is a Correggio, showing the figures of Mars, Venus and Cupid, and over the mantelpiece is a bas-relief representing a sacrifice to Bacchus. We next find ourselves in the noble dining-room hung with tapestry, and over the mantelpiece are some carvings of Grinling Gibbons. Another small dining-room

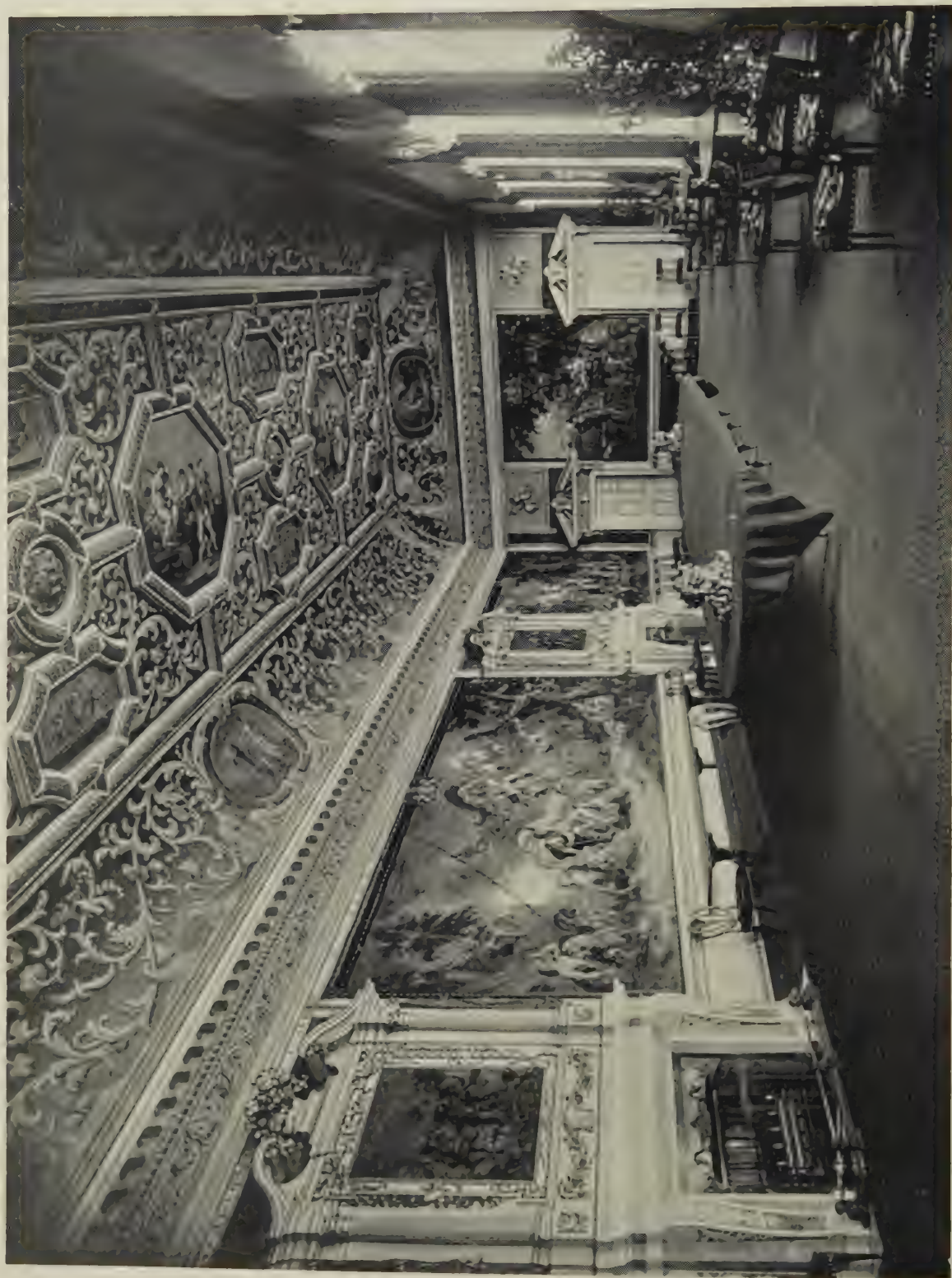
is the next room which we enter, also adorned with tapestry representing battle scenes of the Queen Anne period. A portrait of one of the Temples painted by Van Dyck is over the mantelpiece. From this room opens the Duchess's drawing-room: with which our tour of the western wing of the house terminates. There are two china closets at the entrance.

On the eastern side are the music-room, grand library, which once contained a vast store of 20,000 books, and three other rooms, one of which is known as the Queen's bedroom, where Queen Victoria slept during her memorable visit in 1844. In the basement are extensive corridors which are used as armories. The old muskets used in the Peninsular War by the regiment commanded by the Marquis of Buckingham are stored here. The MS. room was modelled from Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, by Sir John Sloane, and in the center of the vaulted ceiling are the 719 quarterings of the noble families who have owned Stowe. There is still a vast store of valuable papers, but the famous Stowe MSS. are now in the British Museum.

The chapel is worthy of a visit. The cedar wainscot was taken from a Spanish prize vessel, and was formerly at Pilkhampton, Cornwall, the seat of Sir



THE SALOON



THE DINING-ROOM



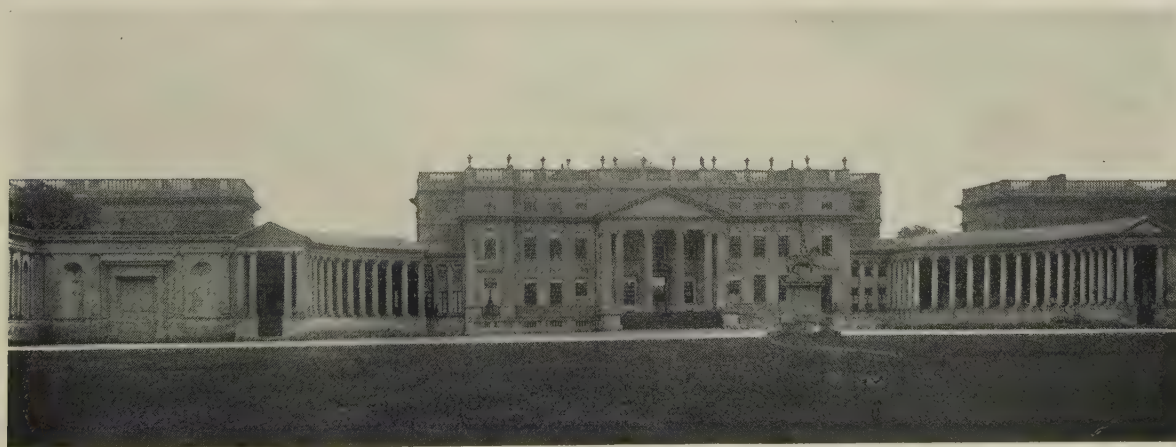
THE "OXFORD" BRIDGE

Richard Grenville, the hero of Queen Elizabeth's time, the commander of the gallant little "Revenge," sung of by Tennyson. Grinling Gibbons did the carving. Some old regimental colors hang from the walls. The vast kitchen resembles one of the larger kitchens at Oxford or Cambridge, and it is said that a ton of coal is required to set the huge fire going in the morning.

A memorable scene took place at Stowe. King Louis XVIII., of France, driven from his country by the revolution of 1793, came to reside in the neighborhood at Hartwell House, Buckinghamshire. The illustrious exile often used to visit Stowe

and here he met Louis Philippe, who went on his knees and begged pardon of his royal uncle for having ever worn the tricolored cockade. Another illustrious name, connected with the history of France is associated with Stowe. The Comte de Paris came to reside here in 1889, and died in the house six years later.

The gardens occupy four hundred acres. Historic they are, and associated with the names of many worthies in English history, neglected but glorious, appearing like a grove adorned with obelisks, columns, statues, temples, and towers apparently emerging from a luxuriant mass of foliage. They were



THE NORTHWEST FRONT

originally laid out by Viscount Cobham, who employed Bridgman and Kent to carry out his designs. A lake spreads its placid waters on the south side, and on the side remote from the house are two Ionic pavilions designed by Kent. A little lake is hidden within a shady dell, wherein trees and thickets, grass and flowers flourish, and here and there quaint monuments and temples arise amid the verdure, sometimes recalling (as Horace Walpole wrote) "Albano's landscapes to our mind: and oftener to our fancy the idolatrous and luxurious vales of Daphne and Tempe." We can imagine the aged beau "with certain other giddy young creatures of near three-score supping in a grotto in these Elysian fields, refreshed with rivers of dew and gentle showers that dripped from all the trees, and being reminded of the heroic ages when kings and queens were shepherds and shepherdesses, and lived in caves, and were wet to the skin two or three times a day."

We find a monument of Lord Cobham's nephew, Captain Thomas Grenville, who was killed fighting the French under Admiral Lord Anson, in 1747. Yet another temple is that of Concord and Victory, girt with Ionic columns, erected for the commemoration of the Treaty of Paris in 1763 and the close of the Seven Years' War. Lord Cobham's pillar still survives and an urn keeps in memory the achievements of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Here is the Temple of Friendship. Walpole has enumerated many of the friendships it commemorated.

It is impossible to exhaust the treasures of Stowe's wondrous gardens. The Bourbon tower records the restoration of the French monarchy in 1814; Kent's monkey tells of the comedies of Congreve; a Moorish Gothic temple which reminded Walpole of the Place of St. Mark's, Venice, and I know not what else lies buried within the shades of the trees. Rysbrach's seven statues of Saxon deities who gave their names to the days of the week used to be there, but perhaps they have vanished. Then there is the Palladian Bridge, after the design of the great Italian, a fine structure similar to that at Wilton.

It was in the gardens at Stowe that "Capability" Brown first worked, whose hand fell heavily on many a fair English garden, which he uprooted and destroyed in his quest for landscape-gardening triumphs. Here his energies were happily confined to the kitchen-garden, and it would have been well if he had never strayed from the cultivation of useful herbs.

We love to linger among the trees of Stowe and picture to ourselves its past glories and to see the ghosts of the great men who trod the Elysian fields and read again Walpole's delightful descriptions of his visit with the Princess Amelia and other exalted people, "whose images crowd upon one's memory and add visionary personages to the scenes that are so enriched with fanes and temples, that the real prospects are little less than visions themselves."



THE WATERFALL

X

The Royal Gardens of La Granja

CLINTON GARDNER HARRIS

LA GRANJA, the favorite summer palace of the Spanish monarchy, is best approached by way of the picturesque city of Segovia which lies on the northern slope of the Sierra de Guadarrama, the central mountain range of the kingdom. As the highroad leads away across the low plains, and leaves behind the ancient towered walls, the great yellow Middle Age cathedral, and the Roman aqueduct, we part with regret from scenes which make so real the strongly contrasted life of Roman, Moorish and mediæval ages.

The city quickly disappears from view, shut out by the noble plane trees which line the roadsides almost all the way to the village of San Ildefonso, which is but an hour's drive from our starting point. We found the village given over to joy. The day was a *fiesta*, and all the Castilian faces we saw were sunny and bright, with the total surrender to pleasure that one sees rarely in Northern Europe, and not too frequently even in Spain. It is one of the few days of the year—before the Court comes here from Madrid—when the fountains are permitted to play in the gardens, and this rare event seemed to the villagers to prefigure all the pleasures that would accompany the expected royal party.

The whole scene, however, though filled with spontaneous gayety, seemed to us somewhat remote from every-day busy life, and it did not at all violate the proprieties when, in answer to our inquiry for a fitting guide to the beauties of the place, there stepped forth, as out of Shakespeare, in black costume and bearing a wand, a stately Malvolio, courteous and condescending to his unenlightened guests, but with an ever-present consciousness that his station was below his deservings.

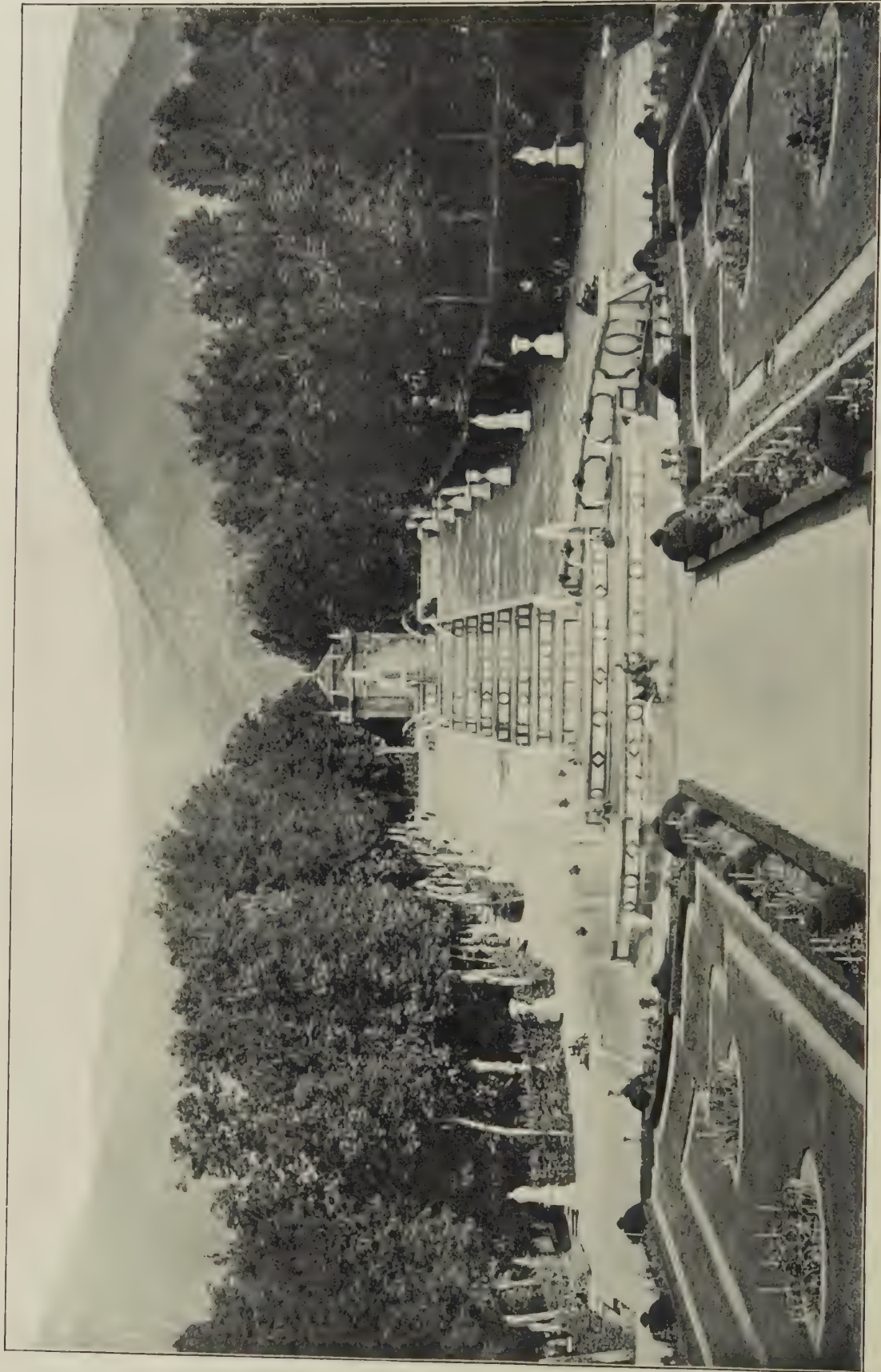
We followed him into the palace, and our "Castle in Spain" lay before us. Through its windows we gazed for a moment across and beyond the trim garden, where there burst upon our sight that which hurried us forth into the sunlight, leaving our astonished cicerone descanting on the interior glories of the palace, and chiefly on the marvelous mirrors of the room in which we had been standing, one of whose crowning merits in his eyes was that they were products of the village in which they hung.

It was Nature's first mirror which had enchanted us. Tumbling from the mountainsides, falling from basin to basin, and into successive pools till the torrent reached our feet, spouting here from lofty jets, and there from finely modelled leaden heads, came the purest of crystal waters, now dazzling in the brightness of the meridian sun, now flowing swiftly by our side from pool to pool, enclosed by cool, deep woods, which now shadowed vases and statues, and again revealed enticing paths, leading away to unknown new delights, while in the distance, forming a background to the lovely picture, stood silent and serious sentinels over the enchanted ground, the wooded peaks of Guadarrama.

This was the gem of the garden, the far-famed *Cascada*, fed from the great reservoir high up on the mountainside, which, collecting the waters from many springs and streams, pours from its lip a vast volume which is led, in all ways that can be imagined to produce the finest scenic effects, down to the garden level. Thence the water is led away with delightful irregularity of plan, forming in striking contrast with the roaring, tumbling current which had first attracted our attention, the quiet, dignified pools of the fountains of Neptune, with its lower and upper basins, in which are displayed striking groups in bronze of sea-horses, children, and mythological figures.

Our genuine enthusiasm here quite reinstated us in the favor of our attendant, and soothed his spirit, ruffled by our heedlessness of his eloquence; for with a ceremonious wave of his enchanter's wand, he touched some unseen and unsuspected source, and again, as by magic, new fountains flung their waters high in the air.

He then conducted us past the parterre, and through a box-bordered garden, where we first caught sight of the exterior of the palace, gay in general effect, but showing the disregard of rules which is so common a feature of the Spanish architecture, created when imperial wealth and power commanded the services of the world's best architects. These men, though they brought with them great technical knowledge and skill, seemed inspired by their unwonted surroundings to ever branch out into new



THE CASCADE

forms, often charming, but governed by no accepted rules.

Here, once more, an aqueous surprise awaited us; the great fountain whose peer is not to be found in Europe, a single huge jet rising to the height of 130 feet, fed, and sustained by the great reservoir, in the hills above. One must have traveled for some days through the dusty, sterile, treeless plains and mountains of Central Spain to appreciate the full joy of the lavish profusion with which water is cast abroad here, as if what might elsewhere be the restriction of prudent use, would be in the presence of an exhaustless supply, but a causeless parsimony.

waters are gathered, which furnish so many and so various delights to the royal pleasure grounds, and the course of the cataract brought us to *El Mar*, "the sea," as the dwellers in these arid lands were pleased to name it.

Our afternoon reverie was concerned not so much with the interesting bits of history which have been enacted here as with the character and the tastes of the designers and builders to whose skill and labor we owed the present enjoyment. The minds that saw such wondrous possibilities in the then wilderness of mountains, forests and springs, and brought out so much of sweet and healthful beauty, seemed



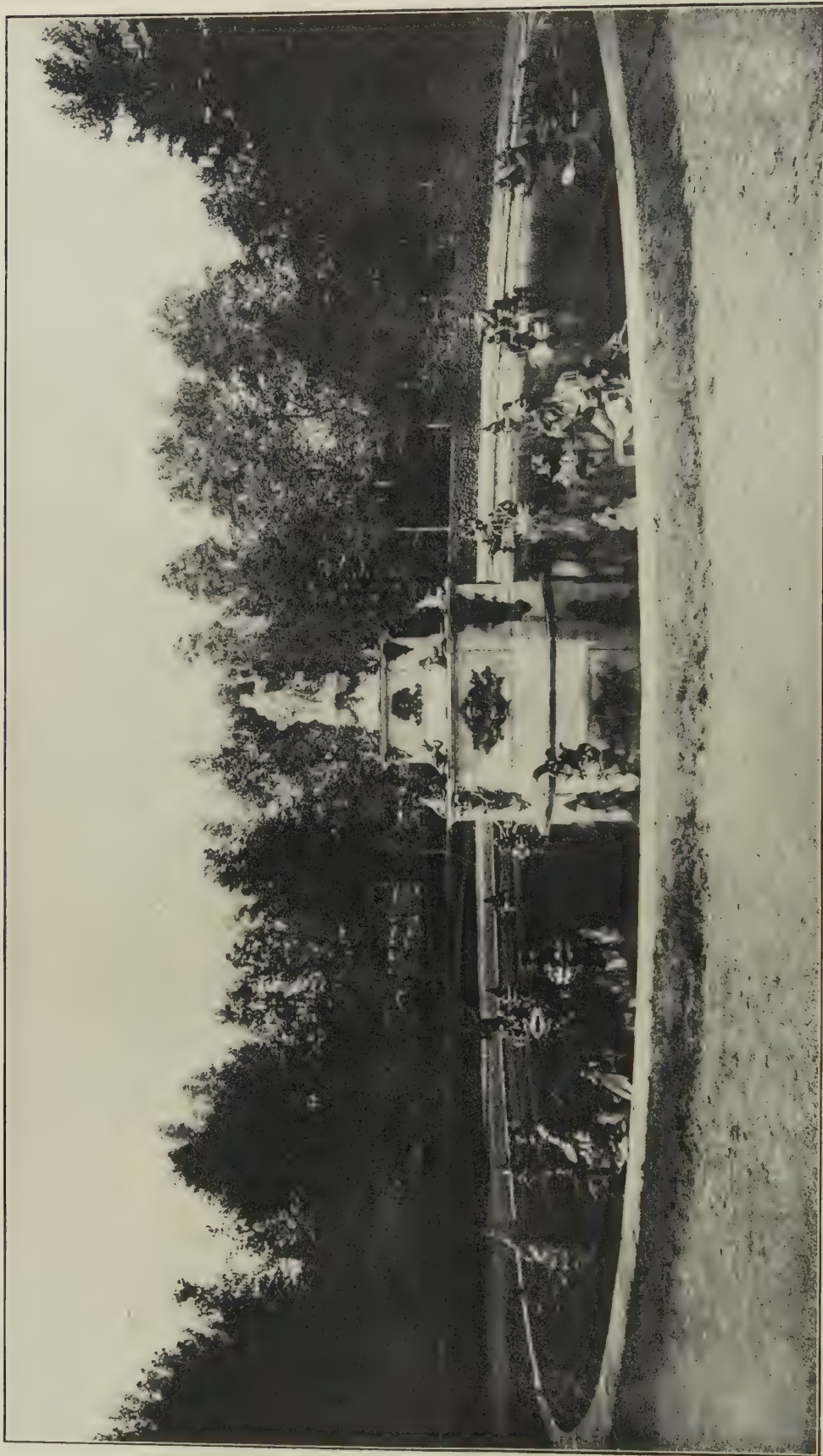
FAÇADE OF THE PALACE FROM THE CASCADE

Having sated our wonder and admiration, we sauntered on through shadowed roads. How gay all seemed,—a fountain here, a fountain there, the formality of architecture of the well-cut stone of the pool margins and cascades changed to rural simplicity; shaded paths crossing small brooks by rustic bridges, with just here and there a formal bit to remind us that we were traversing the pleasure grounds of earthly royalty, and not a pure dream of Nature. Fantastic features were not wanting, the baths of Diana seemed to have been conceived in sport. One trick fountain attracted spectators to its brimming basin, only to scatter them occasionally by its unexpected and irregular overflows.

As we next began to climb through the gardens we came soon to realize the altitude at which the

worthy of admiration and emulation, as well as of study, if perchance one might catch the trick of such development.

Lying high on the northern slope of the Sierra de Guadarrama, which mountains divide the ancient kingdoms of Old and New Castile, with trees of luxuriant foliage, pure, cool and stimulating air, and an abundant and perennial water supply, the monarchs of Spain early realized and proceeded to develop its natural advantages that they might make it a summer retreat from the hot and dusty rolling plain, on which their lives were of necessity largely spent. The huge peak of Pañalara, rising to the altitude of 8000 feet above the sea level, looks down upon this site, guarding it and shielding it from the almost intolerable heat of the summer on the vast, treeless,



THE LATONA FOUNTAIN

wind-swept plateau, on which Madrid blisters in summer and shivers in winter.

As early as 1450, Henry IV., of Castile, decided to build here a shooting lodge; and as he was a devout churchman, he founded near the selected spot a hermitage, which he dedicated to San Ildefonso. The shooting lodge grew into a hunting château at Valsain, a *granja*, or grange; the village of San Ildefonso sprang up near the hermitage, and the whole became the much desired summer retreat for the court, it being distant from Madrid about sixty miles.

La Granja was originally a grange at the foot of the

which would enable him at greatly less outlay of money, and without the heavy cost of lives which his grandfather had wasted in the making of his highly artificial creation of Versailles, to create a summer retreat worthy of the greatness of the state to whose government he had fallen heir; and which, favored by the singular natural endowment of the site should be unique and individual, and not a mere copy of what the French king had produced.

He began, by a large extension of his domain, acquiring the reserved rights of the monks of Parral, by promising to construct for their use another monastery on the banks of the Rio Frio, where they



THE PALACE FROM THE PARTERRE

Guadarrama mountains, belonging to the monks of St. Jerome. They presented this estate to Ferdinand the Catholic in recognition of a donation which he made them after the conquest of Granada. Its fortunes were comparatively humble for several generations, its use as a summer palace not being conceived till 1700, in the reign of Charles IV., after the château at Valsain had been entirely destroyed by fire.

When Philip V. came to the throne in 1701, a Bourbon, the grandson of Louis XIV. of France, brought up at the French court, and familiar with the beauties of Versailles, he seems to have determined to emulate them in order to glorify the capital of his new realm. He saw in La Granja natural advantages

would be less disturbed by the gayety of the court, and the court less restrained by their proximity.

San Ildefonso lies in the latitude of Naples, at about the altitude of the summit of Mount Vesuvius, but the surrounding mountains which far overtop it, its wealth of forest, and its abundance of water, rare at so considerable a height, were gifts that were all its own, and suggested possibilities of development unique among royal pleasure grounds. Its great altitude fitted it in his imagination for the resort of Spanish royalty, which seemed to him, and still more to his people, who thought their sovereigns the most exalted of human kings, to be properly placed so near the clouds; and its other great gifts he proceeded vigorously to develop.

He was not so fortunate as to secure the services of an architect and a landscape gardener so great as to write for themselves and for him enduring names in the temple of fame, but he and they wrought wisely and patiently through a number of years to evolve the best result that was attainable—given the site, the money, and the labor required.

The pecuniary means at hand were moderate; for Spain, naturally a poor country, made poorer by the idleness and improvidence of its people, and by the enormous expenditure of the war of the Spanish Succession, and with much less developed methods than France had under Louis XIV., of wringing a large revenue from its citizens, could not in any way produce the great sums that had been lavished upon Versailles.

But Philip had still goodly revenues at command, and as soon as he became the sole master of La Granja, he set to work with his engineers and his architect to demonstrate what could be made of his new plaything.

The arid, open mountainsides were to be changed into the cooling, wooded seclusions of a garden, trout brooks to be made into broader and more gently flowing streams, pools and ponds should become miniature lakes, and fountains should burst forth from rocks in cooling play. Tiny waterfalls should flash from mossy heights, the level and sometimes marshy ground at the foot of the descent should be developed into parterres and such well-kept bosquets as were associated with recollections of his youth.

Philip charged his architect-in-chief to restore or re-arrange the old monastery as might seem best, that it might serve as a dwelling-place for the royal family, but he strictly enjoined him to destroy nothing. The plans were soon perfected and approved by the king, and the vigorous prosecution of the work was ordered.

At the same time his engineer, Marchand, commenced the task of grading the lesser hills, and planting the gardens, the cultivation of which was confided to Boutelet.

The best sculptors of the day, Forman and Thierry were empowered to produce in bronze the fountains and also the ornamental work that was to border the basins and cascades, but this proved too great a task and required too long a time, and the king was forced to content himself with the execution of much of the minor work in lead, colored to match the genuine bronze.

The whole enterprise went forward so quickly that even in Spain, where the time to do anything is always to-morrow, the work which was not started till 1719 had, in 1723, so far progressed that the former habitation of the monks had assumed the air of a small palace, and the fields and woods of the grange had been transformed into a labyrinth of paths, bosquets and cool, shaded glades.

On the ground floor of the monastery a dozen rooms had been prepared as museums and galleries wherein to display a collection of remarkable antique statues and bric-a-brac which had once formed part of a collection which the able but eccentric Queen Christina of Sweden had gathered in Rome, and which, after her death, had been purchased for Philip by his ambassador at that court.

Six rooms were set apart as the king's suite of apartments, and four were reserved for the use of his queen, Isabella Farnese, of Parma. The rest of the building was appropriated to the use of the royal household, and ample provision was made for the service of religion, and for the accommodation of the attendants of the court and the work people.

The work on the gardens and landscape architecture kept pace with the construction of the buildings, though the changes undertaken were of much greater proportions.

The abundance of water, and the height at which it first came to the surface, permitted the establishment of reservoirs at a considerable elevation. The chief one, an artificial lake to which was given the pretentious name of *El Mar*, was placed so high—two hundred feet above the level of the palace—as to give enough pressure to throw jets of water high into the air from many piped fountains in its descent to the lower altitudes.

The streams which had once wandered at will through La Granja as open brooks, were now largely conducted underground, coming to the surface occasionally as bubbling cascades, losing themselves again to reappear unexpectedly and supply some fountain or to form a stepped cascade, leading toward the palace over ever lower basins. The glorious plane trees were so placed and tended as to produce shaded groves, in the midst of which fountains played, glittering as the rays of the sun fell upon them through the trees.

Only near the terrace did there appear reminiscent of royal Versailles the parterre, and the grand walk looking away across beds of flowers and sheets of water, the vista terminating in the everywhere dominant mountains.

Here and there on these lower levels, statues and vases lined the avenues where the bordering trees were planted formally, and walks led from fountain to fountain, whose artificiality contrasted strongly with the entourage of hills, rocks and pines whose only gardener had been Dame Nature.

But the unique and crowning glory of La Granja was the fountains, for which Versailles gave the suggestion, but which far outshone their original. No turbid puddle forced up by noisy pumping engines supplied the liquid element, but a crystal mountain stream fresh from the wild heights of Guadarrama here flashed and laughed and glistened as if, after bondage underground, it rejoiced to greet once more



UPPER AND LOWER BASINS OF THE FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE

The Royal Gardens of La Granja

the fresh, pure air in the *Cascada Cenador*, which, under the glistening sun and the azure Castilian sky, glitters like molten silver, reflecting later in its quieter pools, the deep, cool shade of over-arching boughs.

Philip's landscape gardening, when completed, covered an area of three hundred and sixty acres. He gave to the task a constant, loving supervision, and the work itself and the after contemplation of it formed one of the purest and most tranquil joys of his whole life. It marks some fine strain in his character that, brought up as he had been among influences which promised to develop only his lower qualities, he should still be able to love deeply and permanently

simplicity. But his freedom was destined to be of short duration. Louis died after a reign of eight months, and the father was forced to resume the burden of royalty from which he had so recently freed himself. In his after life, which was extended for more than twenty years, he passed all his summers in the enjoyment of the peace of La Granja; and he and his queen lie buried together there.

Our concern here is not with the questions of Philip's worth as a man, or his success as a ruler. Doubtless the union of the crowns of France and Spain under the rule of the Bourbons, with which the welfare of Europe seemed for half a century so bound



THE DIANA FOUNTAIN

the quiet and restful intercourse with Nature which he found here.

His work at La Granja completed, he seemed to find the intrigues of the court and the cares which must beset the wearer of a crown growingly distasteful. He longed to lay down the government of his restless and turbulent dominion, and to pass his remaining days, not in monastic retreat as his more serious predecessor, Charles V., had done more than a century and a half before; but, in the quiet of this mountain fastness to escape from the unceasing battle with the forces which were arrayed around his ambitious, unscrupulous and intriguing queen.

He yielded to this wish for peace in 1724, surrendered the throne to his son, Louis I. of Spain, and retired to San Ildefonso to live a life of peculiar

up, turned out to be a matter of no great moment, and not worth the intrigue and the treachery which brought it about. We are only interested in the skill with which he and his advisers conceived, and the success with which they carried out this bit of landscape gardening, and the architecture of this royal summer retreat, which, slight as they must have seemed at the time of their creation, have long outlived the political schemes which wasted for twelve years the blood and treasure of Europe. Philip's successors found La Granja to their liking. His son, Charles III., amused himself by putting the finishing touches on his father's work, and during his reign the summer always found the court there.

He conferred a benefit on the village of San Ildefonso by favoring the establishment there of the



ONE OF THE LARGER VASES IN THE GARDEN



THE BASKET FOUNTAIN

The Royal Gardens of La Granja

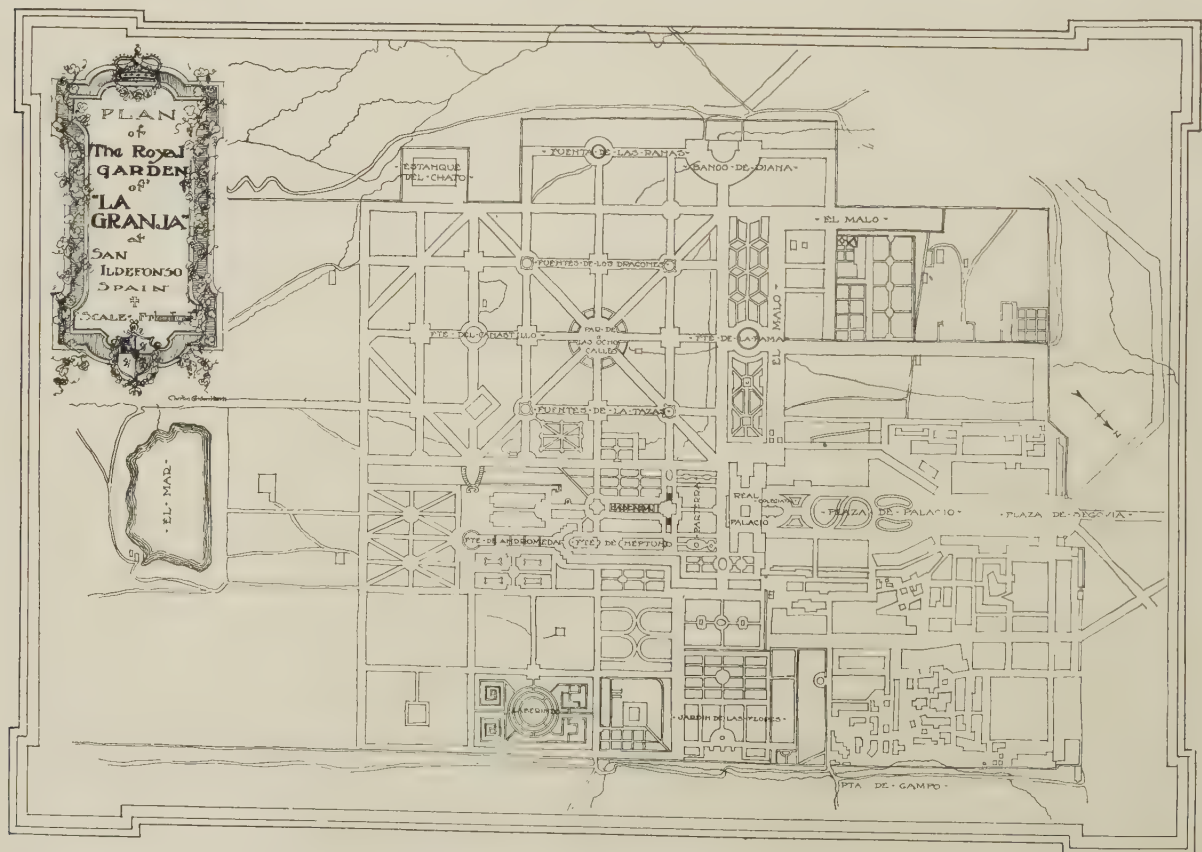
manufacture of glass and of mirrors. These factories, once very celebrated, have left little to testify to their greatness, though they have not ceased to exist. The charm of the situation of San Ildefonso promises to be permanent. On the northern slope of the great chain of mountains, which form the backbone of Spain, which arrests and discharges the clouds borne inland from the Atlantic, there would seem to be an assured supply of the moisture so rarely found elsewhere in the kingdom, and which gives such wonderful freshness to this oasis in a dry and burning land.

These musings over the past history of San Ildefonso, tracing on the spot its development from monastery and grange to royal palace and summer garden, repeating what so often occurred in Spanish history, that the spots which were selected by the good taste and practical wisdom of the monks later found favor in the eyes of the monarchs and were appropriated by them for royal abodes, brought us to the close of a glorious May day, and we began to cast about for a resting place. At the very door of the palace we found an excellent hotel where we secured quarters. In an evening's conversation with the landlord, we

discovered that a beautiful wild mountain road, practicable only in the summer, led from La Granja over the top of the mountain range into the valley of the Escorial, but it took some persuasion to convince him that we were earnest in our purpose to make an early morning start that we might view its wild scenery in the freshness of the young day.

La Granja is still the favorite summer palace of Spanish royalty. The apartments of the palace are light, airy and agreeable, without being oppressively magnificent. During the stay of the royal family the village assumes its gayest air, the fountains play, and the whole tone of the surrounding region is one of life and merriment.

Shortly after sunrise next morning we bade farewell to the place which had given us such keen delight for a day, and with a four-mule team, guided by a driver on the front seat of our mountain carriage, and controlled by a rider on each of the two near mules, we crossed the Sierra by a road of marvelous excellence, constructed by the Bourbon kings of Spain with reckless disregard of expense, to facilitate the transfer of the court between the Escorial and the gardens of La Granja.



PLAN OF THE ROYAL GARDENS OF LA GRANJA

XI

The Home of the Verneys

A. R. GODDARD



STEEPLE CLAYDON VILLAGE

IN studying the remains which have come down to us from other days, as, for instance, the great monoliths of Stonehenge, we are forever foiled by the limitations of the visible. Bound by these and what do we get beyond a bare specification of shape, material and color. So many uprights of brown silicious sandstone, roughly squared; so many lintels of the like laid across; so many smaller stones of an igneous nature standing within the others; so many feet-run of rampart and ditch enclosing the whole. All this may be fully set forth, and even drawn with every added charm of desolate foreground and weirdness of shadowing and sky effects, without suggesting the least clue to the haunting mysteries of life and meaning and origin wrapped up in the great creation.

The same thing holds good of our old English villages and country houses. Beautiful though they often are, their chief allurements is that they are the expression and memorial of another England than the one in which we live and move. Manor-house, church and village—that oft-repeated trinity of our

rural lands—enshrine for us everywhere vivid realities of earlier experience, which do not appear in the small-scale narrations of our general histories. Therefore the research of to-day strives to recover the detail, as far as may be, life size, that the things of the past may stand before our eyes more nearly on a like plane with those of our own times. To this process of recovery the local annals of manor-house, church and village, as gleaned from many an ancient charter, will and record, have largely contributed.

The Buckinghamshire villages of *Steeple* Claydon, *Est*, and *Botyl* Claydon, and *Middel* Claydon, as they are called in old deeds, are typical examples of

rustic sites with vivid stories. They are situated in the heart of the county, on a breezy down, which has been associated for four hundred and fifty years with the fortunes of the Verney family. None of the prefixes of the village names appear in Domesday. The Norman record calls them simply *Claindone* or *Claidone*. At that time the old villas were already long-established and flourishing settlements. Their population in 1086



A COTTAGE AT STEEPLE CLAYDON



CLAYDON HOUSE (THE WEST FRONT) AND THE CHURCH



THE CHURCH AND MANOR—MIDDLE CLAYDON

cannot have been far short of six hundred souls, even after the reduction caused by the calamities just overpast. The census of 1901 gives them 1,288 inhabitants. Their Domesday assessment is 50 hides, or roundabout 6,000 acres,¹ with also some 1,500 acres of wood. Their total area at present is a little over 8,000 acres, so that the difference is comparatively slight. These facts prove the strong continuity of the village life from Anglo-Saxon times and even earlier, for in 1620 a pot was found near the pond of Steeple Claydon full of Roman coins of brass, chiefly of Allectus and Carausius.² Hidden money tells its own tale of people on the spot who found it necessary to hide it.

In later Anglo-Saxon days these villas were communities of a distinctly manorial type, with the thegn's headquarters firmly set down within his earthen ramparts and moats, and with his church close by for the service of his own household and his *geburs*, or half-free laborers. At three of the villages the later church stands now, as then, hard by the early manorial center, and at Steeple and East Claydon banks and moats still remain, which may very well mark, as in other places, the site of the Saxon manor-stead. It is therefore interesting to remember that Sir Edmund Verney, the present lord of all four manors, is the successor of Alwyn the Confessor's thegn, and of Ansgar, his staller, or horse master. Nearly a thousand years divides them, but from century to century the homes of lord and laborer have continued on very much the same plots of ground. So tenacious is the life of a people, when once it takes root in the soil, and

tends ever towards freedom. As the illustrations show, these villages, with their homes of wattle and daub, timber and thatch, have all the Old World picturesqueness that befits their long descent, and no specifications of material or artist's sketches can convey what they stand for to the reflective English mind.

The onetime manor of Alwyn, at Middle Claydon, unlike so many large English estates, came into the hands of the Verneys, not by confiscation but by purchase. Ralph Verney, of Fleetmarston, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London in 1465, was the purchaser. He was an ardent Yorkist in the Wars of the Roses, and when Edward IV. rode through London streets after the victory of Tewkesbury, was knighted, with eleven other prominent citizens, whilst the dead body of the defeated King Henry was being shown to the people in the Tower.

Sir Ralph's son John married the daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Mortimer, who lost his life and lands in the cause of Lancaster. When it was desired to recover his estates for his daughter and her husband, it was thus possible to lay claim to them on the strength of services rendered to either side, according to the end of the seesaw which happened to be uppermost. The Verneys by this time had built a fine house at Middle Claydon, in place of an older one, which had been the home of the Cantelupes. The new house, with the manor, was let to the Giffards of Hillesdon, on two long leases, so that the Verneys did not come into occupation again until more than a century later. Much of the core of that house still remains. An old pencil sketch shows it with the stepped gables of Flemish flavor, and with certain Renaissance detail about the windows which prob-



THE PARK—MIDDLE CLAYDON

¹Mr. J. Round and others have practically proved that the hide, whilst a term of assessment rather than of measurement, is usually equal to 4 virgate of 30 acres each.

²287 to 296 A. D.



WINDOW IN THE ENTRANCE HALL — CLAYDON HOUSE

ably belonged to the sixteenth century additions. So near are church and manor-house that, if the house windows are open to south, an invalid might follow the service from one of the neighboring rooms. The nave of the church dates from the fourteenth century, but the chancel was built by Roger Giffard in 1519, whose brass still remains on its north wall.

Soon after her marriage in 1858, the late Lady Verney began to explore a treasure trove of great historical value which had long lain uncared for in a wainscoted gallery under the roof of the oldest part of the house. There, stored in numerous trunks on trestles, she found a hoard of parchments, rent rolls, old "News" sheets, and, above all, a vast number of family letters and papers, stained by age and somewhat rat-eaten. One packet of these letters had not even been opened, and had never been seen by those to whom they were addressed. Scattered about, too, in all sorts of unlikely places, and but little valued, were many fine historical portraits by great painters of their day, which now hang in honor on the walls. From these materials both the late and the present Lady Verney have compiled the four volumes of the "Verney Memoirs," illustrated by admirable reproductions of the chief portraits. What the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn have done for the later seventeenth century life of London, the "Verney Memoirs" have done for that of the country gentleman of the period, but commencing somewhat earlier, so as to portray for us the dislocations caused by the Civil War.

The most notable figure of the family at this time was Sir Edmund Verney, Knight Marshal to Charles I., and, on the outbreak of war, his Standard Bearer. After the long tenancy of the Giffards, he had taken up his residence at Claydon House in 1620. In the days of James I., he had been the trusted friend and comrade of the young Prince Henry, the English Marcellus, of whom so much was hoped, but who died untimely in his nineteenth year. His case suggests perhaps the most curious "might-have-been" of history. Had he lived, England might have had no Charles I.,—no Civil War,—no Cromwell,—no Charles II., nor succeeding James,—no William III.,—no resort to Hanover for a collateral branch,—therefore no George III.,—and, who can tell, no American War.

After Prince Henry's death, Sir Edmund Verney accompanied Prince Charles, now heir to the throne,

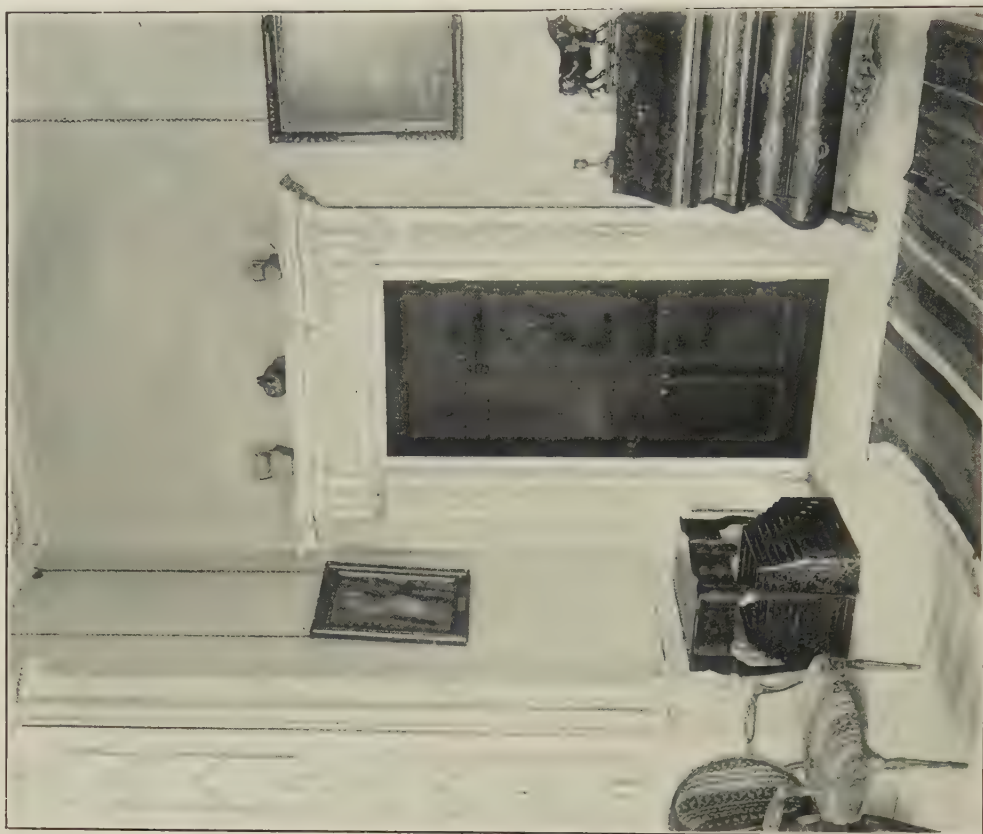


THE ENTRANCE HALL OF CLAYDON HOUSE

on his wife-hunting Spanish journey, unwilling wooer to a lady unwilling to be wooed. Every member of the Prince's suite was as heartily sick of the venture as was the Prince himself and Sir Edmund's stout Protestantism entangled him in a broil with a certain priest who came dangling after one of the English pages. Little wonder that no matrimony resulted.

Fine portraits of both Sir Edmund and of his son and successor, Ralph, look down from the walls, and reappear in the "Memoirs." Both sat in the Long Parliament. Of some of its most stirring scenes, we have the vivid jottings of an eye-witness in Ralph's pencil diary, recovered from one of the trunks in the attic. Both father and son were strong upholders of parliamentary liberty against royal encroachment. When the crisis came, Sir Edmund found that he could not fight against the King, and Ralph, that he could not fight against the Parliament. With heavy hearts they parted at the dividing of the ways. Sir Edmund came back no more to Claydon, and lies in an unknown grave on Edgehill field. Though for a time separated thus in life and death, father and son are united in the fine Renaissance monument in Middle Claydon Church. Van Dyck's portrait of

The Home of the Verneys



A CHAMBER DOORWAY



THE DRAWING-ROOM

King Charles, and the ring with the royal miniature, which he gave to his Standard Bearer, recovered from the severed hand after Edgehill, are now among the most valued heirlooms of the family.

Claydon House was fortunate in escaping spoliation either from one side or the other. It was otherwise with the early home of Sir Ralph's mother, Hillesdon House, only some three miles distant, where her brother, Sir Alexander Denton, then lived. There was an anxious day for the household at Claydon in March of 1644. Noise of battle was heard over at Hillesdon. Ralph's brother, Tom, and two sisters were at the time staying there with the Dentons. Soon the sky was red with the glare of the burning house. Sir Alexander had fortified it as a royal outpost, and that vigorous parliamentary colonel of growing reputation, Oliver Cromwell, had come out to attack it. He lay with his forces for a night roundabout the Church of Steeple Claydon, and next day carried the outworks of Hillesdon, and then the house, which was given to the flames.

Many of its defenders were slain, and forty taken prisoners, including Sir Alexander himself, and Tom Verney. For the master of Hillesdon House the even tenor of country life had come to a sudden end.



A VIEW IN THE CHALONER LIBRARY

A few months earlier he had been bereaved both of his wife, a cousin of John Hampden's, and his mother. Now his home had disappeared in this spasm of blood and fire. A few months later his eldest son, John, was killed fighting bravely in battle, and not long afterwards the broken gentleman himself followed him to the grave. Even amidst such scenes as these, love intrudes, and his sister, Susan

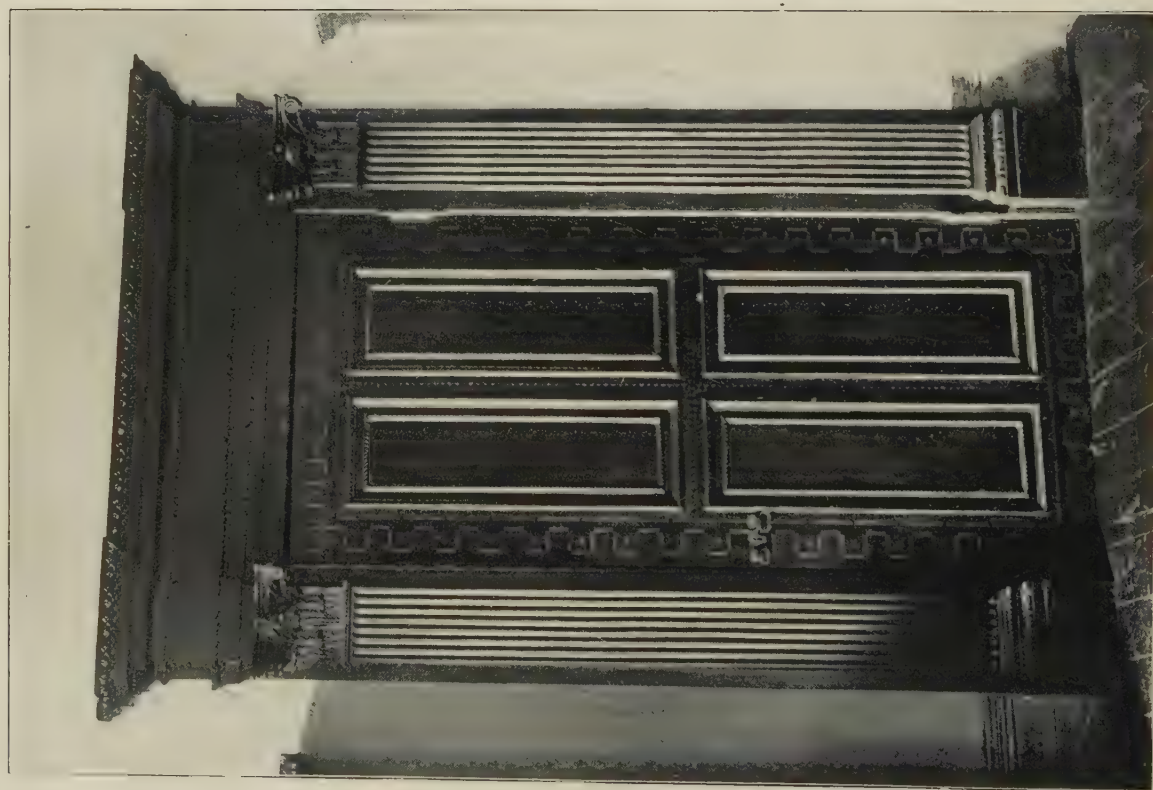
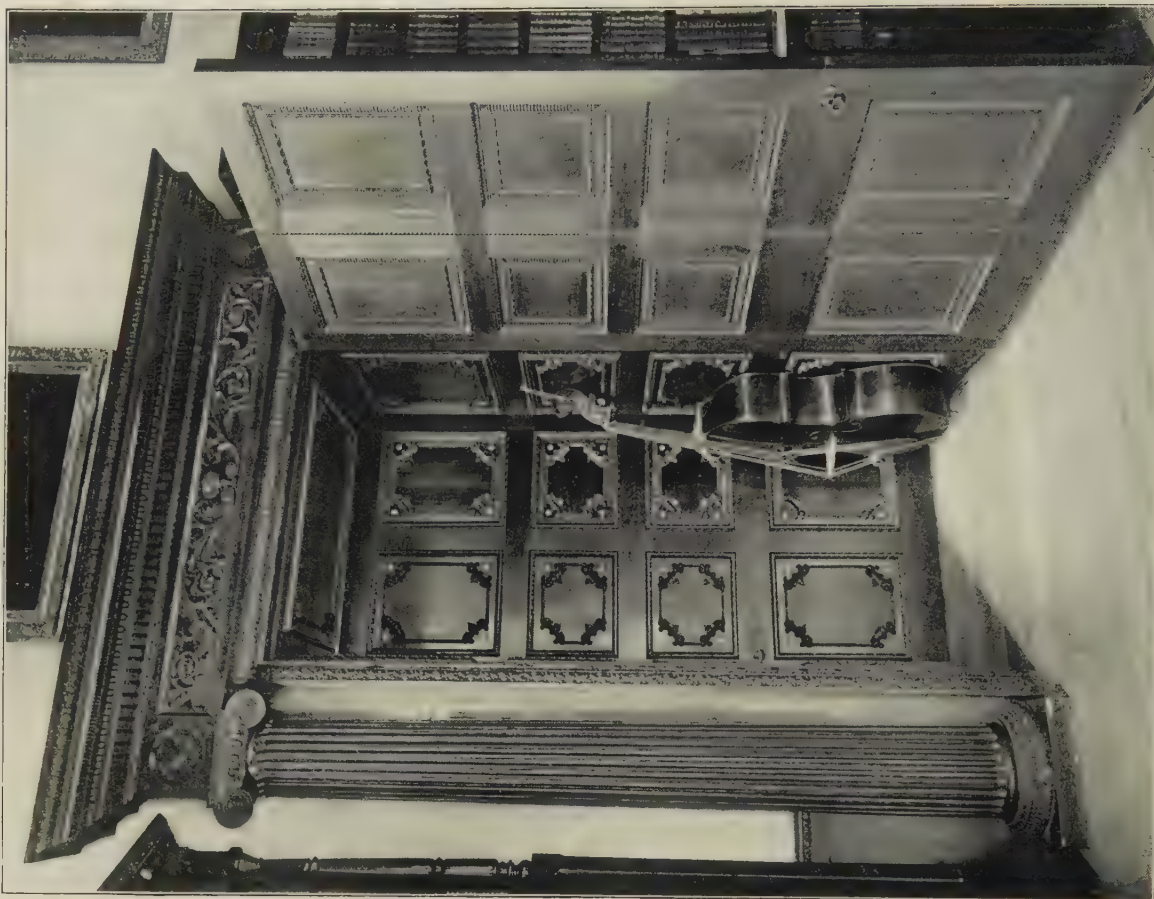
Denton, was wooed and wed, all in three days by an officer of the attacking force. Their tomb is among those of the Denton's in Hillesdon Church. Thus did the civil war write history across the English shires.

Both before and after these times of trouble, various sons of the family had found the home boundaries and interests too narrow for them. The roving spirit of Saxon and Viking forefathers moved men of the race then, as it does still on both sides of the Atlantic. Thus, Sir Francis, a fine figure of a man to look at, and brother of the Standard Bearer, selling out all his available estates, took to a life of piracy with the Moors of the Mediterranean, and, after two years of slavery at the oar in Sicilian galleys, died miserably at Messina. Sir Edmund's second son, Tom, whose visit to Hillesdon House ended so



EAST CLAYDON VILLAGE

The Home of the Verneys



DOORWAYS TO THE LIBRARY—CLAYDON HOUSE



COTTAGES AT EAST CLAYDON

unpleasantly, was a very typical scapegrace. He, too, wanders unfruitfully abroad; now in Virginia, now in Barbadoes, now in Sweden; but ever and anon turning up with an empty purse and a complaining tongue. His younger brother, Edmund, a captain in the royalist forces in Ireland, was one of the slaughtered at Drogheda in 1649. A cousin, hapless Dick Hals, was a gentleman of the highway, who, after many breathless escapes, died, not without dignity, at the hands of the hangman. Whilst his eldest brother, "Mun," was living a quiet country life at the "White House" in East Claydon, a second son of Sir Ralph, John, also sought his fortunes abroad. When at last he comes home to marry and settle down, it is to succeed his father, Sir Ralph, who had outlived his eldest son, and who died at Claydon House in revered old age in 1696.

Sir Ralph had received a baronetcy after the Restoration, and in 1703 Sir John was made a peer as Baron Belturbet and Viscount Fermanagh. These were years of expansion. Lord Fermanagh bought Steeple Claydon of the Chaloners in 1705. Forty-five years before, Thomas Chaloner, who had been one of King Charles's judges, had fled the country at the Restoration to escape a barbarous death. He was a man of parts and capacity. His alum works at Guisbro', near Whitby, founded in 1600, were the first of the kind in England, and his descendants still carry on the industry there. The quaint old school was built and endowed by him in 1656, and is now incorporated in a thriving village institute and

library, with a fine lecture hall, established by the present baronet, Sir Edmund Verney. Old and new are happily conjoined in the building, and thus the aim of the founder finds fruition three and a half centuries after his time.

In 1726 Lord Fermanagh purchased the property of East and Botolph Claydon, which had already been in the family for a time when his brother "Mun" married a daughter of the "White House," and had occupied it until his death. Within a stone's throw stands the church. The fine Norman and thirteenth century detail still to be seen in it, and the mounded lines of the enclosing moats near the manor-house point to the fact that both hold to their primitive sites.

In spite of Lord Fermanagh's new purchases, the old house at Middle Claydon still remained the family seat. In that all their memories centered. To it the sons of the house brought their new made brides.

Amongst its pleasant gardens played successive generations of the Verney children. Under its kindly roof-tree gathered friends and kinsfolk, who never ceased to think of the Claydon hospitality as men think of the fire in winter. There, too, dependent relatives found a home full of affection, and void of any shadow of patronage. Such was Doll Leake, a poor cousin of Sir Ralph's, a good maid and a merry. There, too, fell on the family the solemnities of death, when the still form laid out on the great state bed with its black hangings, became the center



THE "WHITE HOUSE," EAST CLAYDON

The Home of the Verneys



THE CEILING OVER THE GREAT STAIR

*The Library**The Drawing-Room*

PLASTER CEILINGS IN CLAYDON HOUSE



DOORS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM OF CLAYDON HOUSE

of the household's thoughts. This funereal four-poster was a valued possession, and with friendly readiness was loaned round even to houses of some affluence, when visited by bereavement.

The time was now drawing on when the good old house was to be deposed for awhile from its wonted servitude. Lord Fermanagh had passed away. His son Ralph had taken a further step forward in the peerage, and had become Earl Verney. His son, the second Earl, a man of large ideas and extrava-

gant life, had entered into possession. Then followed a series of dramatic transformations. The home of his fathers was no longer meet for the high estate of this childless man. About 1760 he called in the Brothers Adam to design and build for him a new house on a princely scale. The rural peace of Middle Claydon was invaded by an army of workmen, English and foreign. They set up their masons' sheds, and laid stone to stone, rearing a vast mansion of Anglo-Italian character, with the



THE GREAT DINING-ROOM—CLAYDON HOUSE



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S ROOM AND PORTRAIT



GENERAL VIEW OF THE DRAWING-ROOM—CLAYDON HOUSE

cold but stately frontages of the period. Therein was a great central hall with marble columns, and a ball-room, one hundred and twenty feet in length, with a succession of rooms of size on a like scale. Of these, saloon, library, and dining-hall still remain, each a sumptuous apartment fifty feet long by twenty-five feet broad, and twenty-five feet high. When the roof was in place there came troops of skilful joiners with great store of cedar, rich old Spanish mahogany, and ebony, satinwood and ivory for inlays. Under the musical ring of the smith's hammer was evolved a wrought-iron balustrade for the chief staircase, with involute scrolls of foliage and wheat sheaves, linked all into one by floral bosses and festoons. On high scaffolds Italian modelers shaped wondrous things in plaster on ceilings and walls; now in richly moulded ranges of deep panels, now in bold devices of high relief, and now in dainty medallions, after the manner of Wedgwood and Flaxman, united by looped and hanging draperies with pendent urns. Then came the stair-hands and marquetry-layers, who spread over the floors and landings of the great stair, and on every tread and rise of it, a wealth of most intricate

inlay. At last came the sculptors to carve the mantels of Carrara marble.

The enterprise was nearing completion. The old house with its manifold memories stood in the background, like a friend, proven and trusty, but now supplanted. Part of it came down to make room for the new palace, and part was allowed to remain as an appendage in the rear. We have learned something of its associations. Were the same kind of family affections to gather about the magnificence of the new house, in time to come, as had hallowed the simplicity of the old? What had Fate in store?

Fate soon answered, and with cruel irony. The earliest guests to enter, before the noise of hammer and chisel had fairly ceased, were a horde of angry creditors, eager to seize whatever they could lay hands on, and carrying off even a sculptured mantel that they found still unfixed. In the midst of the turmoil the Countess Verney died, and her funeral was the sole family pageant that ever issued from the new grand entrance. Her lord, Ralph, was forced to go into hiding to evade his creditors, and it is said that he only escaped arrest by leaving the house in the

hearse which had borne his wife to her grave. A little later he crept back to the stripped and desolate house, where he lay a month in hiding, concealed by the loyalty of his dependents, who brought him food to eat and a bed to lie on. In after times old men remembered that, as children, they had seen his face at a window and had answered his beckoning finger when he called for service. In another month he lay dead in his house in Curzon Street. This was on March 31, 1791.

The stately new house, as he left it, stood for a few years in empty splendor, nor was it to know any other associations than those of ruin and death. It was never inhabited, and the niece of its builder, who was created Baroness Fermanagh in her own right, caused two-thirds of it to be pulled down, leaving only the end block as it now is, to convey some idea of its original greatness. The Baroness shunned the place shadowed by so much misfortune and lived in London, where in 1810 she died.

The Baroness Fermanagh left the property to Sir Harry Calvert, who took the old family name, and was better known as Sir Harry Verney. When he entered into possession both the remnant of the ancient house and the fine fragment of the later, were knit together, and became once more a home. New memories of the happy olden kind again gathered about it. Amongst these occurs the name of Florence Nightingale, a sister of the late Lady Verney, and a frequent visitor to the house. Her portrait hangs over the mantelpiece of the room she has often occupied, and suggests once more the wideness of the range of English experience. Peaceful Claydon, and the hospital beds of Scutari! Historical musings, how easily they respond to a touch or a name. And who could help musing in Claydon House, where the old portraits and heirlooms are cared for so reverently, and which has now again become a worthy embodiment of the spirit of the ancient race whose seat it was!



LABORERS' COTTAGES AT STEEPLE CLAYDON

XII

The Floating Gardens of Mexico

BEATRICE ERSKINE

THE glory of the floating gardens of Mexico has in a great measure departed, but there remains much that is unusual, quaint and beautiful. They consist of measured squares of ground composed of layers of turf and soil bound together and secured to the bottom by means of long willow stakes which frequently take root in the mud. These squares of cultivated land are intersected by narrow dykes which cut through them at right angles, and they still float on the surface of the water, although they are not navigable as they were in the old days. In those days when dusky princesses, in their gondolas, visited their *chinampas* or floating gardens, they must have been, according to all accounts, brilliant with color and sweet with the scent of many flowers. In these days, although flowers are still grown there and, in the season of poppies, the banks of the Viga Canal present a vision of pink and scarlet, the chief products are vegetables, a fact which is apt to disappoint the traveler. Cabbages are very good things in their way, no doubt, and so is Indian corn; but to any one who has pictured something romantic, the reality lags behind. All the same, the reality is both picturesque and interesting, as the accompanying illustrations will show, and the aquatic gardeners in their queer little dug-out canoes which rather resemble coffins in size and shape, dart in and out of their waterways with an address and an agility which is delightful to watch.

The history of these gardens dates back to the thirteenth century. When the Spaniards conquered Mexico in 1519, they found the city of Tenochtitlan, the ancient

city of Mexico, in an advanced state of civilization. However much modern authorities may differ as to the exact truth or likelihood of these accounts, they are all agreed that there were stone buildings, aqueducts, causeways and other constructions which showed engineering skill, as well as manufactures which proved artistic ability. The genius of the natives was shown to great advantage in the swamps and marshy lands which surrounded the capital city, for here they overcame many difficulties. It appears that great clumps of soil and turf would often break away from the shore, and the thrifty native learned to bind several of these together and to plant the ground with whatever had most chance of being productive. Here he would often erect a hut and live on his floating domain, which he could steer at will with his long pole among the reeds of the salt lagoons and the lakes. The beautiful floating gardens which developed from this primitive idea, are a matter of history, and there is some mention of them in the old picture writings of the Aztecs, where Coxcoxtli, a king of the marshy regions, is represented in his dug-out canoe. This image used to be regarded as a deluge-myth and the king became known as "Coxcox, the Mexican Noah."

The canal of La Viga—the old Aztec canal—is navigable from Mexico City to the towns and

villages on Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco. The floating gardens of Xochimilco and of Ixtacalco are perhaps more beautiful, both in situation and vegetation, than those at Santa Anita, but as these latter are more easily reached by water from



POPPY FIELDS ALONG THE VIGA CANAL

the city, it may be worth while to consider them a little more in detail. The pilgrim to the watery region takes a train from the Plaza Mayor to the Embarcadero, where he finds three or four punts awaiting his convenience. Choosing the most attractive boat, or the most persistent boatman—probably the latter—he seats himself on a little wooden bench under a gaily striped awning and watches his gondolier, if one may call him so, as he deftly gets clear of the various craft which block up the way. He is a picturesque object himself, quite as picturesque as his Venetian prototype, even if his punting is without the graceful rhythmic motion of the gondolier. The Mexican is dressed in white linen, the shirt knotted in front over a scarlet sash, while trousers and sleeves are rolled up displaying bronzed limbs, the lithe, slim limbs of the Indian. On his head is the inevitable sombrero, casting a deep shade on his dark face.

That part of the canal of La Viga which is nearest to the city is not famous for its cleanliness. The water is dirty and full of decaying vegetable matter which falls from the boats or from the piled up masses on the shore. To the left are the long buildings of a distillery; on the right an avenue of trees half hides the Paseo of the Viga and the low line of mean houses and brightly painted pulque shops beyond. Under the trees the men are unloading their market-garden boats, or squatting on their heels, cigarette in mouth, or stretched in the shade enjoying a siesta. The women are busy washing their clothes—and sometimes their hair—in the murky water, or in making tortillas, plentifully mixed with chili and pepper; a popular form of food which has given rise to the saying that no wolf or vulture will touch a dead Mexican,



A HIGHWAY IN XOCHIMILCO

so seasoned is he with these somewhat hot ingredients! The women are generally dressed in colored cotton and wear a shawl draped over their heads which is often of a peculiarly soothing shade of indigo blue. To see one of these women walking barefoot with a great red jar on her shoulders or with a little brown baby tied on to her back is a joy to anyone whose eye is jaded by the incongruities of the modern world. The really beautiful scenery of Mexico owes part of its charm to the invariable harmony of the people who compose the foreground. Here, along the banks of the Viga, it is a perpetually shifting scene of movement, while afloat on the water, the flat-bottomed boats laden with grass and vegetables give great variety to the whole. After a little while the crowd ceases, the houses are left behind, and if we lose in animation we gain infinitely in the cleanliness of the water and the tranquil beauty of the surroundings. A row of willows and poplars to the right makes a thin screen which hardly obscures the view of the purple hills; to the left a high bank rises, shutting out the view. There are quantities of water-lily leaves on the water, clusters of pale lilac blossoms like crocus, and bunches of a green fruit which resembles a fig. The banks are covered with verdure, the sky is blue and the green trees are reflected peacefully in the clear water. By and by the tiny thatched village of Santa Anita appears on the left bank. Passing up the little street and leaving the old church to the left, the traveler finds himself in a sort of little plaza, which has a landing stage, for Santa Anita lies between the canal and the floating gardens. A vivid hedge of double scarlet geranium flanked by the blue green of the cactus,



A MARKET-GARDENER ON THE VIGA CANAL

The Floating Gardens of Mexico

gives a note of color to the scene, as he embarks in the narrow punt which awaits him and seats himself on a tiny wooden bench. The gardener in charge of the boat punts slowly down a narrow dyke which is hardly wider than a ditch, and square gardens succeed each other, planted chiefly with vegetables. Sometimes the boat glides up a narrow waterway almost choked with water-lilies; sometimes it comes suddenly on a patch of maize, and the violet mountains—for once almost lost sight of—reappear framed with the tall stalks of the Indian corn.

This floating garden has the appearance of being solid ground and very likely, in process of time, the space between the soil and the bottom of the water has been choked up and filled with mud. But the character remains and the effect is unique.

What strikes a stranger most in Mexico is the extraordinary opportunities given by the climate to the cultivator and the sparing use made of them. Much is said of the fine fruit in this country, but the



THE MARSHES OF XOCHIMILCO

fact is, that the fruit is extremely poor. And this in a country where there are two crops of corn and maize every year, and where, with a little ordinary perseverance and care, so much might be done. It is true that strawberries can be obtained all the year round, but this is thanks to the

climate and not to the cultivator. They are tasteless and watery, resembling mountain strawberries without their peculiar delicacy of flavor.

Much of the land is given up to the cultivation of the maguey or American aloe, from which the pulque is made; an intoxicating liquor which is the curse of the modern Mexican, as it was of his ancestors. A great deal of the land is given up to corn and maize also, and not a little of it is either sandy desert or mountain peak. But still there is a vast field for the cultivation of fruit, and as the Mexicans do not make use of the natural advantages of their magnificent country and climate, it seems a pity that some enterprising American should not do it for them. The game is, apparently, quite worth the candle.



THE VIGA CANAL

XIII

Warwick Castle

P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

FEW of the historic houses of England can compete with Warwick Castle in regard to either its natural beauty, or its wealth of historical associations. It possesses all the characteristics of a mediæval fortress of great strength and grandeur, and may be selected as one of the best examples in England of the castle of ancient days which played no inconsiderable a part in the times of civil strife, and in the political revolutions of our country's annals. Most of our castles are in ruins. They were held by Royalists in the great civil war, and were "sighted" by Cromwell in order to prevent them from proving themselves thorns in the sides of the Parliamentary party. Warwick, having been held by Lord Brooke, who fought on Cromwell's side, was spared and therefore retains to-day all the features of its former greatness, a delightful study for the student of the military architecture of the Middle Ages. It has an ancient lineage. Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred, (according to Dugdale) in the year 915 A. D., made a strong fortification here, called "the Doungeon" for the resistance of the enemy, upon a hill of earth artificially raised near the riverside. "The enemy" were the Danes, who attacked Warwick in 1016, and well-nigh destroyed the fortress of Alfred's martial daughter. The Conqueror, who had a keen eye for positions of natural strength or military importance, ordered Turchel to fortify the town and castle of Warwick. Various sums were spent upon the repair of the walls and the maintenance of the garrison in the reign of Henry II., Richard I. and John; but Simon de Montfort paid a surprise visit to the castle held for the king by William Mauduit, Earl of

Warwick, and wrought such effectual destruction that nothing of value was left save the herbage in the castle ditches. This earl, like several of his successors had no children, and the castle and title passed to the powerful Beauchamp family. Guy de Beauchamp, with other barons, seized the much hated Piers Gaveston, favorite of Edward II., and brought him as a prisoner to the castle. This wretched person had dared to style the great baron "The Black Hound of Arden." The Black Hound caught his fox and lodged him in the dungeon of the Cæsar's Tower. "Now you shall feel the hound's teeth," said the Earl to his prisoner who, after a mock trial, was beheaded at Blacklow Hill, where a monument marks his memory. To Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick and to his son, also named Thomas who flourished in the 14th century, the castle owes much of its strength. The former erected Cæsar's Tower. He fought on the bloody field of Crecy where the Black Prince won his spurs, and also at Poitiers, and became rich with the spoils of war and the heavy ransoms of French knights and princes which fell to his lot. He built the church of St. Mary, and sleeps his last sleep in its choir. His son Thomas built Guy's Tower. Another tower tells of his prowess, the Beauchamp Tower in the Tower of London, which marks the site of his incarceration during the wane of royal favor. Richard, the son of the second Thomas, was a mighty warrior, a powerful and successful baron, foremost in valor in the field, a prince among knights. Many tales could be told of his might. The cognizance of the family "the Bear and the Ragged Staff" was



THE ENTRANCE—INTERIOR

Warwick Castle



THE CASTLE FROM THE MOUND

borne in many a fray, and dreaded by every foeman. His son Henry actually attained to regal rank, and was crowned King of the Isle of Wight by his grateful sovereign Henry VI. Like the leaves of the forest, great families have their day, then wither and die. The Beauchamps pass, and the Nevils enter the lordly castle, and make it famous in English history. Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, married Anne, the heiress of the Beauchamps, and is better known as "the King-maker," the powerful baron who had six hundred armed retainers, made and unmade kings, and brought to his castle Edward IV. a prisoner in 1469. Again the pageant passes. Barnet Field seals the fate of the King-maker. Troublous times are in store for the Earls of Warwick. A butt of Malmsey wine finishes the career of the Duke of Clarence, created Earl of Warwick by Edward IV., and his wife died suddenly, it is said, by poison. Here comes the hunchback Richard, and is joined by his gentle queen, Anne Nevil, and in the hall of the castle he receives the ambassador of Elizabeth of Castile, as well as the envoys of the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy, who come to congratulate him on his accession. The Dudleys enter into possession of the castle. Some were beheaded, and Ambrose, known as "the good Earl of Warwick," the last of the race, who entertained Queen Elizabeth, died in his bed in 1589, and having no children, the title died with him. The castle was granted by James I. to Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, a costly present, as the buildings were so dilapidated that the new owner had to expend £30,000 upon their restoration. Sir Fulke

was a favorite of both Queen Elizabeth and James I., the friend and biographer of Sir Philip Sidney, whose shade still haunts Penshurst.

The earldom, however, was no longer conjoined with the ownership of the castle and property, but was granted by King James I., to Lord Rich, in whose family it continued until its extinction in 1759. The Lords Brooke in the meantime, continued to hold the castle. Sir Fulke was assassinated by his servant in 1628 after he had restored and beautified the castle. Robert, Lord Brooke, his successor, was a strong Puritan, who fell in the close at Lichfield, when the Parliamentary forces were besieging the cathedral garrisoned for the king. On the site of the present orangery in the gardens of the castle stood an old timber framed house which was used as a Presbyterian chapel, where Lord Brooke listened to the discourses of Samuel Clarke the younger. Lord Northampton made a dash to seize the castle, the garrison of which was commanded by Sir Edward Peto of Chesterton. The king's forces were driven back. Sir Edward had hung woolpacks outside the gate house on great hooks, which still remain, to protect the walls from Lord Northampton's cannon-balls. No royal standard waved on Guy's Tower, but a winding-sheet and a Bible in order to show to the enemy that the Puritan leader was ready to die for his faith. The Roundheads trembled for the fate of the Castle of Warwick; but it held its own, and Lord Northampton withdrew his troops discomfited.

After the extinction of the Rich family in 1759, the earldom was conferred on Francis Greville, Lord

Brooke, and has remained in the family ever since, together with the noble castle which it is now our privilege to visit.

In the year 1634, three pilgrims set out from the city of Norwich on a tour through England. They are described as "the Captain, Lieutenant, and Ancient of the Military Company at Norwich," and they were wise enough to record their experiences. Happily their descriptions of the places visited have been preserved, and are now in the British Museum. Here is their impression of Warwick, "which for a fayre and stately castle may compare with most in England. It is most sweetly and very pleasantly seated on a rocke very high, upon that pleasant river, the Avon, that divides the shire in twaine; whether ye sumptuousnesse of the building with the richnesse of the ffurniture, the pleasantnesse of the seat, or the strengthe of the brave ancient high towers with her own defencive situation, exceeds, it is hard to be determined. At our first ascending entrance wee passed over a large bridge and then through a strong double gate into a fayre courte leaning on either hand, a strong and lofty defensible tower, namely Julius Cæsar's on the left and Guy of Warwicke's on the right.

"The castle is seated on the sayd river Avon. By it a second Eden, wherein is a most stately mount, which overtops and commands a great part of her owne and some part of four adjacent shires; and the whole hill and declining brow is so planted and furnished with beech, birch, and severall sorts of plum-trees, as it is more delightful and pleasant to ascend.

"By this large and pleasant peece of ground, which is adorned with all kind of delightful and shady walks and arbors, pleasant groves and wildernesses, fruitful trees, delicious bowers, oderiferous herbes and fragrant flowers, betweene the river and the high rocky foundations of the Castle, on the south side thereof, there are many rare and curious ffish ponds, all made and hewn out of the solid rock of ffreestone, like cisterns of lead, which are levell with the river, and supply'd with great store of good ffish.

"This sumptuous stately building, this most pleasant garden, and these most delightful ffish ponds were made thus rare and excellent at the cost and charges of that worthy and famous knight, her late owner and inhabitant, Sir Fulke Greville. And as at the last Castle (Kenilworth), we met with the high armor of that warrior Guy of Warwicke for his body, so here we saw that for his horn, his fearfull sword and dag-



GUY'S TOWER

ger, the larger rib and tooth of the wild bore, which they call a dangerous beast that frequented the woods, the hills, and the rocks thereabout, which he encountered withall, and slew, if report passe for credit.”*

I make no apology for extracting this long quotation from the excellent observations of “the Captain, Lieutenant, and Ancient” of the worshipful Norwich Company. Their descriptive powers were so good, that the picture they drew for us forms a very accurate sketch of what we see to-day.

Admirably adapted for defensive purposes is the site of this castle, which crowns a lofty hill. Passing the porter’s lodge we ascend the steep slope of the carriage drive which has been cut through the solid rock and is overhung with trees. Suddenly, as we gain the outer court of the castle, we see before us a grand view of

the stupendous walls of the fortress, with its lofty towers. A deep moat adds to the strength of the fortifications, crossed formerly by a draw-bridge. There is a noble double gateway clad with ivy, flanked by towers. The portcullis still remains, and the four holes through which heated sand or burning pitch

could be poured upon inconvenient visitors to discourage their attentions.

Entering the courtyard, we see on the left Cæsar’s Tower and the front of the habitable portion of the castle, somewhat modernized, an extensive restoration of the Great Hall having been necessitated by the disastrous fire which broke out in 1871. Cæsar’s Tower has nothing Roman about it except its name. Nor can it claim Norman origin. It was built, as I have said, by Thomas de Beauchamp in the 14th century. Its plan is polygonal with curved faces and machicolated with overhanging battlements. Its height is 147 feet. The base projects widely. There are four stories. Its most interesting feature is the strong vaulted dungeon, the walls of which have several curious inscriptions and rude carvings

scratched by the poor prisoners who have been confined therein. There are several votive crosses and crucifixes, and amongst others the following verses:

MASTER JOHN SMITH, GUNER TO HIS
MAIESTYE HIGHNES WAS A PRISNER IN THIS
PLACE AND, LAY HERE FROM 1642 TELL TH
WILLIAM SIDIATE ROT THIS SAME
AND IF MY PIN HAD BIN BETER FOR
HIS SAKE I WOULD HAVE MENDED
EVERRI LETTER

These towers are worthy of close inspection. On the right stands Guy’s Tower, the Bear and Clarence Towers and the strong walls, guarding the inner bailey court. A beautiful stretch of

greensward covers the courtyard, and in front is the mound or keep where once stood the Norman fortress, and where Ethelfleda, the daughter of Alfred, raised her Saxon stronghold.

Guy’s Tower was built by Thomas de Beauchamp, the son of the builder of the former tower, in 1394. The Bear and Clar-

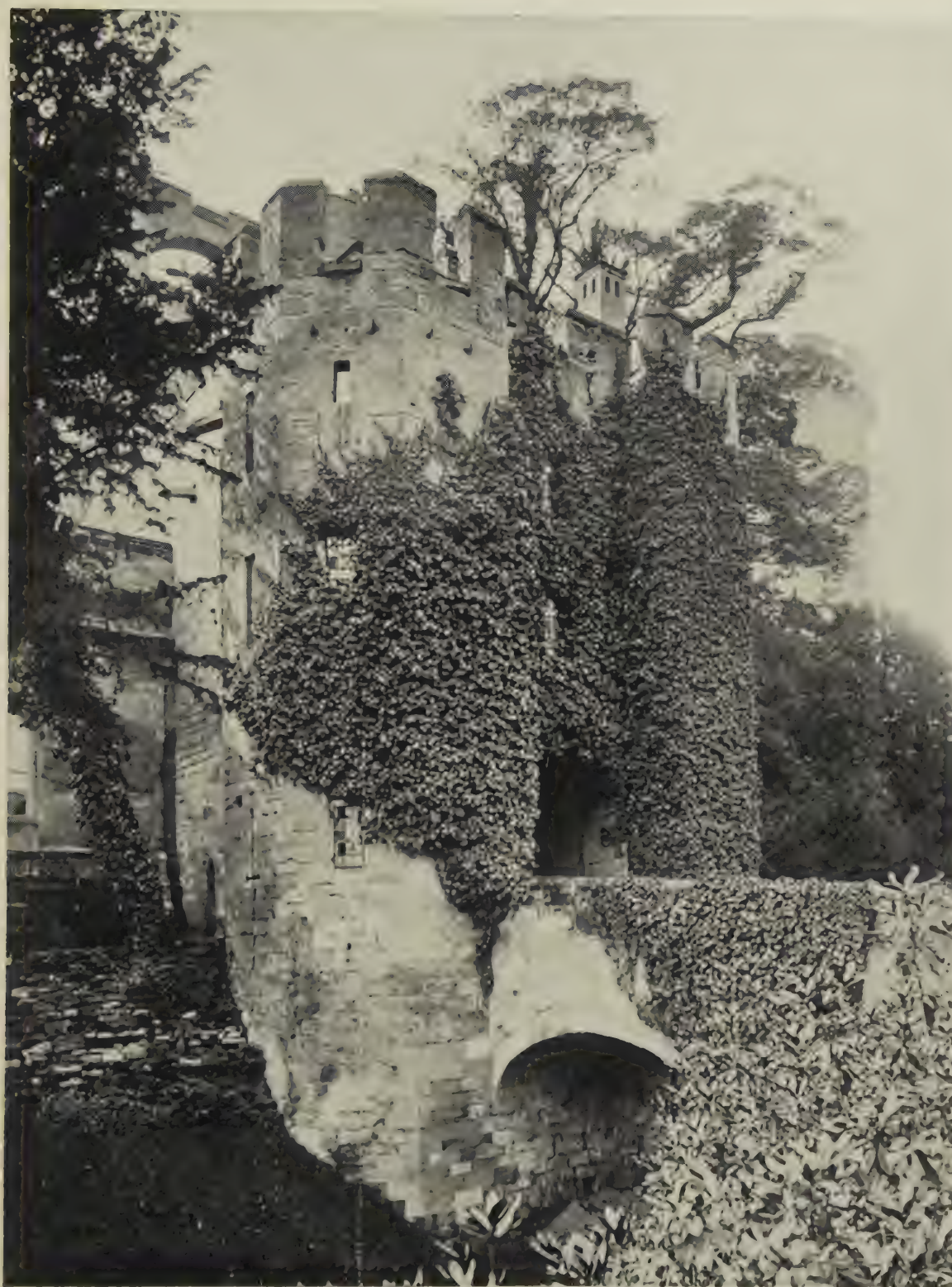


THE CEDAR DRAWING-ROOM

ence Towers guard the entrance to the gardens; the former if not the latter, was erected by the notorious Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., and beneath it is a subterranean passage.

We must now “sound the warder’s horn,” or in modern style ring the bell in order to gain entrance to the residential part of the castle. The whole of the eastern portion has been restored after the great fire of 1871. The main walls, however, were too thick and strong to suffer greatly from the fire, which brought to light some of the old features of the chamber, disclosed some clerestory windows, and enabled the architect to reproduce with fair accuracy the design of the mediæval hall. The furniture, carpets, screens and flowers give it the appearance of a modern drawing-room rather than of the ancient

*The legends connected with Guy, Earl of Warwick, who lived in the 9th century, are full of romantic interest. The minstrels in the Middle Ages used to tell of how he fought the Danish chieftain Colbrand, went as a pilgrim to the Holy Land, slew the dun cow, a ferocious beast, and a huge wild boar, and retired from the world, ending his life in a hermit’s cave, which still bears his name, Guy’s Cliff.



THE ENTRANCE GATE—EXTERIOR

hall which once witnessed the condemnation of Piers Gaveston, echoed with the sound of the feasting of the retainers of the Last of the Barons, and heard the snuffling, whining voices of the extreme sectaries of Cromwell's day. The whole castle is indeed a well-stored museum, replete with objects of antiquarian and historical interest, and abounding with paintings

of important personages and family pictures by the great masters of the art. The hall contains many objects of supreme interest. There is some good Flemish tapestry of the 17th century, many suits of armor, the antlers of an Irish elk, measuring 10 feet 9 inches, Queen Elizabeth's saddle, on which she rode on her journey to Kenilworth, Cromwell's

helmet, some crusader's armor, a Knight Templar's helmet, a doublet blood-spotted, in which Lord Brooke was slain at Lichfield in 1643, the mace of Richard III., Scottish claymores, a swivel gun taken from a French pirate off the Irish coast, armor worn by Montrose, some suits of armor of the 15th and 16th centuries, some horse armor of the 15th century and that used by the "noble imp." Popular attention is always attracted to a huge cauldron made of bell-metal known as Guy's Porridge Pot. The large vessel holds 120 gallons, and is sometimes described as a punch-bowl. It is, however, conjectured that the pot was made for cooking the soldier's dinners by order of Sir John Talbot, who died in 1365. Guy's sword, a large weapon which really belongs to the time of Henry VIII., is also preserved, for the keeping of which William Hoggesson, Yeoman of the Buttery, received two pence a day in the time of the last named monarch.

Before leaving the hall, we must glance through the deeply recessed windows, and see the magnificent view, the Avon flowing 100 feet below with its wooded banks, the remains of the old bridge over which Queen Elizabeth rode when she visited the castle, and the "new" bridge erected more than a century ago. It is a delightful prospect.

Then we traverse the fine suite of state apartments, first examining the red drawing-room, which contains Van Dyck's painting of Snyder's wife, the Marquis of Spinola by Rubens, Velasquez's Gotama, and the portrait of the present Countess of Warwick, a prominent lady in English society, socialistic politician, founder of the Ladies' Agricultural College at Studley Castle, and an authoress whose history of her ancestral home is the standard work on the subject.

The cedar drawing-room, panelled with cedar-wood, beautifully carved by local workmen, and magnificently furnished, contains a series of portraits by Van Dyck, which includes the second Earl of Warwick of the Rich family (1642), Charles I., and his Queen Henrietta (the dress is said to have been finished by Sir Joshua Reynolds), James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, the Countess of Brignola and her son (brought here from the palace of the family at Genoa), the first Duke of Newcastle and Lely's Nell Gwynn. The mantelpiece of this exquisite room was designed by Adams and is said to be unique. There are valuable bronzes, Etruscan vases, and some beautiful cabinets.

The green drawing-room has a fine ceiling richly gilded. Here is the wonderful Grimani table which came from the palace of that family at Venice, portraits of Ignatius Loyala by Rubens, a Spanish warrior by Moroni, Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsay, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Prince Rupert, both by Van Dyck, and Lord and Lady Brooke.

Queen Anne's bedroom is hung with Gobelin tap-

estry, manufactured in 1604. The bed, hung with crimson velvet, and the furniture belonged to Queen Anne, and were presented to the Earl of Warwick by George III. Kneller's portrait of the Queen appropriately adorns the room. Queen Anne's traveling trunk is curious and interesting. There is a fine example of seventeenth century buhl work, consisting of silver and tortoise-shell inlaid.

We next pass into the Countess's boudoir, a charming little room which abounds with treasures of art and *vertu*. The walls are covered with silk tapestry and the ceiling was constructed in 1750. The pictures include Holbein's portraits of Henry VIII., Martin Luther, and Anne and Mary Boleyn, Lely's Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, a boar-hunt by Rubens, and many others by well-known masters.

Lovers of ancient armor will find in the armory passage many examples of supreme interest, including cross-bows, crusaders' armor, weapons from various countries, Moorish, Spanish, Indian, cedar brought from Palestine by the crusaders, Cromwell's mask, his armor and boots, a bugle taken from the battle-field of Edgehill, guns from the field of Waterloo, etc. Here is also a table which belonged to poor Queen Marie Antoinette.

The dining-room is a noble chamber, built by Francis, Earl of Warwick, about 1770. The furniture is French work, upholstered with appliqué embroidery, and there is a fine carving by Grinling Gibbons of the Battle of the Amazons. The pictures include the well-known equestrian portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck, some Lions by Rubens, Augusta, Princess of Wales and George III. when an infant by Phillips, Frederick, Prince of Wales by Richardson, Jansen's Duns Scotus and a portrait by Sir Philip Sidney. A rib of the fabulous dun cow slain by Guy of Warwick is preserved here.

The chapel has a very modern appearance. The Shakespeare room contains a collection of prints and works relating to the poet and the wonderfully carved Kenilworth Buffet representing in its panels scenes from Sir Walter Scott's romance on the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth castle.

The visitor to the castle will retain a rare but perhaps confused vision of all kinds of rare treasures of art, "superb *garde-robes*, *encoignures*, cabinets, and tables of buhl and marqueterie of the most costly finish; splendid cups, flasks, and vases of ormolu, crystal, china and lava; Etruscan vases, marble and *pietra dura* tables; bronzes and busts displaying the utmost efforts of art; Limousin enamels, costly bijouteries and rare antiques," in addition to the price-less canvasses that adorn the walls.

Leaving the inner court, we pass through a portcullised doorway across the moat to the gardens. The undulating ground of the moat has been laid out with much taste as a garden, and beyond are lawns girt with magnificent trees, oaks and elms, chestnuts,

beeches and cedars of Lebanon. Then we come to the formal garden with its yews clipped into shape of divers birds, and flower beds lined with box borders.

But the great treasure of the gardens is the famous Warwick Vase, made of white marble and preserved in the huge greenhouse. It was fashioned by Lysippus, a great artist in the fourth century, B. C. The following appears on the modern base:

HOC PRISTINAE ARTIS
ROMANAEQ. MAGNIFICENTIAE MONUMENTUM
RUDERIBUS VILLAE TIBURTINAE
HADRIANO AUG. IN DELICIIIS HABITAE EFFOSUM
RESTITUTI CURAVIT
EQUES GULIELMUS HAMILTON
A GEORGIO III, MAG. BRIT. REX
AD SICIL REGEM FERDINANDUM IV LEGATUS
ET IN PATRIAM TRANSMISSUM
PATRIO BONARUM ARTIUM GENIO DICAUIT
AN. AC. N. CIC. DCCLXXIV.

From this lengthy inscription we gather that the vase was dug out of the ruins of the Tiburtine villa, the favorite abode of the Emperor Hadrian; that Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador of King George III. to Ferdinand IV., King of Sicily, took care that it should be restored and sent to England in 1774. It is a beautiful specimen of early Greek art, the carvings representing Bacchanalian symbols and vine leaves and grapes.

We might follow the dead earls to their last resting-place in the Beauchamp Chapel in the church of St. Mary's, but time presses. We can only note that there lie buried Robert Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, the builder of the chapel; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, of Elizabethan fame, and other dwellers in the fortress, for Warwick Castle will live in our memories as a perfect example of a mediæval fortress, adapted to the needs of a modern mansion, and we are grateful that Time has dealt gently with its frowning battlements, and left us so much that recalls the historical associations that cluster around this fair mid-England stronghold.



FROM THE ISLAND

XIV

Persian Gardens

JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

LONG distances apart, in the arid tracts of the northern plateau of Persia, there are water courses where noisy streams tumble down from distant wooded hills, always carefully prisoned, in their lower reaches, to turn clumsy mills, (also heavily taxed) and then allowed to pass into the underground water system of *kanauts*, which is centuries old. It extends practically all over the country, and is, of course, badly in need of repair. It is from this network of primitive canals, devised by some wise monarch of old to prevent evaporation, that most of the cities and towns are watered, and from it, also, that the farmers, lease holders of great proprietary estates, flood their impoverished acres for an hour or two of an afternoon.

Where one of these hillside streams breaks at the foot of a slope, there is the densest and most succulent of herbage; and flowers without number and of a million hues make the air fragrant far about. It is in such places, naturally, that the little village populations have lingered, and the road thereabouts often lies for miles between high-walled gardens and orchards, lavish in their productiveness and furnishing many a heavy donkey-load for distant markets. Time and labor are worth little, and in the cities there is usually an adequate supply of fruits and vegetables for those who are in any wise able to buy. In the southern regions, where there is no rigorous winter, the raising, drying and packing of certain fruits is an important industry. Even in Tabriz, where in the cold months snow lies many feet deep,

all through the warm season roses are heaped up in the bazaars, to be sold for the making of attar. This commerce is well under way even in May, while yet from the roofs of the city one may look up and see the snows heavy on the summits of Sahend.

Roses grow wild within reach of the roadway's dust, each bush bent with its burden of innumerable blossoms. Even upon apparently barren hillsides, without grass enough to hide the soil, flowers will be found growing in the springtime,—far as the eye can see, glorious in color, and hardy enough, it would seem, to thrive for a little while on the scant nourishment the dissolving snow has prepared for them.

Riding over the wastes of hill and plain, you discern the presence of cities and towns not by masses of buildings or the gleam of spires. These are of the selfsame yellow gray hue as the country itself, but it is by the green which towers above the rooftops, by the

clustered foliage, welcome as an oasis, that the traveler knows a city is at hand. Once inside the city gates, traversing the wretched streets, surrounded by the smells and the tumult, one is forced to wonder what has suddenly become of all the verdure. It seems to have vanished like a mirage. The thoroughfares are narrow and bare. Rarely does one see open avenues of trees such as adorn American and European towns. On either hand are the endless mud walls, from ten to twenty feet high, just such as the traveler will have seen, half-fallen, all along the road, marking the sites of forsaken villages.

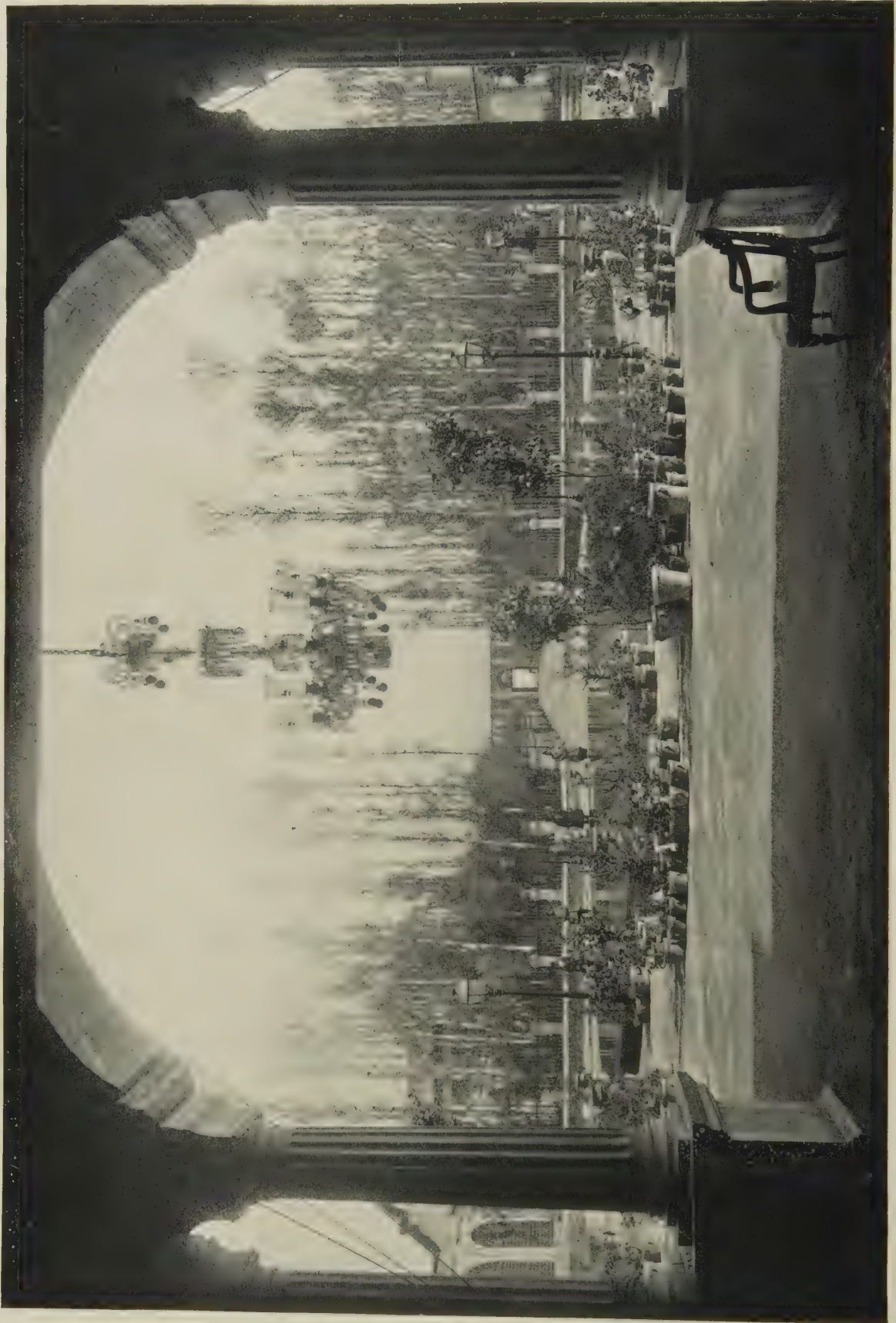
All the Persian city



IN A PERSIAN GARDEN



ANDERUN OF THE SHAH'S PALACE—TEHERAN



THE GARDEN OF A PERSIAN PRINCE



IN THE CAMRANIEH GARDENS

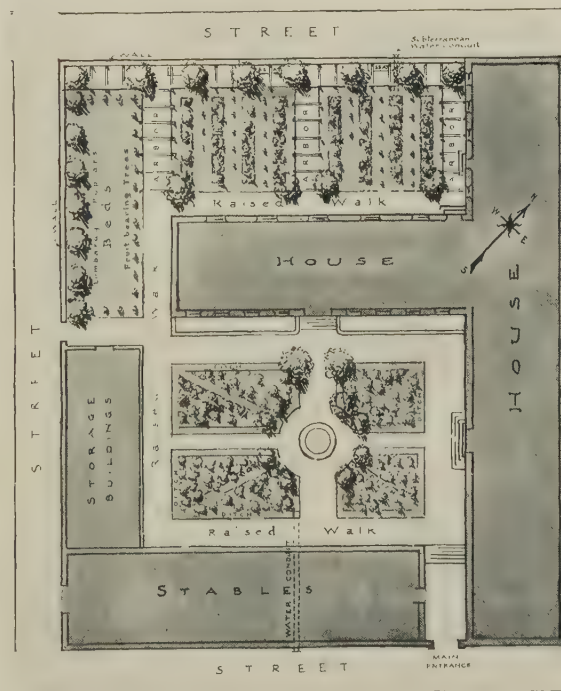
life, aside from that which surges and clamors and haggles in the bazaars, is hidden behind these forbidding barriers, and it is here that the gardens grow. Here rise the giant trees which are seen from afar, smiling above the city's heat and noise and filth. Here the Persian's flower-worship—an idolatry which no admixture of sterner blood can exclude from his nature—finds its shrine and its outlet.

I have driven to pay a morning call at the house of a rich Persian of the old school, and been forced to abandon the conveyance and pick the way on foot for half a mile through narrow, broken streets, between walls of most disheartening blankness, to be admitted at last, through a heavy wooden door, into a garden where

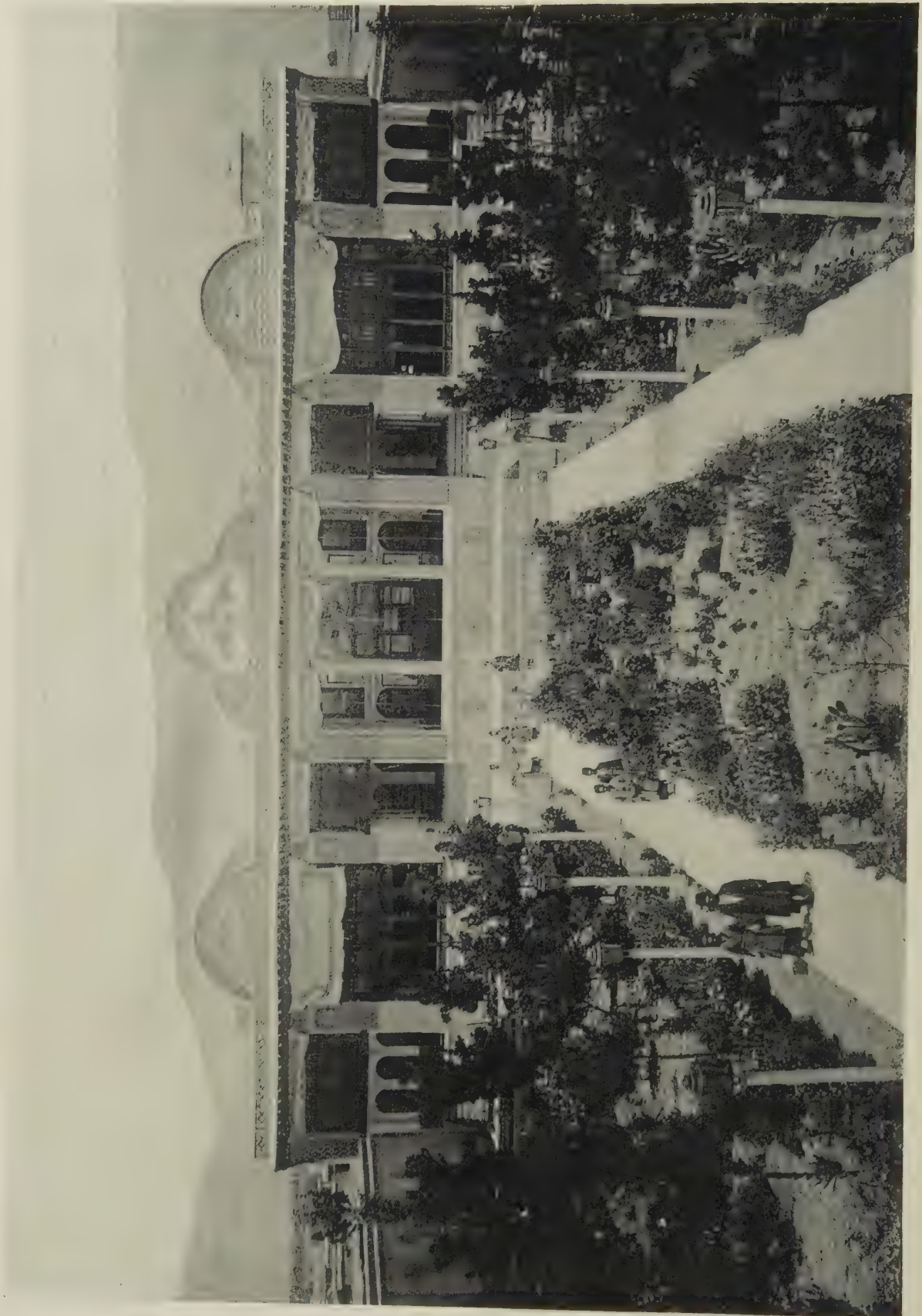
the air was languorous with perfume and the eyes were dazzled by such prodigality of color as one never sees at home save in a park greenhouse.

The financial and civic status of a Persian may, in a way, be known by his garden. In the decoration of interiors he is not exacting, and as a matter of fact, not overburdened with taste or invention; though to be sure the Eastern forms do not lend themselves to any great diversity in the ornamentation of rooms. The greatest charm that any apartment can possess is to have windows giving upon a garden in bloom.

The peculiar domestic and social arrangements which prevail in Persia necessitate the distribution of the home, so to say, a partition of it into departments,



PLAN OF A PERSIAN CITY HOUSE AND GARDEN



A NOBLEMAN'S GARDEN IN TEHRAN



A PERSIAN PORTICO

such as could scarcely be maintained in America, where all the house is common to all the members of a family. In Persia the divisions of an establishment must be wholly separate, and the gardens are therefore distributed in such manner as to provide a pleasant outlook for all. In the more pretentious houses,—of the nobility or plutocracy—the *anderun* or harem is entirely distinct from the rest of the house, oftentimes a separate building, constructed in the form of a hollow square, offering no view on the outer sides, but with its inner windows and doors opening on a beautiful patio or court, with walks, fountains,—or at least water-tanks—trees, shrubbery, vines and flowers of its own, upon which no masculine eye save those of the master are permitted to look. The extent of this space is dependent wholly on the depth of the owner's purse, but in cities an individual holding is necessarily confined to a square, save in the case of palaces which are usually situated on the outskirts and practically unlimited as to park area.

Members of the royal family,—and they are by no means few,—ministers of state and other potentialities who rejoice in a sense of security, are prone to expend upon these gardens a liberal share of the revenues drawn from the farming of taxes, always bearing in mind that to outshine a sovereign, even by

the least of glories, is to court a gracious confiscation. Tenure in Persia, whether of place or property, is uncertain at best; possession is by no means nine points of the law, as the record of ruined favorites and cabinet ministers so abundantly shows.

Considering the paucity of water, one scarcely need look for playing fountains in any Persian garden; but in many of them there is a circular or octagonal basin in the center, in which a part of the water is detained on its way to the cistern. This serves at once an ornamental and religious purpose, since water is intimately associated with the Mussulman rites. Several times a day, even in the caravansaries of the bazaar, where the torrent of trade is never still, the worshipper goes to the water font, fills his small ewer and performs the ablutions incident to prayer. In many of the humbler gardens the central space is occupied by a simple shallow cylinder of cement, adorned with potted plants. Thus the suggestion of a fountain is retained, and the attendant expense avoided.

It is hard to conceive of a human, in any land, who extracts more of genuine enjoyment from such a garden as he may possess than does the intelligent Persian. The morning, up to the time when business necessitates his departure for the bazaars, and



THE GARDEN OF AN OLD PALACE IN SHIRAZ

evening, after his day's wrangling and forereaching are over, find him seated in some shady spot or slowly promenading the broad walks among his flowers, sipping the tea which attendants bring him at incredibly brief intervals, inhaling the smoke of numberless cigarettes, dreaming, plotting business stratagems, but worshipping continually. He does not cull flowers. Few Persians do. They seem rather to look upon the habit as barbarous. A Persian of refinement is much more likely to have a small rug spread before a particularly fine blossom, pass his hour in silent admiration, and then go away leaving it intact.

But for all this, there is little of horticulture in the way of grafting, or other processes looking to the development of new types. To this the Persian gardener, who is after all little more than a painstaking laborer, is not schooled. It is for this reason, probably, that the flowers to be found in a Persian garden are mainly of the simpler sort, such as chrysanthemums, asters, hollyhocks, the narcissus, hyacinth and tulip, pinks, larkspur, violets and the like. All these attain distinguished size and color. The white lily is most highly prized, but the rose is without doubt the Persian flower. Even in its decadence, Persia is a land of roses. They bloom in great prodigality and with a diversity of form and color which is little short of astounding. The Persian roses seem, though it is perhaps the effect of contrast with their surroundings, to have a quite unusual fragrance. They are amazingly vigorous and hardy, too. Aside from certain varieties of roses and the honeysuckle, flower-bearing climbers are—so far as my own observation goes—comparatively few. The grape-vine is much utilized for arbors where shady walks or resting-places are sought, and the grapes, which are of excellent size and flavor, keep until early spring. The Mohammedan prohibition of wine is strenuous, and in public every good Mussulman anathematizes drink, but the smallest of gardens will produce more

grapes than any family can eat, and the Persian is too thrifty to let anything go to waste.

Fruits are abundant in every garden. Apples are not particularly good, but plums, peaches, apricots, and berries of all kinds grow well even in the North, and the Persian melon has not its equal in the world.

Of shade trees, the chenar or plane-tree, the poplar, the willow, box and elm are most frequent in the higher latitudes. Palms increase in number

as one journeys southward. There, too, is found in greater frequency the cypress, emblem of mourning, lending, with its cone of dark and unequalled green, a somber note in the midst of the garden's brightness.

In cities laid out upon level sites there is decided limitation to the possibilities of a garden, even in the most extensive estates; but where hills surround the town the houses of the major dignitaries will usually be found upon the slopes, where terraces—the Persian's highest delight—may be developed, with the accompanying effect of stairs, and attendant devices of masonry. On these hillsides, too, such as are specially accessible in the suburbs of the capital, the water problem is easier of solution; and that is, after all,

next to the possession of sufficient ground, the essential requisite for a Persian garden. The photograph of a bit in the Camranieh Gardens, now the property of the Naib-es-Sultane—prime minister and marriage relative of the Shah—illustrates the fashion in which side-hill facilities are utilized, though the conditions apparent are eloquent of the neglect and general decadence to which reference has been made, and into which even the most pretentious of Persian establishments are permitted to lapse.

The gardens of the Zil-i-Sultan—the Shah's eldest son, but not heir to the throne, since it is the royal prerogative to nominate the successor to kingship, and the Zil, while enjoying, or not enjoying the governorship of Ispahan has not found particular favor in the sight of his sire—will serve to show what



A GARDEN AVENUE OF CHENARS



A HOUSE AND GARDEN AT KAZVIN

methods are employed to effect the necessary irrigation in flat cities. It should be said, however, that in Ispahan the natural supply of water from adjacent hills is good, though distribution is difficult. Here, too, is manifest the happy-go-lucky condition which mars and vitiates all attempt at beautification in the realm of Iran.

One will seek in vain in the modern gardens for any impressive display of the landscape gardener's skill. The elements sought are rather great profusion, a plenitude of color and soothing masses of shadow, all of which demands are natural developments of the Persian's inherent spirit or the simple outgrowth of his surroundings. A niggard in trade, he is absurdly lavish in certain phases of self-gratification; but the art of being magnificent he has lost.

In the most pretentious gardens there is pervasive suggestion of European influence in the design and a subserviency to the rectilinear, which if not borrowed from Europe, must be attributed to the Tartar strain; it certainly is not Persian, for the Persian's natural tendency is to mazes, such as might be suggested by the winding of a vine or a creeper. The straight line is the Turkoman's delight.

Winding walks, at any rate, are rare, but here again the condition of the country may be explanatory. The requirements of the water system, to which reference has been made, necessitate in every garden a deal of masonry. Construction of any sort

is perhaps more expensive in Persia than in any other country on the globe; not because labor is expensive; that costs nothing. Materials, such as brick and the like, ought to be cheap; transportation, to be sure, costs, for the wagon has not yet superseded the beast of burden. But it is dishonesty that makes building come high. There is, absolutely no possibility of having any such work done without being outrageously cheated. Therefore, when all walks must be of solid masonry, brick and tile, raised to a height of two or three feet, few persons are extravagant enough to have them built in curvilinears. So you have the cruciform garden, with no curves save the circle which encloses the water tank in the middle of the expanse. (See diagram.)

Now regarding the reason for these raised walks. Upon entering from the street, at the main door in the wall, you descend at once from five to fifteen steps to the brick walk surrounding the garden, which is therefore from five to fifteen feet below the street level, since a foot is a modest depth for a step in a Persian stair. This walk, extending around and across the garden, as shown in the diagram, is two feet or more above the ground proper; and out of this ground the beds, in turn, are raised, so that the flowers grow, in a way, on the summits of miniature hills. This impressed me, at first sight, as extraordinary. Turning out one morning at sunrise, for a walk before the heat set in, I learned the secret. The garden was full of

dirty water, to the depth of a foot or more, and the level was rapidly rising. The flower beds, rich with the first bourgeonings of spring, were carefully defined islets in the midst of an artificial lake extending all over the place. And this was the water supply of a Persian city. Once a fortnight, it seems, the *kanauts* or *karises* are tapped for each ward or district, and the water allowed to run in ditches along the dirty streets so dry at other times. The *mirab*,—literally, water-boss,—goes along from house to house, pulls out a plug in the foundation of the wall and lets the water flow through a conduit, running perhaps underneath the buildings down into the garden. Pipes under the walks permit its passage from one section to another. The soil takes up a part of it, vegetation gets its periodical supply, and the residue, after a rude process of filtration, runs into the house cisterns, where it remains for use. The natives drink the stuff with comparatively small effort at purification; and why pestilence is not perennially prevalent, to the righteous taking-off of entire populations, passes all human understanding.

The average rainfall in Persia is small, and cannot be depended upon; but given the necessary supply

of city water, and it is easy to induce plenteous growth, for the city soil needs apparently none of the persistent manuring so common to our gardens. The sites of great cities do not change. Tabriz, for example, has occupied its present location in the angle of the Sahend Mountains for certainly three thousand years. Back of that the record is misty. There is no pretence at drainage; the filth and refuse of century after century simply filter into the soil, which therefore is to the highest degree enriched. It is no uncommon sight to see, among the ruins in the environs of a Persian city, men sifting the earth from around fallen walls, to be used as a fertilizer or to fill in about the roots of trees where it is desired to develop shade. The Russians are particularly industrious in pursuing this process in the old Persian towns which they have won by arms, such as Nahkitchewan and Erivan, in the neighborhood of Mount Ararat. I first saw it done near the tomb of Noah, on the outskirts of Nahkitchewan, and the charming park of young trees which has grown up in the center of the city is proof enough of what a comparatively little effort of this sort will, by and by, accomplish in places which Persia is now letting run to waste.



A HOUSE AND GARDEN AT RESHT

XV

Broughton Castle

P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

ABOUT two miles distant from the old town of Banbury, famous for its cakes, for the mythical fine lady who "rode a white horse" accompanied with the tinkling of many bells, and for much else that need not now be chronicled, stands the noble Broughton Castle. It has passed through many a scene of storm and stress during its life of six centuries; but Time has dealt gently with its strong walls or been defied by them; and guarded by its faithful moat, it still keeps watch over the lands of its lord, and has many memories to recall of the exciting scenes which it has witnessed. Indeed, Broughton Castle has adapted itself to the needs of modern luxury and comfort, and though its walls and guarded gate seem to frown darkly on an intruder, within it is the perfection of a twentieth century nobleman's residence. Its fortunes are bound up with those of its noble owners, the Lords Saye and Sele, whose family name is Fiennes. They have owned the castle since the middle of the fifteenth century. The history of Saye and Sele is the history of England. Hardly a great event happens, but they have a hand in it. We meet them at every turn, and return to them at every crisis. They are descended from the union of two great houses, the de Sayes and the de Fiennes, representatives of whom came over with the Conqueror and fought in the battle of Hastings. The Fiennes came from a French village of that name near Calais, and ancient records tell of the marriage in 1020 of Eustace, Baron of Fiennes, with Adila, lady of Ardres, daughter of Everard de Furnés, whose son founded Beaulieu Abbey. One of the most famous scions of the family was Ingelram de Fiennes who married Sybil de Tyngrie, a daughter of the illustrious house of the Counts of Boulogne, whose descent is traceable through the Dukes of Ponthieu to Bertha, the daughter of Charlemagne. Count Eustace's hand struck down the ill-fated Harold at the battle of Senlac. You may see his portrait in the Bayeux tapestry, taken in the act of slaying the English king. High honors were bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, besides some rich manors.

We cannot now follow the fortunes of this noble family, which produced many warrior-knights, who

wrought many a deed of high emprise and fame on the battle-fields of England and in the wars of the Crusades. Moreover, they increased the family estates by marrying heiresses; one John de Fiennes wedded Maud, the daughter of Sir John de Monceaux, of Hurstmonceaux, where the ruins of a mighty castle testify to its ancient greatness and magnificence. Another, William, married Joane, the sister of William de Saye, whose son James served bravely under Henry V. in the French wars, and fought at Agincourt. He it was who came to such a cruel death at the hands of Jack Cade's rebels in 1450. A picture at the castle tells the sad story of his savage murder, a story which Shakespeare has told before in his drama of Henry VI., Act IV, Scene 7.

But Broughton Castle in its early days knew other owners. Parts of the present building were erected by the Broughton family, which derived its name from this place. They occupied a position of rank and consequence, and divers members of the family were engaged in the king's service in the thirteenth century. Early in the fourteenth century they began to build their castle, and near it, some fifty yards away from the lily-bespread moat, they reared the beautiful church. A fine canopied tomb and monument of the time of Edward II., a rich and beautiful specimen of Decorated work, is traditionally said to represent the De Broughton who founded the church and castle. Then the castle and lands passed into the hands of the Wykeham family, of which the famous architect-bishop, William of Wykeham, was the most celebrated. He purchased the castle and estates from Sir Thomas de Broughton in 1377, and then settled the property on Sir Thomas Perrot, who assumed the name of Wykeham, and Margaret his wife, daughter of Agnes, the Bishop's sister. In 1450 Margaret, the heiress of the Wykeham family, was married to William, Lord Saye and Sele, the son of the victim of Jack Cade's rebellion, and thus this famous house passed into the possession of the distinguished family who have held it so long.

The Lords of Saye and Sele have had varied fortunes. This William who acquired Broughton by marriage did not long enjoy its possession. He



BROUGHTON CASTLE FROM THE SOUTHWEST

The Council Chamber where the Civil War was Planned is at the top of the Tower beneath the Double Gable

was an ardent supporter of Edward IV., had twice been captured by the Lancastrians, and had to sacrifice his estate of Knowle in order to obtain a ransom. He had fled with Edward to Flanders and sold thirty manors in order to raise troops for his sovereign, and then—irony of fate—fell in the hour of victory at Barnet when the cause was won on which he had staked his all. He has a fine tomb in the church at Broughton; his helmet and gauntlets hang there and still tell of the fame of the fallen warrior.

Royal gratitude did little to restore the fortunes of the family. Two peers in succession refused to take up the title from want of sufficient means. But with the advent of the Stuarts their position improved. James I. paid them a visit at Broughton, and liked his reception so well that in 1618 he brought his queen with him. In 1624, William Fiennes, eighth Baron, was created Lord Viscount Saye and Sele.

Then came the troublous period of the civil war, in which Broughton and its owners played a conspicuous part. The castle was the cradle

of the conspiracy, and William, first Viscount, one of the chief actors in that fatal drama. "Old Subtlety" he was styled by his opponents. He was one of the first to oppose the arbitrary acts of Charles I., and was the friend and ally of John Hampden. Retired country houses of the English malcontents were considered to be the safest places for the grave and dangerous consultations which were carried on at that time; and two places were selected as meeting places of the leaders. These were Fawsley in Northamptonshire, and Broughton Castle. In these secluded houses did Hampden, Pym, St. John, Lord Saye and Sele and Lord Brooke, and later on the Earls of Bedford, Warwick and Essex, Lord Holland and Nathaniel Fiennes, hold their sittings, which were sometimes attended by other persons of rank and property, who were as deeply involved in the general plan of resistance. Anthony à Wood thus describes the secret meetings at Broughton: "For so it was that several years before the civil war began, he (Lord Saye and Sele) being looked upon as the godfather of the party, had meetings of them in

Broughton Castle



BROUGHTON CASTLE FROM THE MOAT

his house at Broughton, where was a room, and passage thereunto, which his servants were prohibited to come near; and when they were of a compleant number, there would be great noises and talkings heard among them, to the admiration of those that lived in the house, yet could they never discern their lord's companions."

We may presently visit the little consultation chamber, redolent of the memories of these conferences, a small isolated room, with three outer walls and a tower staircase leading up to it.

Soon the royal standard was unfurled. After Edgehill, the king marches on Banbury, where was a castle also held by the Lord of Broughton. The garrison was disaffected and the fortress surrendered. Then the royal troops march on Broughton, and lay siege to it. You can still see in the park the remains of the earthworks thrown up by the Royal forces, and where the defenders hung bales of wool over the walls to deaden the impact of the cannon-balls. But all is of no avail. The place is too completely surrounded by hills. It surrenders, and is ruthlessly pillaged. The inhab-

itants of Banbury learn the stern lessons of war and suffer at the hands of Prince Rupert's troopers.

They complain bitterly, and conclude "But that which touched us most is a warrant, under His Majesty's hand, for the plundering of Lord Saye and Sele his house, demolishing of it, and invites the people to do it, with a grant unto them of all the material of the house." "Old Subtlety" had, however, found his way so far into the hearts of the men of Oxfordshire that no man would touch a stone of the old castle, which remains until the present day to tell the story of those troublous times. Saye and Sele's "Blue Coats" distinguished themselves in the long struggle, and their leader was not loved by the Cavaliers, who used to sing:

*"Farewell Saye and Sele and hey,
Farewell Saye and Sele and ho,
And those sons of Ayman
Shall hang as high as Haman,
With the old Anabaptists they came on,
With a hey trolly lolly ho!"*

We need not follow the fortunes of war further, save to note that the Lord of Broughton never



BROUGHTON CASTLE FROM THE NORTHEAST

Broughton Castle



DRAWING ROOM—BROUGHTON CASTLE

agreed to the king's murder, and when the Commonwealth had run its course, was one of the first to bring back Charles II. The castle bears some traces of the change in the political opinions of its owner when "the king enjoyed his own again." The long barrack-room where Cromwell's troopers and the "Blue Coats" of Lord Saye and Sele used to sleep, was christened "Mount Rascal," and on the beautiful angle lobby of the great dining-room the penitential words were placed:

"Quod olim fuit meminisse minime juvat."

Lord Saye and Sele became Lord Privy Seal. You can see his bag of office, with its C. R. upon it, hanging at Broughton to this day. It is interesting to note that it was this Lord and his friend Lord Brooke, when the fortunes of the "root and branch" men were low, meditated a settlement in New England, and built a little town called Saybrook, in 1635, which is now, I believe, a flourishing place in Connecticut.

Since that troublous time peace has settled on the noble house and its noble owners. When we approach the castle we see that it stands in a small

park, and lies in a hollow, surrounded by low wooded hills. Entrance to the castle is gained through a large gatehouse and over a bridge spanning the moat. These were constructed at the beginning of the fifteenth century, when, in 1407, a royal license was granted to the owner to crenelate the castle. To the same period belong the embattled walls to the moat, the embattled rooms of the house containing the kitchen, guard room in the roof and other chambers and the stables.

Recent restoration work conducted with loving and reverent care by the tenants, Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, has thrown much light upon the construction of the castle. Lady Algernon Lennox has kindly sent me some notes of the discoveries which have been made, and my friend, the present Lord Saye and Sele, has furnished me with some family papers relating to the history of the castle. A considerable portion of the De Broughton's fourteenth century work (1301-1307) remains. The chapel belongs to this period, situated at the north-east angle. The east window is Decorated, with the geometrical tracery which was in use in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Immediately under this

window is the original stone altar, supported on three plain corbels, and retaining the five small crosses. This chapel has several windows or peep places looking into it. A witty Bishop of Oxford, when he saw two windows looking down into it from side bedrooms, remarked, "Now I understand why the Psalmist says, 'Let the saints rejoice in their beds!'" Adjoining is a groined priest's room, and leading away to the west is a beautiful groined corridor branching off to a circular staircase. This leads to the "barracks," a long attic where Saye and Sele's "Blue Coats" used to sleep when they were not fighting, and also to the mysterious "Council Chamber" where the chiefs of the Rebellion hatched their plans. A great part of the walls in the north and east sides and the groined chambers belong to the same period, early fourteenth century; and the recent restorations show that the main walls of the great hall are of the same date. When the plaster was removed from the walls, a series of doorways of undoubted fourteenth century work was discovered, which seem to have led to the minstrel's gallery. Also the remains of three magnificent windows of the Decorated style,

which reach the whole height of the hall, were laid bare. A portion of the beautiful tracery which filled them has been discovered on the south side of the castle. The hall appears to have been "Elizabethanized" in 1554, when the bay windows were thrown out and Tudor windows inserted in place of the earlier ones. This noble hall measures 54 feet by 26 feet. Along the north side of the castle on the first floor runs a fine gallery 90 feet long by 12 feet 3 inches wide, with rooms opening out of it. The latest portion of the house is the dining-room, which has a fine ceiling and splendid chimney-piece. The room is panelled throughout, and in the corner is an angle lobby or screen, forming the entrance. The original of this quaint and singular adornment is the interior doorway of the ante-chamber of the Hall of the Council of Ten in Venice. It is an elaborate work of beautiful detail, thoroughly Elizabethan in style. A few other houses in England have similar screens, notably at Bradfield and in a few Devonshire seats. The white paint has recently been removed from the oak panelling, and the large window at the north end re-opened, after being blocked



THE HALL—BROUGHTON CASTLE

Broughton Castle



THE GARDENS—BROUGHTON CASTLE



A BEDROOM—BROUGHTON CASTLE

for many years. This white paint had a significance, and was used in the houses of enthusiastic loyalists to testify to their zeal for the House of Stuart. The drawing-room has a fine ceiling dated 1559, which has rich pendants. King James's bedroom, the entrance to which is from the gallery, has a large and very handsomely carved Jacobean chimney-piece of stone of unusual design, owing to the peculiar treatment of the figure sculpture. The two grand staircases were also erected in the restoration of 1554. The groined passage leading from the hall to the present dining-room is a fine specimen of English architecture, as the removal of the plaster which defaced it now shows. The corbels, all different in design, are remarkable for their originality and spirit, notably the carvings representing a man blowing a horn, and a rabbit chewing a pea-pod.

The house is full of memorials of the civil wars, old armor, swords, cannon-balls, and dented cuirasses. The walls are adorned with family and historical portraits. The heroes of the civil war gaze at us from the canvas, Royalists and Parliamentarians alike, now in godly union and concord, Charles I., Prince Rupert, Prince Maurice, William, Vis-

count Saye and Sele or "Old Subtlety," Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, Nathaniel Fiennes, Lord Falkland, Pym, John Fiennes, are all there, and perhaps leave their frames on some ghostly evenings, and discuss their fights over again.

In the little church hard by the lords of the castle lie at rest. It is a very beautiful resting place, principally of the Decorated period. Sir Gilbert Scott used to say that the west window of the aisle was the best fourteenth century window he had ever seen anywhere for beauty and fair proportions. The nave is Early English, and the chancel screen is of stone of Decorated style. The roof and clerestory are of fifteenth century date. The tower and spire are very good examples of Decorated work, beautifully, but simply proportioned. Within there is almost a wilderness of monuments. A splendid canopied monument records the memory of Sir T. Wykeham and Margaret his wife. The De Broughtons all lie there, and many of the Saye and Seles, the lord who fell at Barnet, and "Old Subtlety" and many of his successors.

The gardens of Broughton are an attractive and charming feature of the old castle. They were

Broughton Castle



BROUGHTON CASTLE FROM THE SOUTHWEST SHOWING GARDENS AND SUN-DIAL

created by Lady Algernon Lennox, who now resides in the ancestral home of the Lords Saye and Sele, and are a witness to her taste and sense of beauty. Situated between the castle and the moat, the carefully trimmed hedge of box with the quaintly-cut figures of birds, the wealth of old-fashioned flowers, and the sweet formal character of the garden harmonize well with the old gray walls of the castle. An attractive

feature of the garden is the large sun-dial with the hours marked in a circle in the midst of the wide spread lawn. May the dial only mark happy hours for the Lord and Lady of Broughton. Broughton Castle, with its little church, presents many features of special historical interest, and remains to this day a well-nigh perfect specimen of English domestic architecture of the fourteenth century.



THE GARDEN FRONT—WARWICK CASTLE

(See Page 123)

XVI

The Villa Danti

B. C. JENNINGS-BRAMLY

Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Murray Cobb

JUST before reaching the small station at Compobbi, as the train from Rome nears Florence, it passes across a magnificent avenue of cypresses. This avenue runs from the banks of the Arno, one hundred and fifty yards below the railroad track, to a distance of about two hundred yards up the hill. Ruthlessly the railway has made a breach through those fine trees, and as ruthlessly the smoke and noise of passing trains disturb the solitude and peace of the avenue's dark shade.

Looking up to the north, as the train passes, you would have a glimpse of a huge bit of statuary at the extreme end of the avenue, effective enough at that distance, bad though it be at close quarters. Another avenue crosses at that point, coming down from the *cancello* of the garden, near the house, and, from the point where the statue marks the meeting of the roads rising again in a straight line up a very steep hill on the summit of which the trees encircle an obelisk. Beyond and above, a dense wood stretches east and west along the hillside, a wood of ilexes, oaks and bays, and, most beautiful of all, the wavy lines of a mass of stonepine pierced here and there by the needles of taller cypresses.

These avenues and woods belong to the Villa Danti, a square block of a building standing on the lower slopes of the hill, on a terrace facing the long valley of the Arno. Built as it is on the side of the hill, the loggia on the ground floor (which, to the north, is on a level with the garden, opens to the south upon a long and wide balcony, from which double steps lead to a terrace below). This level again overlooks a small semicircular garden, all roses, lemon trees and

fountains. Beyond, the *podere*, cut in two by the railway embankment, runs down to the Arno.

An inscription which runs the whole length of the southern façade tells us that "*Alexander Guadanus Senator di Phillipi filii erexit 1625.*"

It is known that the property once belonged to the family of the Garibalducci, who sold it to the Guadagni, by whom the present villa was built. In 1692 some additions must have been made, as that date appears on some of the outbuildings. The Guadagni sold it to the Danti, a daughter of whose house has lately brought it by marriage to the Friulian family of Counts Colloredo.

Far off enough down the valley to be at peace, whatever might happen in Florence, the villa has no associations with the history of the town. It is merely one of the many fine, massive country houses which was built in Tuscany in the seventeenth century. The center of the façade has two loggias, one above the other. A low, square clock tower rises slightly above the roof of the house to the left of the building. On each side of the loggias there is space for two windows, the lower ones, heavily barred, as in almost all villas. The front door opens under the loggia.

The interior is planned in large and lofty rooms, several of which are still rich in furniture, china and carvings of a good period. A large hall, lighted by glass doors opening in the loggias north and south, takes up the center of the house. On this most of the rooms on the ground floor open. One of these is of special interest, for every newly married pair of the Danti family, perhaps of the Guadagni family



THE LARGE STATUE

The Villa Danti



A FACADE OF THE VILLA

before them, has occupied that room. A magnificent *cassone*, one of those chests in which the gifts of the bridegroom were taken to the bride, and in which she kept her *correds* or trousseau, stands in one corner. It is a genuine bit of thirteenth century work, but the mistaken zeal of an ancestor of the lady who owns the house has, alas, restored it to a painful pitch of brand-newness, all bright gold and brilliant color! The hangings of the bed, a huge four-poster, look as fresh as the day the red brocade was woven. There is a fine crucifix, some beautiful china, and one or two interesting pictures in the room. Such things can be seen elsewhere, but the contents of a little cupboard in the wall near the bed are so singular as to deserve special mention. In this little cupboard, for many a generation, it has been a custom in the family that every bride who sleeps in that room should, next morning, leave her slippers and there they are, these strange little marriage witnesses: slippers of velvet and slippers of leather, some embroidered, some plain, these poised on heels two inches high, those with toes turned up to a sharp point; others less extravagant in design but all dainty and pretty. One tiny little pair, of blue velvet embroidered with silver, had belonged to the lady of the house, who, faithful to the traditions of her family, had left them in the cupboard the day after her wedding.

The garden around the house is not very large, but picturesque, from being on different levels of ground and shaded by many fine trees. To the right you look through iron gates down the cross avenue of cypresses. From here the obelisk on the top of the opposite hill is visible, ending the perfectly straight line between the double row of trees. Besides the shade of trees the garden has the charm of water. It is heard rippling in the fountains on

both sides of the house. An avenue of horse-chestnuts and limes leads from the front door under the loggia to a *cancello*, upon the left of which is a small family chapel. An immense deodar, planted in 1848, as a tablet tells us, is remarkable for the height it has reached in so comparatively short a time. Besides this there are some fine standard magnolia, copper beech, and tulip trees. Of flowers, the beds are bright with roses, geraniums and marguerites.

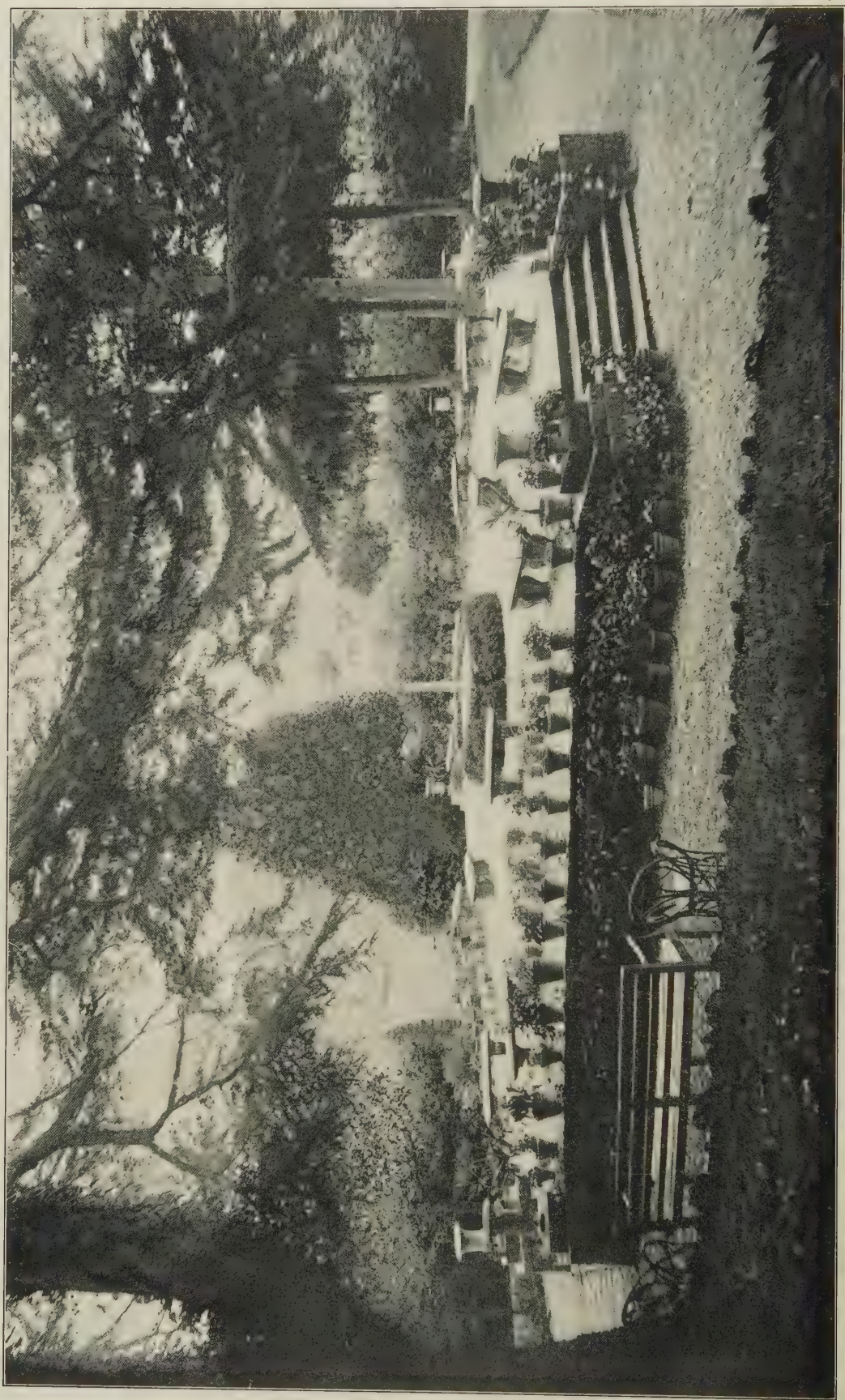
Looking up from the garden to the hill, immediately opposite the house, you have before you a strange piece of ornamental architectural work. High up the hill, the summit of this monument (for I do not know what else to call it) is crowned by an obelisk thirty feet high, surmounted by a golden eagle. The base of the obelisk, a square block of granite, bears a tablet which informs us that "*Cavaliere Priore Enrico Danti inaugurava il di' 28 Nov. 1865*" this wonderful construction. A semicircular concave wall fifteen feet high, covered with now obliterated frescoes, supports the higher ground on which stands the obelisk. A stone seat runs around this wall, and the ground in front of it has been leveled to form an iron-railed terrace, in its turn held up by a stone wall, down the center of which some narrow steep steps lead to the next level. Here the hill has been graveled and held in by some mule steps. Two aloes on each side are the only plants that ornament this steep incline, which about fifty feet lower reaches a paved circular terrace, in the middle of which stands a statue of Spring, of no merit whatever as a statue, but effective enough when seen from a long distance. Narrow stairs with iron rails creep down the sides of the circular wall and meet at the bottom, where a grotto has been excavated under



LOOKING TOWARD THE OBELISK ON THE HILL



THE OBELISK BEFORE THE WOOD—VILLA DANTI



THE RAISED GARDEN

the terrace. From this point to the *cancello* there is no more masonry. A straight gravel path runs down between clipped laurel hedges, beyond which the *poderi* stretch right and left. This may be described as the Cavaliere Priore's *capolavoro*, but it is by no means the only embellishment he has "inaugurated" in his grounds. He was evidently as fond of dramatic effect in landscape as Horace Walpole himself. The wood abounds in temples, ruins, towers, obelisks and hermitages. A fortified castle on one hill frowns down upon the valley. It is castle, however, only on one side; on the other the defenseless walls of a contadino's house appear. In one most lovely glade we come across a monk; he has apparently just left his chapel, half hidden in the ilexes; his hands are joined, his eyes turned devotionally upwards to a tall wooden cross. At some distance he would be almost realistic but for a cruel blow that has deprived him of his nose and some chips in the stucco of his venerable knees.

We have outgrown the taste for incidents in our gardens and grounds. The return to Nature which Rousseau preached came with too sudden a rush upon an artificial world. *Coute qui coute* everything had to be natural; then Nature left to herself was found unsatisfying. She had to be assisted, but always in the most natural way. Formal garden paths were discarded as artificial, and winding grottoes, ruins and rustic bridges over meandering streams, all equally artificial, became the fashion. The Cavaliere Priore was a late disciple of this school, but an ardent one, as anyone who has strolled through the woods of Villa Danti will bear witness. Luckily



A RUINED TEMPLE IN THE WOOD

for those who have outgrown his taste, Nature has done so much to make those woods beautiful that she seems to laugh at these efforts to interfere with her. For instance, from a little plaster temple, in itself quite graceful in design, a glorious view of the hills of Vallombrosa, purple as with the bloom of a purple grape, is before you. The little temple becomes so insignificant a detail in such grandeur that whether

it be there or not matters little; your eyes instinctively turn elsewhere. The long ilex wood down which trickles the stream which carries water to the garden fountains, is a place to rest and dream in. There is no undergrowth, but the trees are planted close enough to prevent the eye from penetrating far along the winding path. Only the sunlight, pierces through the dark leaves and throws a dappled pattern of light and shade on the moss and fern that grow along the stream. The Cavaliere Priore has, wisely, done but little to improve this spot. A quite inoffensive little bit of gray ruin just serves the purpose of making his presence felt, and spoils nothing. It is perhaps ungrateful to speak thus of one who certainly loved, and in his way felt, the beauty of these glorious woods; but the villa is so fine in its simplicity, the cypress avenues so grand and severe, that one wonders he should not have caught more of their spirit, and left what was so well, alone.



AN AVENUE OF CYPRESSES

XVII

Colonial Homes of Natchez

E. E. RONIM

SURROUNDING the town of Natchez, set high above the "Great River," in the wooded hills of Mississippi, are many Colonial houses, most beautiful in situation and architectural detail, which are attractive alike in picturesque beauty and in historic interest, woven in romance and "tradition, the elder sister of history."

Settled in 1700 the Chevalier Du Pont founded this "City of the Bluffs." There ensued years of conflict with the Indians of the Natchez tribe, sun-worshipers, vigorous and well equipped. The ruins of old Fort Rosalie, in the peace of to-day, crumble and fall to the "Father of Waters," gurgling and eddying at its base, giving no sign of the fearful massacre from which so few of the white settlers escaped. As time passed the country was occupied by the French and Spanish governments alternately, and this locality began to develop and to assume a social and ethical character that distinguished it in early days and left its imprint upon the homes that followed and still exist.

In 1789 the Spanish governor, Grand Pré, built the first mansion of the locality as the post of government, signifying by its name, "Concord," the kindly feeling existing between the citizens and the officials; but showing by its feudal plan that the possibilities of attack had been considered, all possessions being placed under one roof to make them invulnerable to the enemy, the stables being on the ground floor, while the government and domestic apartments were above. As necessity for such a stronghold passed, the succeeding governors made additions to the massive struc-

ture. Circular flights of stone steps were erected leading to the second floor, colonnades supported the addition of a wide overhanging roof and gallery—the new style of architecture introduced from the colonies and well adapted to this climate.

A few years later the house known as "The Forest" was built and following in rapid succession there grew in the now prosperous country a circlet of beautiful homes immediately outside the township of Natchez, situated in extensive parks, each owner trying in good-natured rivalry to have more of the beauties of nature and cultivation than his neighbor, resulting in grounds laid out in formal groves, hedges and gardens rioting in azaleas, camellias and cape jessamine for outdoor luxuriance and in hothouses for less hardy flowers and fruits under glass.

The most notable features of the stately Colonial mansions are great brick columns of Doric, Ionic and Corinthian mould, and as no two of the buildings are on exactly the same plan, Concord, Arlington, Auburn, Melrose, Montebello, Rosalie, Monmouth, Devereux, Dunleith, Homewood, Gloster, Richmond, Stanton Hall, etc., have the distinctive charm of individuality, only the general effect being somewhat similar, like people of the same generation.

"Arlington," of brick, with stone facings, that

were imported, having been brought to Virginia and then here, is one of the earliest; the spacious entrance hall is used as art gallery and ball-room, the beautifully carved doorways and fantail transoms, giving quaint effect, the walls hung with old-world paintings, bronzes and brass armor plates,



"CONCORD"



"STANTON HALL"



DRAWING-ROOM—"STANTON HALL"

Colonial Homes of Natchez



"ROSALIE"



"MONTEBELLO"



"MONMOUTH"



"STANTON HALL"

making a picture-setting for a ball. At the right is a drawing-room in sunlight brocade, lit with myriad candles in brackets on the side walls, that shed a soft light on the objects of art in marble and bric-a-brac. Beyond the drawing-room is the library of eight thousand volumes, the book shelves running from floor to ceiling in this spacious room, lighted by windows set between the book shelves. Across the hall is the dining-room, a morning-room and a side hall, where the stairway runs to the floor above, planned on the same broad lines in hallway and off-lying bedrooms.

At "Auburn" the spiral stairway is a unique feature of that period of architecture, as are the cross halls at "Homewood." Only

the brick pillars of "Montebello" are left to give outline of the vast dwelling that burned several years ago, three rooms deep, with immense galleries running on the four sides of the building, supported by the usual white columns. Filled with art treasures as it was, it is now entirely in ruins.

"Monmouth" has a square effect of columns in striking contrast to the round pillars of this vicinity; these and the façade of the west front and slate floored porticos are uncommon here and suggest Spanish origin and may have been adapted by the hero general, who owned Monmouth, from the buildings of Mexico where he won distinction in the war. Here the well-filled library is of



"ARLINGTON"

"The Spacious Entrance Hall is used as Art Gallery and Ballroom"

Colonial Homes of Natchez



"DUNLEITH"



"DEVEREUX"

interest. Situated in a separate wing, uninterrupted quiet is secured the student.

"Stanton Hall" is a splendid specimen of the more modern of these homes, the immense space of the halls, music-room, and living-rooms, the high ceiling and great doorways with carved facing, the carved marble mantels and bronze chandeliers give perfect finishing and impressive dignity to this great edifice, situated, unlike the other homes described, in the heart of the town and together with its surrounding park of live-oaks and shrubberies, occupies, a "city block," the approach through enormous iron gateways making an appropriate setting.

No less interesting are the furnishings of these homes, lavish and beautiful, though differing more in periods than in the architectural designs. The straight lines and plain surfaces of Colonial mahogany giving place to carved mahogany, Sheraton and Heppelwhite, followed by modern French carved and gilded setting of the late fifties. Blended with these in some instances were tables of inlaid Italian marbles, Doge's chairs, paintings, marbles,

old brocades, Turkish carpets, mirrors and Venetian glass collected in the old-world of art, in travels abroad by these home makers. Family portraits by Gilbert Stuart, Pope, Bush and West hang upon the walls. Silver services wrought in a fashion that is passed, massive race cups in the form of epergnes, tankards and bowls attest the love of sports that existed, and paintings of their thoroughbred horses and foxhounds hang beside the family portraits. Driveways between the estates and overlooking the winding river were a noticeable part of this favored spot, shaded with magnolias, catalpas and oaks and edged with hedges of Cherokee roses that bloom in garlands along the way. The drives extend for miles, going now through deep cuts formed by the rolling hills and sandy soil, and now through shady lanes. The most striking of these overlooks the river, where the soft loam has been worn into gigantic chasms, breaking away almost from the pathway hundreds of feet of soil to the water's edge, and known as the Devil's punch bowls.



DETAIL—"STANTON HALL" PORCH

XVIII

Moor Park

P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

FEW houses can rival Moor Park in its historical associations, the home of Lord and Lady Ebury, the lineal descendant of the great house famous in English annals, with which everybody who was anybody and every event worth recording seem somehow to have been connected. Lord Bulwer Lytton loved to people it with the shades of the mighty warriors in his *Last of the Barons*. In an autograph letter written to Lord Ebury in 1871, which lies before me, he says: "I suppose there is no historical romance existing which adheres so rigidly to accuracy in detail as *The Last of the Barons*. And I may say that now without vanity, for instead of deeming it a merit, I deem it a fault." Sir Walter Scott, Shakespeare, and other writers have made it a background of their romances, and many a scene recorded in true history, more remarkable than fiction, has taken place here on this site.

The present house owes its birth to the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of foolish Charles II., a man who added to his crime of rebellion against the King, for which he lost his head in an uncomfortable fashion on Tower Hill, the terrible fault of pulling down the old mansion, the home of romance and

chivalry, for more than two centuries the magnificent abode of monarchs and princes. The estate of Moor Park became the property of the Crown on the attainder of the Duke, but was granted to the widowed Duchess by James II. as some compensation for the harsh treatment she had received from her sovereign. In 1720, after having married and buried another husband, she sold Moor Park to Benjamin Hoskins Styles, who had amassed a large fortune in the South Sea Bubble, and, unlike most of the speculators in that hazardous enterprise, managed to sell his shares when they were at their highest value, and thus became enormously wealthy. He mightily transformed Moor Park, encasing it in Portland stone, erecting a magnificent portico, adding two wings connected with the house by colonnades in the Tuscan style. Sir James Thornhill was the director of the work, and an Italian, Leoni by name, was the chief designer of the alterations. Solid marble doorways, ceilings painted and gilded, magnificent pictures, galleries and staircases adorned with paintings remain as noble monuments of Mr. Styles's work at Moor Park. Admiral Lord Anson bought the place from the representatives of the Styles family



MOOR PARK



THE GALLERY, NOW THE DINING-ROOM—MOOR PARK

and added lustre to the mansion, expending vast sums on the house and grounds, employing in the latter that archpriest of destroyers of old gardens, "Capability Brown." Here in his beautiful home the gallant sailor used to recount his victories in the war with Spain, his adventurous voyage around the world, his captures of Spanish galleons, and his wonderful exploits which made him a prince of sailors. Here came Dr. Johnson to stay with the Admiral, and was not impressed by the gallant sailor's stories. He hated Whigs, to which party Lord Anson belonged. He loved to hear his own voice, and perhaps could not get a word in when Lord Anson was describing his fights and his victories. Hence his sarcastic epigram:—

*Gratum animus laudo. Qui debuit omnia ventis,
Quam bene ventorum surger templa jubet*

Sir Laurence Dundas, Bart., next acquired the property in 1763. He was commissary-general and contractor to the army in several wars, and amassed a large fortune. He added much to the decoration of the mansion, and entertained here the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. A Mr. Rous wrought much evil, pulling down the wings and colonnades, with the chapel and offices. He was a sorry vandal, and his memory at Moor Park is not revered. The next owner was Mr. Robert Williams, a man who raised himself by his own exertions from an upholsterer's apprentice to a distinguished position in the East India Company and became the head of the banking house which is now known as that of Williams, Deacon & Co. His son sold the house to Robert, Earl of Grosvenor, afterwards Marquis of Westminster. This is not the place to record the annals of this distinguished house, which has left its mark on many a page of England's history. Here the Marquis entertained right royally King William IV. and his Queen. On the death of the Marchioness of Westminster the property passed to her third son, Lord Robert Grosvenor, who was created Baron Ebury in 1857, a great benefactor, the friend and colleague in many charitable enterprises of the good Lord Shaftesbury. Here Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort came to pay a memorable visit in 1854. On the death of the first Lord Ebury, at the great age of ninety-two years, Moor Park passed into the possession of his eldest son, the present Lord Ebury.

We have recorded briefly the history of the present mansion. We will now visit the site of the old palace, of which the moat and an old brick wall partly surrounding an orchard are the only visible remains. Here we must construct again in imagination the great house which once stood there, and people it with the host of kings, princes, cardinals, prelates, and warriors who once thronged its magnificent hall. This mansion was of brick, the chief buildings

forming a square court, which was entered by a gate-house flanked with towers.

Originally the property belonged to the Abbey of St. Albans, having been granted by Offa, King of Mercia, in atonement for the murder of Ethelbert, King of East Anglia. Here a cell of the abbey was established, and the tenant was obliged to provide a horse for the abbot whenever he wished to visit Tynemouth, near Newcastle.

The real history of the Park begins with its acquisition by that powerful ecclesiastic, George Nevil, brother of the great Earl of Warwick, styled "the King-maker," Archbishop of York in 1464, and Lord Chancellor of England. He obtained a license from Henry VI. to enclose six hundred acres in the parishes of Rickmansworth and Watford, and built the mansion which was destined to witness some of the great events in English history. It was a magnificent palace of stately architecture, embellished with a façade of double arches, painted and blazoned somewhat in the fashion of certain old Italian houses. Lord Lytton thus describes it:—

"Through corridor and hall, lined with pages and squires, passed Montagu and Marmaduke till they gained a quaint garden, the wonder and envy of the time, planned by an Italian of Mantua, and perhaps the stateliest one of the kind existent in England. Straight walks, terraces, and fountains, clipped trees, green alleys, and smooth bowling-greens abounded; but the flowers were few and common, and if here and there a statue might be found, it possessed none of the art so admirable in our earliest ecclesiastical architecture, but its clumsy proportions were made more uncouth by a profusion of barbaric painting and gilding. The fountains, however, were especially curious, diversified and elaborate; some shot up as pyramids, others coiled in undulating streams, each jet chasing the other as serpents, some again branched off in the form of trees, while mimic birds, perched upon leaden boughs, poured water from their bills."

The Archbishop was a mighty prelate. His mansion was a court of great magnificence, and thither, as to a Medici, fled the men of letters and art. His palace was more Oriental than European in its gorgeousness. By the influence of "the King-maker" and the Chancellor, Edward IV. was at length seated upon the throne, and the monarch was often entertained at "the More." All power in the kingdom seemed to have been absorbed by the Nevils. The King was actually in their power, and was sent as a prisoner to the castle of Middleham, in Yorkshire, but in a few days he was allowed to escape, accompanied by the Archbishop and the Earl of Oxford. They tarried at "the More," where Edward forbade them to go with him further, and rode to London. In 1470 the Archbishop attempted to entrap the King at his house. Edward



THE MARBLE HALL—MOOR PARK



THE SALOON.

was received with loyal protestations, but as he was washing his hands Sir John Ratcliffe contrived to whisper to him that a hundred armed men were ready to seize him and take him prisoner. He determined to attempt flight. With noiseless steps he gained the door, sprang upon his steed, and dashing right through a crowd assembled at the gate, galloped alone and fast, untracked by any human enemy, but goaded by that foe that mounts the rider's steed, over field, over fell, over dyke, through hedge, and in the dead of night reined in at last before the royal towers of Windsor.

We need not follow the startling events of the Wars of the Roses, the rapid change of fortune, the death of "the King-maker," "the greatest and last of the barons," on the blood-stained field of Barnet. The owner of "the More," by a time-serving policy, contrived to retain the apparent friendship of the King, who was secretly plotting his ruin. It was accomplished in this wise. Edward invited the prelate to Windsor, and when they were hunting in the forest the guest told his royal host of some extraordinary game which he had at Moor Park. The King expressed his pleasure to see it, and prom-



MANTELPiece IN THE DINING-ROOM

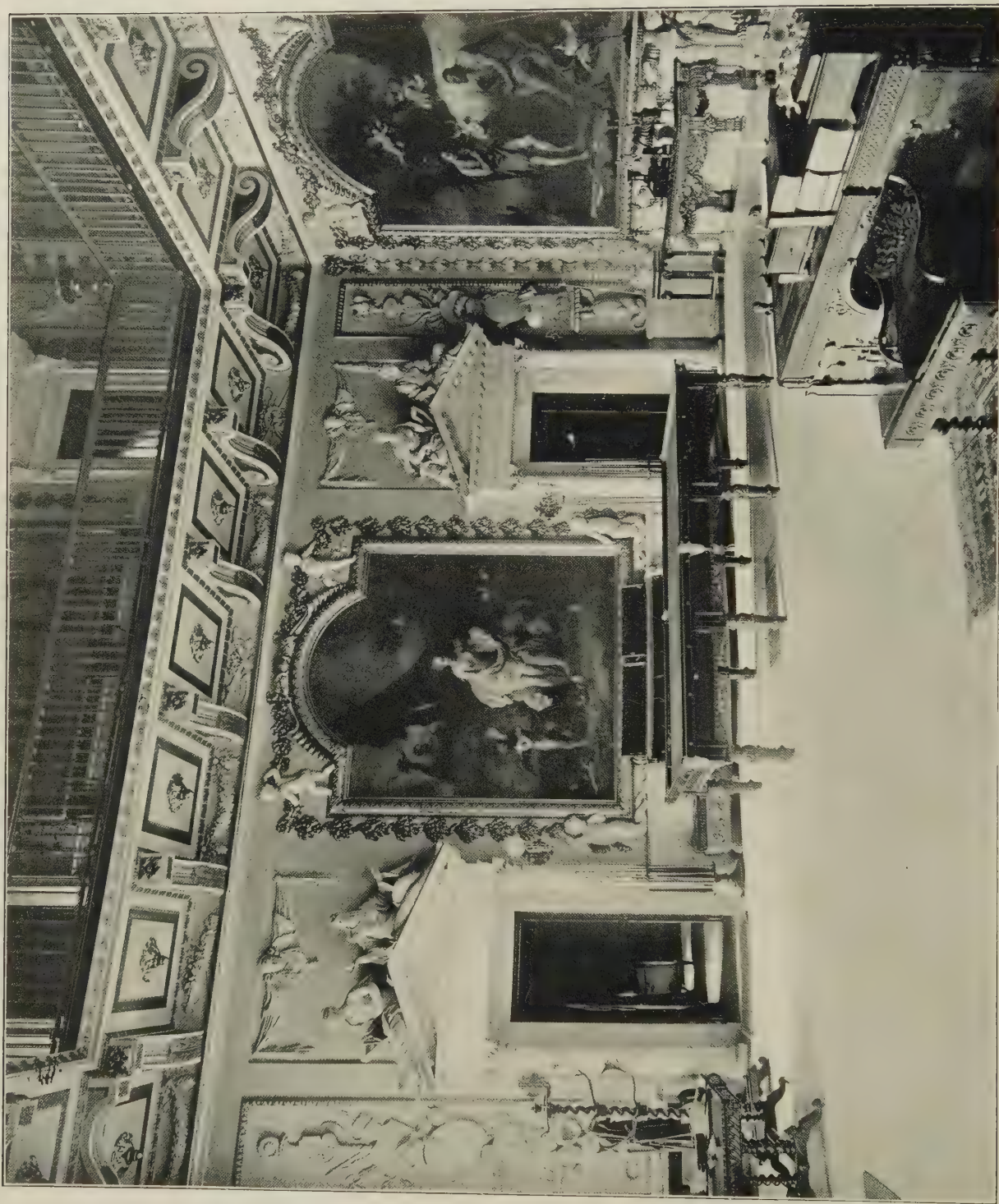
ised to come for a day's sport. The Archbishop returned to his house in high spirits, and prepared a mighty feast, bringing together all the plate which he had hidden during the wars, and borrowing some from his friends. When everything was ready, a royal summons was delivered into his hands, ordering him to repair to Windsor. He was arrested, and sent a prisoner to Calais. The King seized his estate, his plate and property, and the temporalities of his see. His mitre, which glittered with precious stones, was converted "into a crown, and the jewels that shone at Moor Park were applied to adorn the royal diadem, and perhaps still sparkle there." Their former owner did not long survive his disgrace, and soon was brought home to die. He lies buried in the Minster at Leicester, but no tablet marks the memory of the powerful prelate, who with his brother, once ruled England, but was at heart a craven and unscrupulous time-server. Warkworth, in his chronicles, speaking of his great wealth and short-lived prosperity, concludes: "Such goods as were gathered in sin were lost in sorrow."

The estate remained to the Crown until the reign of Henry VII., who granted it to John de Vere, the thirteenth Earl of Oxford, to whom he was principally indebted for his throne. De Vere was the hero of Bosworth Field, and led the gallant archers in that memorable fight which sealed the fate of the

despicable Richard III. He received abundant reward for his prowess and faithfulness, and amongst the confiscated lands bestowed upon him was Moor Park. He died without issue in 1513, and his property reverted to the Crown. Henry VIII. used it as a royal residence, and gave it to Cardinal Wolsey, who enlarged or rebuilt the mansion, and often lived here in magnificent state. Hither came cardinals, ambassadors, nobles, and princes, and on several occasions King Henry came, and was entertained with royal splendor. In 1529 King Harry and his first Queen stayed a whole month at "the More," and though Anne Boleyn was in her train, Cardinal Campeggio failed to detect any wanderings in the affections of his majesty or any jealousy on the part of Queen Catherine.

An event of historical interest occurred at the house, where, in 1523, a Treaty of Alliance between England and the French King, Francis I., was signed, called "The Treaty of the More." The provisions of the treaty we need not concern ourselves with, save to notice that the astute Cardinal secured for himself a good round sum for the arrears of pension due to him for resigning the bishopric of Tournay, and a hundred thousand crowns of gold "for great and reasonable services."

Never before had Moor Park seen such magnificence. The Cardinal's chambers were garnished



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MARBLE HALL

with the finest tapestry. His couch and table-cloth were covered with gold, and he dined amidst the subtle perfumes of musk and sweet amber. His dishes were silver, full of the daintiest viands, and he drank his wine always from silver and gold vessels. But his days were numbered, his disgrace nigh. The charms of Anne Boleyn had made an impression on the capricious king. The divorce was sought and much delayed. Campeggio comes to "the More," and long and deep are the confabulations of the two Cardinals over the matter. They hasten together to the court at Grafton.

Wolsey is denied lodging in the court. The Cardinals return to Moor Park, sad and sorrowful. Campeggio hastens away to London. No sooner has he gone than hurried messengers arrive at the Moor in search of some of Henry's love letters to Anne Boleyn which that lady had missed from her boudoir. They ride after him and do not overtake the Nuncio until he arrives at Calais, where they search his baggage; but the letters are not found. They are on their way to Rome, and there they remain until this day amongst the archives of the Vatican.

Alarmed, anxious, and depressed, Wolsey passed his days at the Moor, dreading the outbreak of the hostility of the King.

You can see the chair at the mansion wherein he sat and dreamed of his approaching fate, the saddle on which he rode, and the old cardinal's oak under which he sat brooding over his troubles. He left his lovely home for London, never to return, and ere long his ambitious heart found rest within the cloister shade of Leicester Abbey. You can see in the British Museum a long inventory of the Cardinal's goods—his carpets and hangings, his beds and hats and vestments—which, together with the property, fell into the King's hands. The poor abandoned Queen Catherine stayed

a night at Moor Park on her way to exile from the Court, and to the grave that soon awaited her at Peterborough. Then came the rule of the Bedfords, John Russell, the first Earl, being appointed ranger. The State Papers contain some letters from the Earl to his friend, Thomas Cromwell. One of them, dated May 1st, 1535, mentions that the park palings at "the More" are in decay, that the deer are escaping, and immediate repair much needed. He reports that he has felled two hundred oaks, but he requires money and special directions what to do.

He continues:—

"Sir,—The garden goeth to great ruin. By my Lord Cardinal's days it cost him forty or fifty Pounds or a hundred marks for the keeping thereof and since it hath been in the King's hands, it hath cost his Highness forty or fifty marks a year, as Mr. Hennage can show you, and now it is utterly destroyed and all the knots marred. Wherefore if it be not looked on betimes it will be past recovery. Sir, if the King will give 8 Pence a day, I will see that it shall be well kept, that his Highness shall be well contented, though it cost 6 Pence a day on my own purse. And also for the keeping of the fish there, it hath been chargeable unto me hitherto; whereupon if there be not a trusty fellow



ANOTHER MANTELPIECE

to have the keeping of the garden that shall have the oversight thereof there will be much displeasure done, and but little fish left, for I had never so much ado to keep it as I have now. Sir, I put you always to pain, but you may command me as your own. Whereupon I heartily desire you as you will do me pleasure that you would solicit the King's Highness as well for the paling of the Park as for the garden and the keeping of the fish,—for an his Highness should come thither and see it so far in ruin as it is, his Highness would lay it to my charge and think the fault were in

me, which were greatly to my rebuke and shame as knoweth our Lord who keep you.

"At Charley Wood, the first day of May

"Your assuredly to my power

"J. RUSSELL."

It is hoped that the good ranger obtained his money and a good "trusty fellow" for the garden; otherwise, when Henry and his fifth Queen, Catherine Howard, came five years later, he would certainly not have escaped the anger of the passionate King. The royal pair stayed three weeks, and seem to have courted seclusion rather than the usual courtly pleasures. The second Earl had to fly for his life from the burning questions of Queen Mary's reign, but after her death returned to enjoy his own again, both as owner of his ancestral home at Chenies and as ranger of Moor Park, which was subsequently granted to him by the Queen, at the request of Sir William Cecil, on the payment of an annual rent of £120.

The third Earl who ruled at Moor Park was the grandson of the second Earl of Bedford. His sprightly Countess was a favorite of the Court, where she bloomed as "the crowning rose in a garland of beauty." James I. granted to him the estate absolutely. The Countess constructed the famous gardens celebrated by Sir William Temple, of which no trace remains. She was immensely extravagant, and was forced to sell the place to William, Earl of Pembroke, in 1626. He was succeeded by his brother, Sir Philip, in 1630, who deserted King

Charles, and joined the rebels. A year later he sold the property to Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth. The Duke of Ormond, a faithful supporter of the royal cause, purchased it in 1663, whose eldest son took his title from the estate, and was styled "Lord Butler of Moor Park." In 1670 it was sold to the unhappy Duke of Monmouth, who, as I have already stated, pulled down the old house, which had so many noble and illustrious owners, and had witnessed so many scenes of splendor and magnificence. The old house is gone, but its glories remain imprinted on many a page of English history. Its lineal descendant lives on, a palace worthy of its distinguished ancestry, owned by a family as illustrious as any of those which have preceded it. The Grosvenors have deserved well of their country, fought its battles, and contributed to its prosperity. May the tenure of the scions of that noble family whose lot it is to dwell in one of the fairest of Hertfordshire manors continue far longer than that of many of their predecessors, whose varied fortunes and vicissitudes I have attempted to trace.

I am indebted to Lady Ebury for the loan of many valuable papers which have been most useful in the preparation of this sketch of the history of Moor Park. Amongst them are some interesting letters by Mr. J. A. Froude and Lord Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Henry Mitchell's paper on "The History of the More," and Mr. R. Baynes' "Moor Park." I beg to acknowledge my indebtedness to these writers for much important information.



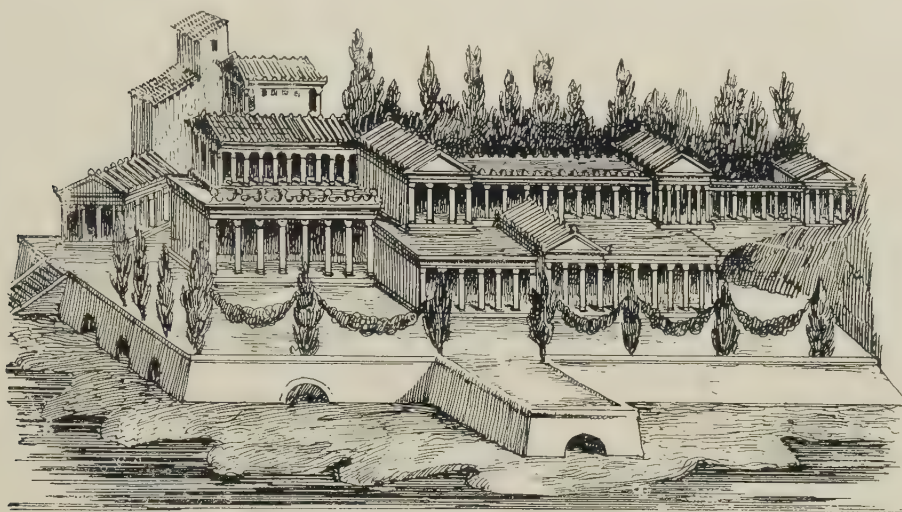
THE DRAWING-ROOM

XIX

Ancient Roman Country Houses

A. D. F. HAMLIN

Adjunct Professor of Architecture at Columbia University



A MARITIME VILLA—*From a Pompeian wall painting*

THE growth of cities is one of the necessary concomitants of maturing civilizations. As cities multiply and become more and more densely populated, there is developed a reaction towards rural life. Unless, however, the means of transit between the busy centers of urban life and the open country are both abundant and speedy, the privilege of living in the country and transacting business in the city is confined to the wealthy few and it is, of course, only the wealthy who can afford to spend any considerable part of their lives in rural ease upon the income of their investments, or with only infrequent returns to the city to transact business.

In ancient Roman days transit between the Forum and the open country about the Eternal City depended upon the legs of men and beasts. Travel in a springless cart or chariot over the huge lava blocks of the Roman paved roads, or the deep ruts of rural highways, was not an agreeable experience. The wealthy patrician traveled in a litter borne by slaves, whenever this was possible; those of more active tastes rode on horseback. Though "all roads lead to Rome" the city was much less of a distributing point for the outlying country than are our larger cities to-day, thanks to the economic

revolution wrought by our railways. To understand Roman country life it is necessary to picture to ourselves conditions of transportation and intercourse more primitive than we can easily imagine, and it requires no light exercise of the imagination to represent to ourselves other features of the environment of Roman city and suburban life,—the innumerable slaves, the thronging and turbulent crowds in the streets and public places, the obsessions of parasites, suitors, dependents and politicians; the noise and smells and other "disagreeables" of the city streets. Yet all these we must take into consideration before we can grasp the full significance of country life to the Roman, or read with intelligent appreciation the letters of Cicero to Atticus, or of Pliny to Gallus and Apollinaris, describing their villas at Tusculum, Laurentinum, Puteoli, and others in the hills of Tuscany.

Rome was a city unlike those of our day. A large part of its area was given up to public buildings—temples, theatres, basilicas, baths; and another large part to places of public resort—fora, gardens and colonnades. The mass of the population was housed in a comparatively restricted area, crowded into tenement blocks or *insulæ*, piled up in many stories, dark and insalubrious. The saving element in the

Ancient Roman Country Houses



A ROMAN ROOM AT POMPEII
With Mosaic Floor and Painted Walls

lives of the teeming thousands in these *insulae* was the Roman habit of life in the open; the house was a mere aggregation of sleeping cells, to which the workingman or slave retired like a mole to his burrow. Around this city of vast open spaces, superb monuments and squalid *insulae*, spread a fringe of suburban residences, more and more spacious as one proceeded out towards the green Campagna; and finally beyond these, a vast ring of villas or groups of villas, extending far out towards the Alban Mountains in the southeast, towards Tivoli and Subiaco to the east, and northwards along the innumerable affluents of the Tiber. Daily the man of affairs was borne in his litter to and fro between Rome and his villa or *suburbanum*, in the nearer circuits of country houses; while in those more remote, the jaded politician, the wealthy patrician, and the official whom business no longer called to the Forum or basilica, sought rest and pleasure far from the city's turmoil. Fanned by mountain breezes and lulled by the murmur of mountain streamlets turned to service in the fountains and cascades of his terraced gardens, he rested from the

cares of business or of state. The wealthy Roman was not content with a villa or two; he must have a half dozen or more, so variously situated and appointed as to furnish him with a resort for every change of mood or of the weather. Pliny the Younger mentions five in his letters; Cicero had as many. The lot of a literary politician in those days seems not to have been a hard one, in the matter of houses at least. A winter house and a summer house; a seaside house and a mountain house; a house in the south, at Naples or Baiae or near Pompeii, and a house in the north among the hills of Etruria; a little house and a big house and a house near Rome; these were some of the modest requirements of the Roman of wealth and leisure of the imperial or late republican period, in addition to the city house in the very outskirts of Rome or within its walls.

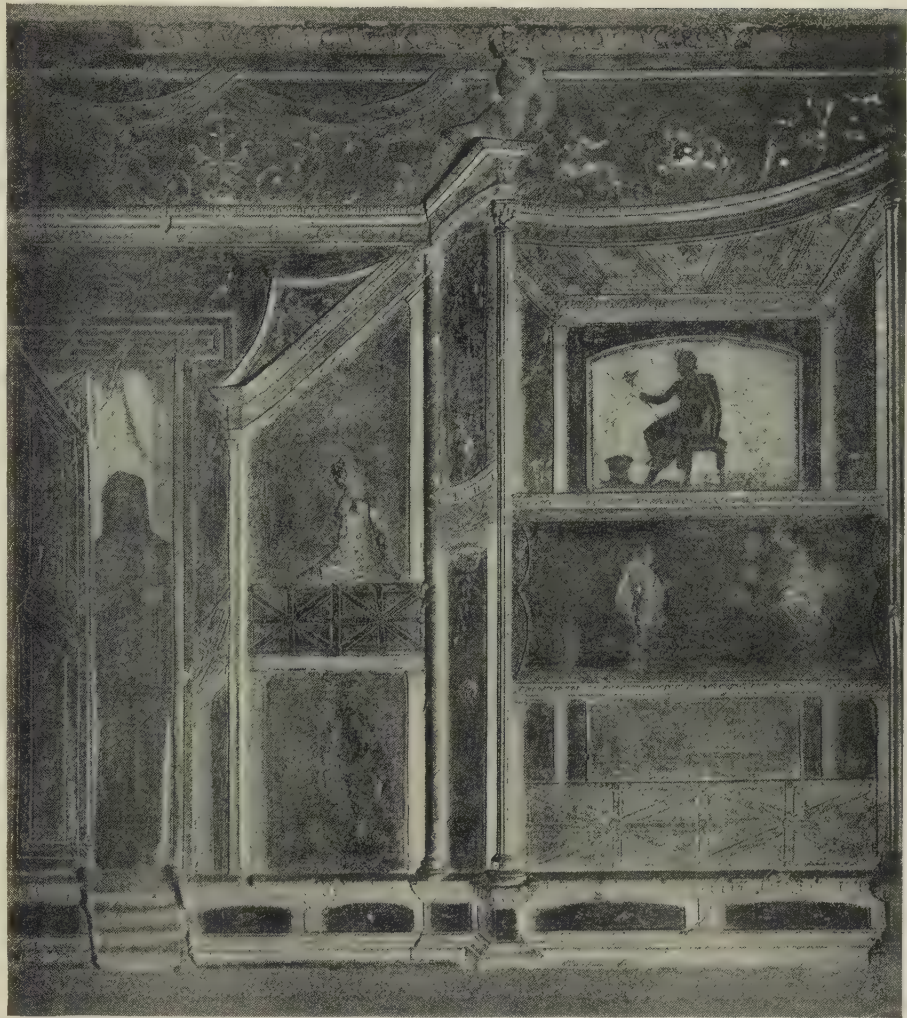
The Roman love for the country amounted to a passion; it survives to-day in the *villegiatura* of the modern Roman gentleman, to whom the annual summer's rustication is an absolutely essential feature of his life. "No gentleman can do without it," however modest his fortune. This love of the country was, in the ancient Roman, not the modern sentiment of nature-love, the poetic delight in the contemplation of the wonder and beauty of the natural world for its own sake, but rather the more selfish but not unworthy pleasure in the physical and esthetic satisfactions which rural life could bring. In the country were rest and freedom from care; the coolness of fresh breezes in summer, the mildness of a southern sun in winter; the gleam and plash of springs and fountains, the shade of rocks, the restful verdure of trees and grass, the perfume of violets and roses. Above all there was space and air; and the Roman could not live without these. He hated the cramped quarters even of his relatively spacious city houses. Even a modest farmstead was better than the city with its crowds. "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*," cries Horace; and in the sixth of the second book of his Satires he voices his longing for rural quiet and peace:

"This was my dream—a modest piece of land,
A garden, and a cottage by a spring,
And eke a bit of woods—and lo, the gods
Surpassed my prayers. 'Tis well! naught more I crave,
O Maia's son, but to enjoy these ever."

The Roman of the age from Cicero to Pliny—the golden age of Roman villa-life—never deluded him-

self with the idea of a reversion to primitive ways of living. His *villegiatura* was no Adirondack camping-expedition. In the country he required "all the modern improvements" and all the luxuries of the city, as well as the pleasures of rural seclusion. The walls were painted by Greek or Campanian artists. In cold weather a portion of the vast establishment was heated by hypocausts, at great expense. The furniture was often more elaborate than that of the city house. An army of slaves waited upon the owner and his guests; and they could, within the limits of their own property, enjoy the luxury of hot and vapor baths as perfectly as in the magnificent thermæ of Augustus or Titus in Rome. Pliny writes to a friend to give him notice of his coming, so that he might heat his baths in readiness for his entertainment.

The Roman country estates sometimes, but not always, included the farm. In any case, the villa proper, with its garden, was complete in itself whether connected with a farm or not. In its planning and arrangement the gardens were of at least equal importance with the buildings, and the arts of landscape architecture and formal gardening, as they were practiced by the Italians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and by them transmitted to the French, were direct inheritances from the ancient Romans. The terracing, the handling of water in cascades and fountains, and the architectural and sculptural embellishments were all suggested by the ruins of Roman villas. Lanciani tells us that the Villa Barberini at Castel Gandolfo follows practically in every detail "the plan and outline of the glorious villa of Domitian," and that the Villa Pia in the Vatican Gardens is a fair counterpart of a small Roman villa of the olden time. In all these villas, the first essential seems to have been the selection of a sloping site, capable of being terraced, so that from each successive platform there might be an uninterrupted prospect of distant hills, green plains or blue water. The second essential was a stream of water, for everywhere the Roman demanded the soothing splash and ripple, the cooling presence of fountains and cascades. The third essential was an abundance of shaded and sheltered

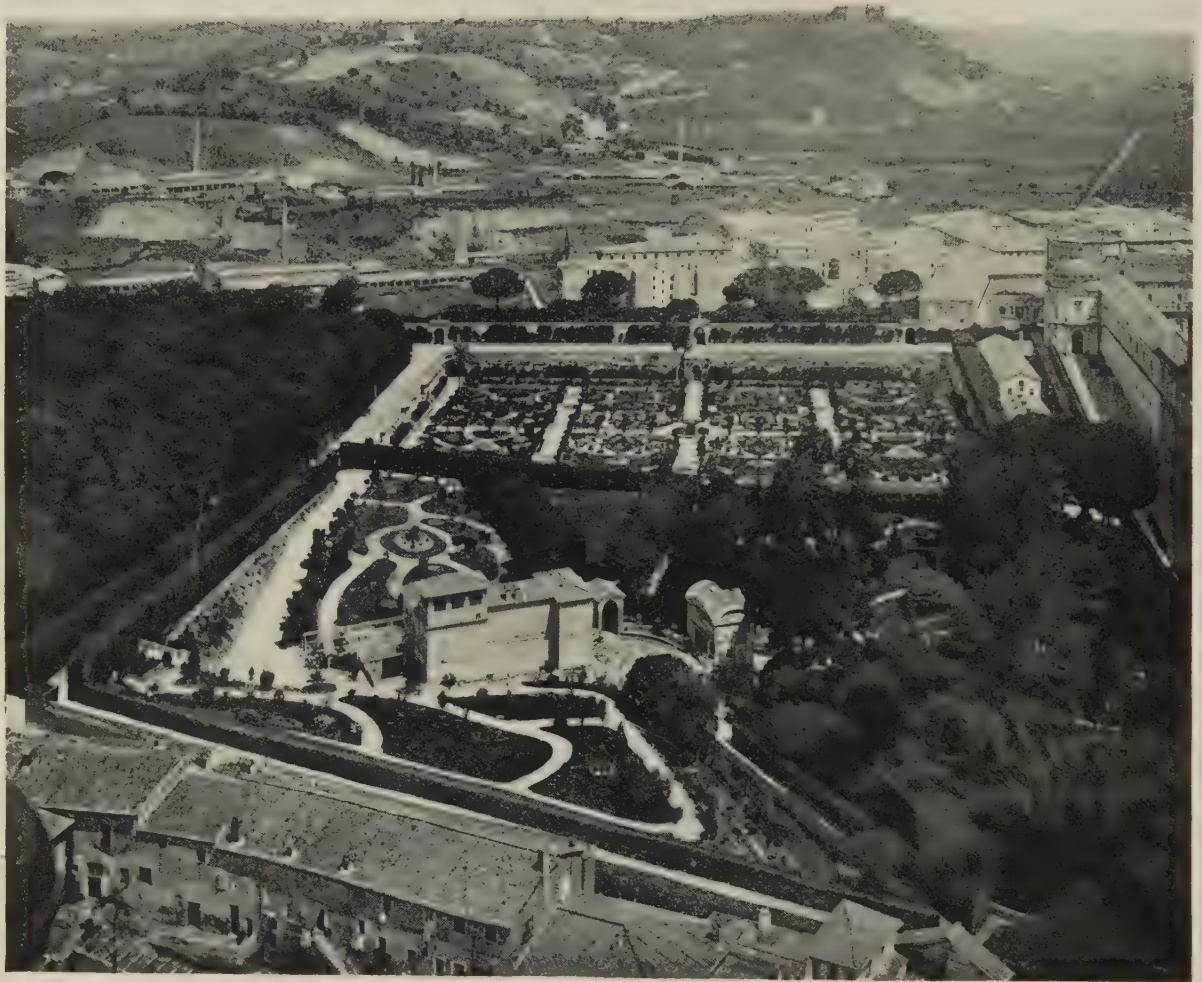


POMPEIIAN WALL DECORATION IN FRESCO AND STUCCO RELIEF

In the National Museum at Naples

promenades, screened from the sharper winds or exposed to the more refreshing breezes; and for this purpose colonnades, pergolas, arbors and porticoes were provided with lavish hand. The famous letter of Pliny the Younger to Gallus, describing the Laurentine villa, is full of references to the varied provisions made for every sort of exposure and shelter, to secure or to avoid at will the effects of sun, sea-breeze, land-breeze, shadow, heat and cold, according to the season and the momentary inclination of the occupant.

A well equipped Roman villa was therefore an extensive affair. The buildings, for the most part of a single story, covered a wide area, sometimes including several terraces. In general they comprised three fairly distinct portions—the public, the private and the domestic or servile. Each of these had its courts, rooms and passages. Whether they were all connected into a single block of buildings or divided into separate and distinct wings depended upon the size of the establishment and the taste of the owner. Except in the imperial palaces and such exceptional



THE VILLA PIA OR CASINO OF THE POPE

Situated in the Gardens of the Vatican at Rome

Begun by Pope Paul IV. and finished in 1560 during the term of his successor, Pius IV. The architect was Pirro Ligorio. His original plans provided an open hall attached to the side of a water basin. Behind this was an oval open court leading to another open hall to which were attached the principal buildings of the villa. Among these is a tower having a loggia whence a fine view can be enjoyed of the gardens, the city and the river Tiber. The sculptures and ornaments are the work of the following artists: Federigo Zuccheri, Federigo Barocci, Santi di Tito, Leonardo Cugni, Durante del Nero, Giovanni del Corso, Schiavone and Orazio Sammacchini. The fountains of the inner court and of the loggia were designed by Giovanni Vasanzio. Lanciani considers this villa with its grounds not unlike the smaller Roman villas and gardens of antiquity.



A PUBLIC RESTING PLACE—POMPEII

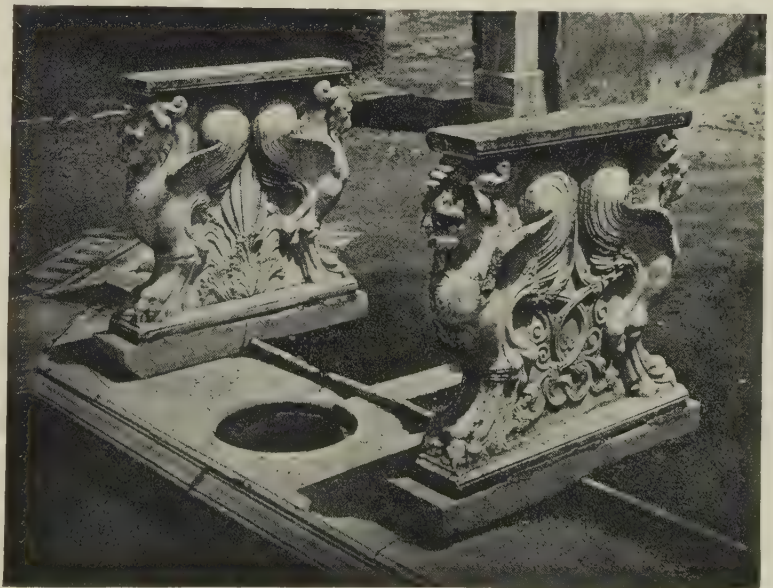
groups as the Villa Hadriana at Tivoli, comfort and personal ease were sought after rather than grandeur of architectural effect. Yet there was plenty of room for display, and the ostentation of wealth asserted itself in costly decorations and extravagant furnishings, especially in the later Imperial age.

Horace, always praising (whether sincerely or through poetic affectation is immaterial) what is simple and rational, sings the freedom of his own house from such vanities:

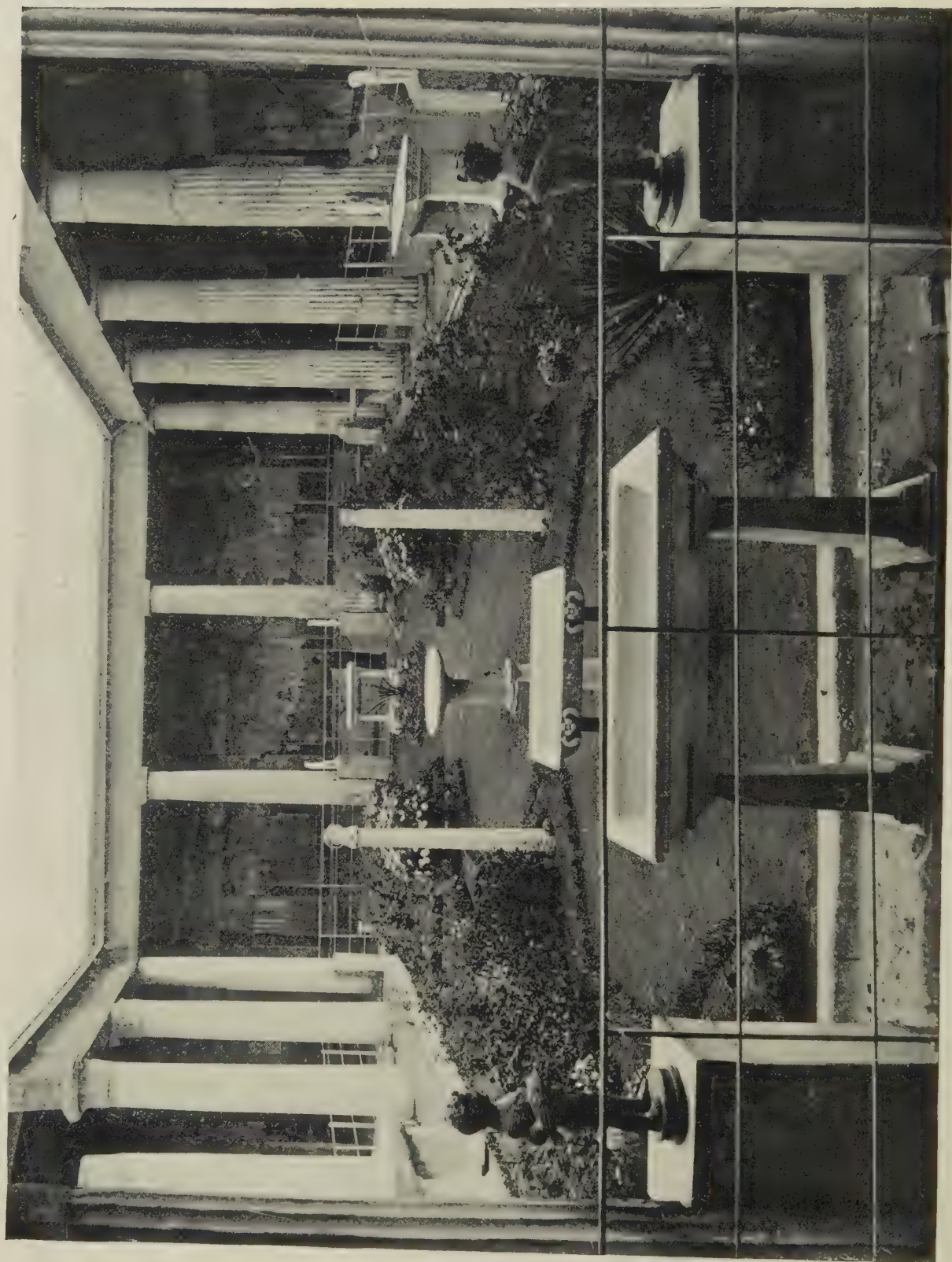
*"Non ebur neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar," etc.*

"My house boasts no ivory, nor ceilings panelled in gold; nor beams hewn on Hymettus' mount, upborne by columns quarried on Africa's farthest shore." (Odes: II, 15). The beauty of a fine villa consisted rather in its spaciousness, in the variety of exposure of its courts, *triclinia*, sitting-rooms and libraries, in the number and variety of its apartments, the extent of its

colonnades and terraces, the elegance of its appointments and embellishments, such as vases,



REMNANT OF A MARBLE TABLE IN THE HOUSE OF CORNELIUS RUFUS AT POMPEII



THE CASA DEI VETTI—POMPEII

statues and tripods, of bronze, silver, and marble, and the extent and beauty of its gardens and prospects,—in these, rather than in the splendor or scale of its architectural masses or the costliness of its carving and gilding. Long vistas, distant views and ever-changing perspectives of trees and shrubs, fountains and statues, balustrades and terraces, marble summer-houses, shady arbors, cascades and rocks, these the Roman delighted in; in these his restless nature found relief from ennui, while he mingled the conveniences of the city with the freedom of the open country.

The appearance and the architectural details of the Roman villas we cannot reproduce with certainty, but may to a certain extent infer from known analogies. Pliny's and Cicero's letters throw light on their general character, and Pliny's to Gallus (II, 17) and to Apollinaris (V, 6) describing his villas at Laurentinum and in Tuscany, give a fairly detailed account of their planning, so that it has become a favorite recreation of students of Roman archæology to attempt their restoration from these descriptions. But the wide variety of these restorations proves how vain is the expectation of precise and accurate results from descriptions written in the familiar style of personal correspondence, without any effort at technical precision of detail. Dimensions, numbers, decorative detail, architectural features are alike wanting from these letters, to illustrate whose style a brief quotation will suffice.

"Behind is a quadrangle, a portico and a lesser court; then again a portico, and then a vestibule,

beyond which woods are seen, and at a greater distance, mountains. On the left hand of the dining-room, a little farther from the shore, is a very large parlor, within that a smaller withdrawing-room, which has one

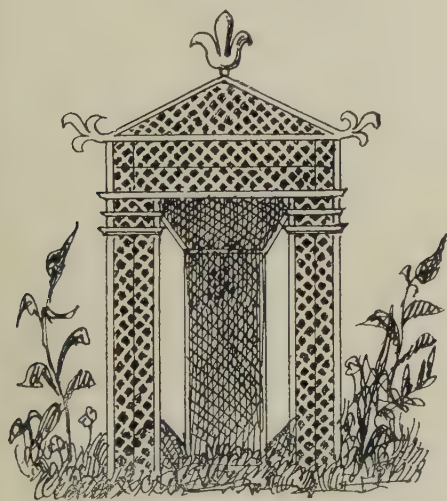


FIG. I—A SUMMER-HOUSE
From a Pompeiian Fresco



ROMAN HOUSEHOLD OBJECTS OF SILVER

In the National Museum at Naples

window looking to the east, another to the west. Joining to this angle is a room in an elliptic form; a shape that allows us from the several windows to enjoy the benefit of the sun during the whole course of the day; and the walls of it are so contrived as to hold books," etc.¹ Obviously here is no architectural specification upon which to base a drawing.

The analogies upon which we must depend for our restorations of Roman country houses are of three kinds. These are, first, the existing ruins of Roman buildings, both domestic and public. These acquaint us fully with the methods of construction and the common architectural features of ancient Roman times. We have, secondly, certain types of Italian country houses and farm buildings which, it seems not unlikely, have preserved to this late day traditions handed down from a great antiquity. And in the third place, there are many representations of villas and country houses in paintings upon the walls of extant ruins in Rome and Pompeii, and

¹ The letters of Pliny the Younger, trans. by John, Earl of Orrery; I., 149-150, London, 1752.

Ancient Roman Country Houses



FIG. II.—TYPES OF ROMAN COUNTRY HOUSES
After Scheult's "*Maisons de Campagne de Rome*"

occasionally also in the details of reliefs preserved in the various museums of Europe. It is the similarity between many of those representations and familiar types of rustic buildings encountered by the tourists on the roads about Rome and sometimes in Tuscany, that warrants the belief that the rural architecture of Italy has changed little from that of antique times.

There was probably a wide range of architectural character in the villas of even the same period, corresponding to the variety in the purse and taste of their builders, as well as in the situation and purpose of the various villas of the same owner. While some were no doubt splendid with marble columns, carving and sculpture, others, and perhaps the majority, were probably quite plain in external design. Rubble and brick, heavily stuccoed, were probably the commonest materials for walls, and the roofs were low-pitched, framed of timber and covered with tiles like those one sees all through Southern Europe to-day. The chief elegance of these houses was in their various courtyards—*atria* or peristyles, as they were called—such as one sees in ruined Pompeii, but much larger. These, planted with trees, flowers and grass, refreshed by fountains and marble basins of crystal water, shaded by trees or by rich awnings, surrounded by sumptuously decorated colonnades, paved with marble and adorned with statues, marble tables and *exedras*, and an altar, were the chief centers of the family life. In a large villa there were several of these, of different sizes and exposures, with open-fronted *triclinia* or dining-rooms and small *cubicula* or sleeping-rooms opening upon some, and libraries, lounging-rooms, and withdrawing-rooms

opening upon others. The villas spread over a vast extent of ground, with open porticoes and enclosed passages (*cryptoporticus*) connecting the several parts, and were for the most part but one story high, though here and there were square towers, turrets or pavilions rising with two or three stories above the rest, providing seclusion and a wide prospect. These square towers with broad eaves and low roofs are a familiar element in modern Italian architecture.

Undoubtedly the finest feature of the antique villas was their formal gardening, to which reference has already been made. In these terraced gardens, with their marble walks and balustrades, their niches, *exedras* and fountains, their clipped boxwood hedges, their clumps of myrtle and laurel and rose, their beds of violets and other fragrant flowers, the Roman bestowed a large part of the works of art which we gather into museums; in these gardens he lived much of his social life. He bought Greek statues as American millionaires buy French paintings. Cicero was constantly ordering them of his agents. "Your Hermathena pleases me greatly," he writes. "It stands so prettily that the whole lecture-room looks like a chapel of the deity." And again: "As for the statues you sent me before, I have not seen them. They are at Formiae. It is a public hall I have here, not a country house" he wrote from Formiae,—"*whither I am about to go. But I shall remove them all to my place at Tusculum.*" (Cicero, Letters; Ad Atticum, I, 4, 2). In the gardens also were shrines and *aedicules*. One form of gate-like structure constantly reappearing in the paintings and reliefs (see Fig. IV) appears to

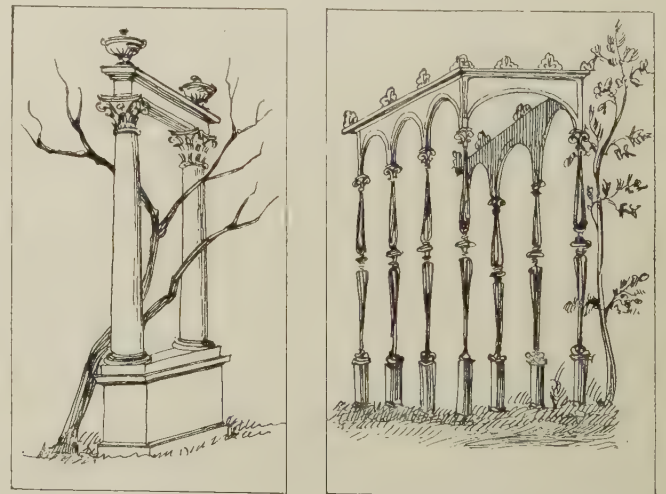


FIG. IV.—GATE-LIKE STRUCTURE AND AEDICULE
From paintings in the Baths of Titus



FIG. V.—A VILLA WITH ROOF GARDEN

From Pompeian Wall Paintings

be a tree-shrine, erected in connection with a sacred tree or tree dedicated to some deity.

In considering the various representations from paintings, it must be remembered that in most cases the drawing is of the most summary character, and no dependence can be placed upon the correctness of the proportions or details. Most of them may be compared to modern pictures on plates and dishes, occasionally representing an actual building with some fidelity, but more often fantastic and unreal. Especially is this true when the representation is part of a mere decoration, rather than of a picture making pretensions to realism. The frequent recurrence, however, of like structures in widely diverse paintings argues an actual and common prototype and pictures of structures resembling those one sees to-day in Italy are supposedly based on actualities. We may have grave doubts whether the palace in Fig. V ever existed outside of the painter's imagination, for it will hardly bear structural analysis. But when we find that Seneca moralizes upon the unnatural custom of planting gardens upon the housetops, the upper part of the structure takes on an air of reasonableness. Whether Fig. VI is a temple or a villa is not quite clear; perhaps the painter did not himself know and was simply painting "architecture."

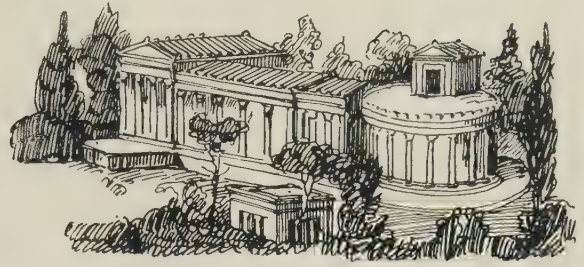


FIG. VI.—A TEMPLE OR VILLA

The tower-like buildings in Fig. VII are equally hard to explain with precision. But in Fig. VIII is another very similar edifice with a thatched barn behind it; and Fig. IX from a painting in the House of the Second Fountain at Pompeii, obviously a farm scene, shows a somewhat similar tower, lean-to shed, and pedestal with statues; so that we have probably here a somewhat fantastic series of pictures of

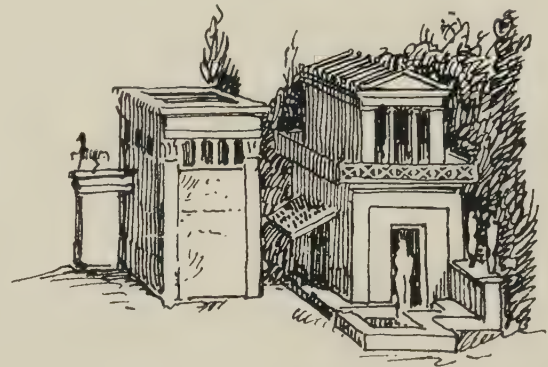


FIG. VII.—TYPES OF TOWER-LIKE STRUCTURES

From Pompeian Wall Paintings

actual types of towers or belvederes connected with the farm buildings and villas of the time. Fig. I is an unmistakably realistic representation of a wooden trellised arbor in a garden, and in other pictures in Rome and Pompeii we have many details of garden decoration like trellises, fountains, seats, and the like, which help to a reconstruction, in imagination, of the villa gardens of antiquity.

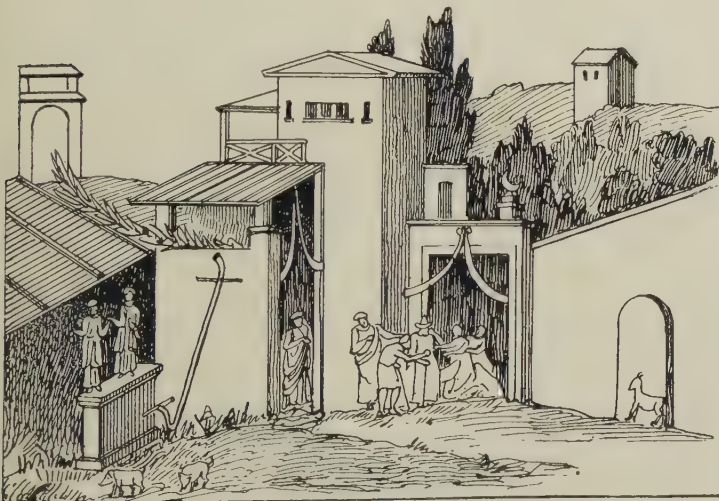


FIG. IX.—A FARMHOUSE SCENE

From a Painting in the "House of the Second Fountain," Pompeii

FIG. VIII.—TOWER-LIKE BUILDINGS WITH THATCHED BARN

From Pompeian Wall Paintings

Ancient Roman Country Houses



FIG. XI.—VARIOUS TYPES OF RURAL BUILDINGS
From Pompeian Wall Paintings

The interior decoration of ancient villas was no doubt much like that of the Pompeiian houses, of the Baths of Titus, the Golden House of Nero, and the house excavated in Rome in 1879, a part of whose walls were removed to the Museo delle Terme, where they may be seen to-day in marvelous preservation. The painting was on hard plaster, done either in *tempera* or—in finer work—by the encaustic process, using melted wax as the medium. Strong backgrounds of yellow, red and black were used, and a fantastic architecture, in a wild sort of conventional perspective, divided the walls into panels, some of which were adorned with landscapes, mythological scenes or *genre* pictures. The ceilings were probably panelled in wood, perhaps sometimes of plaster painted; the floors of mosaic or tile, or of marble flaggings. The furniture was scanty compared with modern equipments, but it was costly and heavy, of wood, ivory, bronze or marble. Rugs, cushions, folding stools and couches provided what comfort was to be had. To this day the Italian has little use for the lounging chairs, rockers, hammocks and other devices for comfort which the American deems essential.

The Roman type of villa belonged to the social organization of its time. No other age, people or system could have produced it. We have in modern times the vast wealth necessary for the building of splendid residences, but serfdom and slavery, essential elements in developing the Roman villa, have been forever abolished, and the privacy of family life, which we cherish to-day forbids the creation of the vast caravansaries which the Roman villas really were.

Four or five hundred slaves were not infrequently accommodated in a single one of the larger villas; and we read that when Cæsar visited Cicero at Puteoli,² two thousand of his soldiers were quartered in and about the house of Philippus near by. Hadrian's imperial villa at Tivoli covered a square

mile. Such enormous and extravagant establishments are out of the question in an age like ours, even as the folly of an emperor.

The smaller country houses of the Romans were, by contrast with the villas, quite modest affairs. One of these—a suburban rather than a rural house—was recently excavated in Boscoreale. There is no planning to it, in the modern sense of careful arrangement and systematic adaptation. Rooms of all sorts, sizes and shapes are strung around three sides of a court, and the domestic accommodations occupy but a small part of the whole area. This was, indeed, a farmhouse rather than a rural residence, and the wine-press, oil-press and fermentation court take up the greater part of the ground floor. There was a second story, which probably contained most of the sleeping and living rooms. It is noticeable that there was a complete bathing establishment, with furnace, tepid room and hot room, indicating a well-to-do owner.

The more genuinely rural houses of the small landed proprietors of antiquity have wholly perished. We may infer from the pictures preserved to this day that they were small and modest; that a tower or a turret was an essential feature; that barns and granaries were detached structures, often with thatched roofs; that the tools were left in lean-to sheds, and that barn-yard and dooryard were much the same thing. It would also seem to have been the custom to place the house and farm under the protection of deities whose statues were set up beside the entrance door. The group of sketches shown in Fig. XI³ possibly suggest the types of architecture which prevailed in these smaller houses. They are from carelessly painted details in Pompeiian pictures, and are not to be taken too literally. These rural houses may have been picturesque, but the poorest farm laborer on a New England hillside probably has more real comforts in his wooden house than the most prosperous plebeian farmer in ancient Italy.

² G. E. Jeans, *Selected Letters of Cicero*: Letter 104, to Atticus. (London, 1880.)

³ For these sketches I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Lucian E. Smith, of New York.

XX

The Borda Garden in Cuernavaca

SYLVESTER BAXTER

Illustrated with photographs by Henry G. Peabody

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THE climate of Mexico, with the everlasting summer that blesses the greater part of the country, particularly invites a formal treatment of the gardens. Indeed, the formal manner is what most conspicuously distinguishes the gardens of Mexico, as might be looked for in a country whose traditions in art are those of Mediterranean lands. It is the style that seems, almost naturally, and quite as a matter of course, to go with the environment that the culture and the topography confer: the stately architecture, the majestic landscape, the intensity of the sunlight and the corresponding depth of shadows, the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. Nevertheless the impression of formal design is not so strong upon the visitor as might be looked for under the circumstances. This is chiefly to be explained by the fact that in the long period of internal disorder that prevailed from the time of the separation from Spain down to the administration of President Diaz, all the esthetic considerations that had been held in regard throughout the three centuries of Spanish rule were inevitably almost utterly neglected. With a half-century of practically incessant revolution there was little opportunity or inclination to look after these things.

The gardens of Mexico may be classed in three main divisions: Those of public places, those of ecclesiastical institutions, and those of a domestic character. These again fall into various subdivisions, in each of which much of interest is to be observed. In the ecclesiastical field the gar-

dens of monasteries and convents, once of the highest importance in their elaboration and extent, now have little to show. With the sequestration of church property throughout Mexico these gardens are nearly all in a state of ruin or of utter abandonment. The civic gardening is the most conspicuous. Being, of course, always in the public eye, it still has much that is admirable, although in various respects the old-time standards have been lowered.

The domestic gardening, on the other hand, would be hardly suspected of existence by a stranger, were it not for the countless enchanting glimpses through open doors and gateways, or for the rich tresses of roses and other flowering climbers that trail along the tops of high enclosing walls. The domestic gardening is either charmingly concentrated in the *patios*, or open courts, that are a delightful feature of city houses, or is devoted to the embellishment of the enclosed areas attached to country houses or suburban dwellings.

In the suburbs of the City of Mexico there are some fine examples of the latter. But the most celebrated garden in the country is that which José de la Borda created for himself at a prodigious expense in the little city of Cuernavaca. Joseph of Bordeaux, as his name would be in English, came to Mexico early in the eighteenth century, a penniless French boy in search of a fortune. Had he come to the English colonies he would doubtless have been known as "Bordeaux Joe." Good luck allied itself with native energy; he



FOUNTAIN IN THE FLOWER GARDEN, SHADED
BY MANGO TREES

The Borda Garden in Cuernavaca



BASIN OF THE SUNKEN SECTION, LOOKING TOWARDS THE BRIDGE AND INCLINED WALK

engaged in mining, made some lucky ventures, and at last found himself a multimillionaire, in possession of one of the greatest individual fortunes that ever was accumulated in Mexico.

It was probably his long and fortunate career that kept him from following the inclinations common to men of his kind—those that prompt a return to the native land to enjoy the riches gained. Borda had great mining properties in various parts of the country, and at each of these centers he built superb great churches. Like most other rich men in New Spain, he built a palatial house in the City of Mexico. Men of wealth in Mexico customarily have country homes where they spend a considerable portion of the year. Many such men have large landed interests; great estates that number their acres by the thousand, and not infrequently by the hundred thousand. When such estates are in the *tierra caliente* or the *tierra templada*, the hot country or the temperate country, they choose the winter months for their country sojourn. The capital city is in the *tierra fria*, the cold country. The term is but relative; to the Northern sense the climate is wonderfully temperate. But the winter nights are now and then frosty where the tropical table-land is a mile and a half above sea-level. Then it is pleasant to leave the thin, crisp atmosphere for a while and luxuriate in the softer and warmer airs of lesser altitudes.

The interests of Don José were exclusively mining. Hence he had no great estate in the warm lands to

retire to. It was doubtless the convenience of location that induced him to choose Cuernavaca as the site for his villa—using the word in its Roman sense. Cuernavaca lay directly on the route between the capital and Tasco, to the southward, the scene of his most extensive mining interests. It therefore formed a most delightful stopping place in a fatiguing journey. Cuernavaca lies nearer the capital than any other town in the warm lands. Hence, from the very earliest days of Spanish dominion it has been in favor as a warm-weather resort. The great Conqueror himself, Hernán Cortés, built a palace there, and the rich sugar-estate that he established close by the town is still owned by his heirs. When Maximilian was Emperor of Mexico he made Cuernavaca his warm-country home. Probably the happiest days of his distressful reign were those that he and Charlotte spent amid these tranquil scenes.

A native town called Guanahuac occupied the site when Cortés came thither across the lofty Cordilleras from the Valley of Mexico. Cuernavaca, meaning “cow’s horn,” is a Spanish corruption of the original name. The place is now the capital of the small and wealthy State of Morelos. It stands in a superb location well down on the southern slope of the extinct volcano of Ajusco, across whose flank runs an important division of the Mexican Central system on its way to the Pacific. The town stands on a sort of promontory between two *barrancas*, or deep ravines. It is a picturesque aggregation of red-tiled

roofs; out of which rise several domes and towers. The landscape is one of the world's loveliest: the vast and fertile valley, rich with tropical cultivations, is surrounded by magnificent mountain ranges, among them the snowy peaks of some of the loftiest heights in North America. Cuernavaca is on the verge of the hot country, but really lies within the limits of the *tierra templada*, the temperate belt. The climate makes near approach to perfection. Some idea of it may be had by imagining a succession of ideal days in a Northern June, prolonged indefinitely through the year. In the clear, dry air the heat is seldom oppressive; the nights bring cooling breezes

of neglect, is such that no comparisons that might be made could diminish its charm.

In view of its urban vicinage the Borda villa could hardly be called a country home. But, like many of the villas of Rome, its qualities have the restfulness that rural scenery imparts. In the presence of the glorious landscape that encloses it upon three sides it seems like a vestibule built by man for Nature's temple. The villa is well within the city, but seems not of it. The entrance is not directly into the garden. One passes through a plain sort of hall, or ante-room, whose cheerless walls heighten the effect of the coming transition. A door opens and one enters upon a



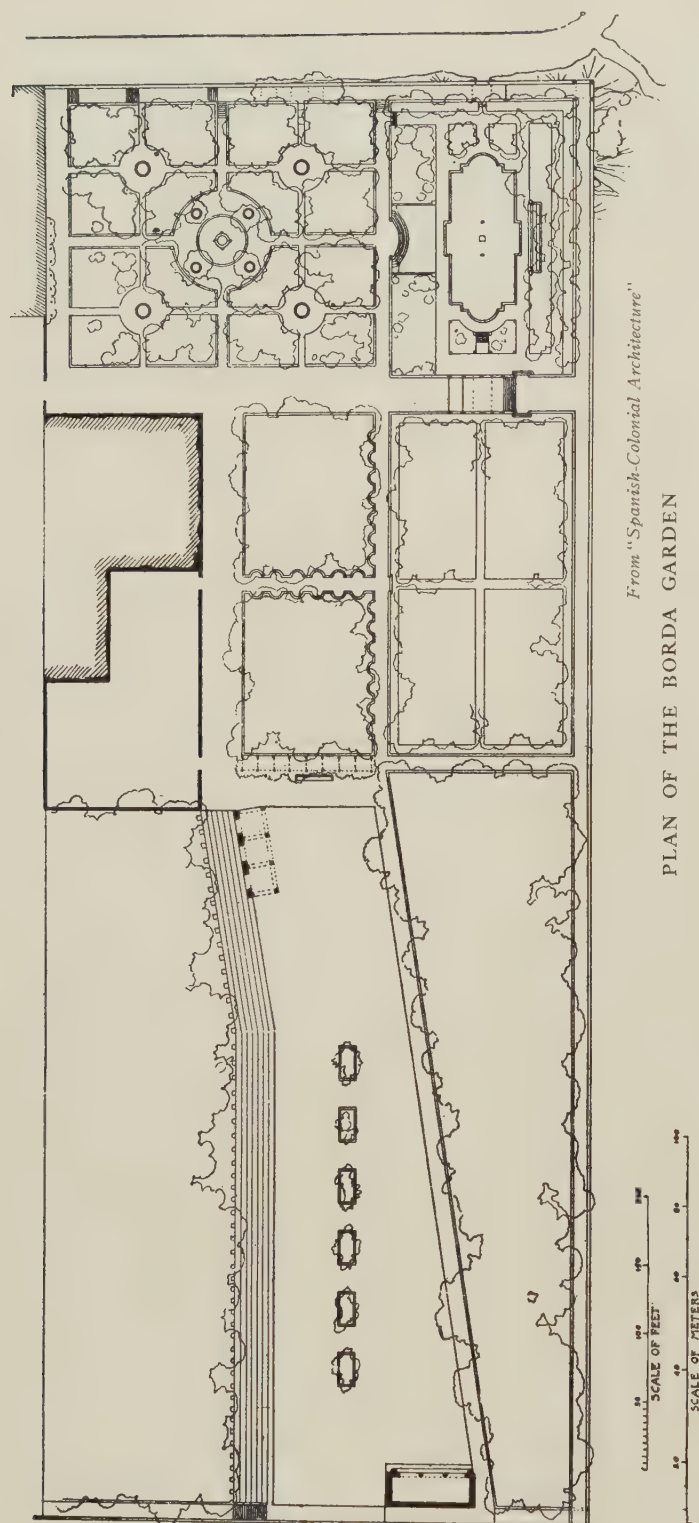
THE GREAT BASIN, WITH BOAT HOUSE AND TERRACE STEPS, LOOKING NORTH

that flow gently down the mountain sides, but there is never a chill in their breath. Clear water from great springs that gush from the slopes above sparkles in brooks and irrigating channels on every hand. Its friendly babble is heard everywhere as it hurries valeward, pausing to make gardens and orchards perennially verdant on the way to its greater task of watering the vast fields below.

Such surroundings make the location an ideal one for a garden as beautiful as the hands of man can make it. When we think of Italy and its villas we appreciate that their standards are far from reached in the finest that Mexico has to show us. But the beauty of the Borda garden, even in its present state

spacious cloistered corridor on the south side of an L of the house. This corridor appears to be the only architectural feature of the dwelling, which otherwise is very plain. Hanging in the arcade, in the pleasant Mexican fashion, are many flowering plants and cages of song-birds. The flooring of red tile is continued in a wide walk that descends by a gentle and uniform grade to the lower side of the garden. It should be said that the Borda place lies on the western side of the city, the garden located along the upper slope of the deep ravine that separates the main town from the outskirt population of San Antón, an Indian suburb where the curious Cuernavaca pottery, inlaid with bits of broken crockery, is made. Just

The Borda Garden in Cuernavaca



outside the long wall on the lower side of the garden the verge of the *barranca* becomes very steep. The garden has a length of about 270 metres and a width of about 145 metres, or about 1000 by 400 feet, which gives it an area of something over nine acres.

The place has long been neglected. Its main function is now one of utility. Its present owners devote it to the cultivation of coffee, but they derive some little revenue from admission fees and photo-

graphing privileges—the latter regulated according to the size of the camera. The walks and the structural features are kept in good condition, but the jungle of tree-growth that occupies nearly all the area outside the water-surface makes the effect entirely different from what it must have been when the place was in its glory. To shade the coffee, various sorts of fruit trees have been planted all over the garden. These trees are full grown and are handsome in themselves. For the most part they are *mangos*, *aguacates*, *mameys*, and the Mexican persimmon, or *zapote prieto*. The effect of tree-growth occupying the entire garden is, of course, all too monotonous. But there is a great fascination in the melancholy charm produced by a blending of age, neglect, and decay. The vistas along the paths, with their bosky reaches of luminous shade, friendly with a softened gloom and frequently spangled with sunshine, retain many traces of the past impressiveness.

In such a climate abundant shadow is a grateful element and it was probably taken into account in the original work with plantations of trees at effective points as well as in the various structural shelters disposed here and there. But the mantle of foliage that now covers almost every part leaves no room for the desirable effects of parterres, turf, and other open features that go with a garden of the kind and which were doubtless existent when the place was in its prime. The arborescent growth, however, has by no means obliterated the effectiveness of the terraces, arcades, pergolas, arbors, basins and fountains, that still show very beautifully.

The accompanying plan of the garden was made for "Spanish-Colonial Architecture in Mexico" by Mr. Bertram G. Goodhue, the architect, on the basis of a sketch kindly furnished by Mrs. Richard Frost of Redlands, California. Mr. Goodhue had visited the garden and had carefully noted its character; hence the plan gives a fairly accurate presentment of the place. To the southward of the broad transverse walk the upper section is devoted to what appears to have originally been the flower-garden. A portion of it is still occupied by various flowering plants. There are five circular basins for fountains. Fountains and statuary were probably an important feature of the garden's embellishment. If so, however, all such work has long since disappeared, with the exception of an exquisite temple-like structure that occupies the northeast circle, near the house.

The remainder of the part to the south of the wide walk is devoted to a sunken section with a large basin for its central feature. This basin is overlooked from a terrace bordering the flower-garden, a short flight of curved steps descending in its center. On the main axis of the basin is the arch of a bridge in the broad walk, spanning a path that traverses the section on the north. Curiously the incline is carried across the bridge to the steps beyond.



THE GREAT BASIN, WITH ISLANDS AND TERRACE STEPS, LOOKING SOUTH TOWARD BOAT HOUSE

A great basin, of an irregular geometrical shape, runs the length of the northern half of the garden. This irregularity, which is not so awkward in effect as it appears in the design, was probably determined by the contours of the ground. It seems to give the impression of a greater extent of the water-surface than a basin of regular lines would make. Even the turn in the line of the long steps of the terrace on the upper side of the basin is not without an effectiveness of its own. These steps may suggest seats for spectators at an aquatic *fiesta*—say of boating, swimming-contests, or illuminations and fireworks. An odd feature is the line of six little rectangular islets with plants and shrubbery. At the south end of the basin, adjoining the terrace, is a handsome arcaded boat-house. The views up and down the length of the basin are strikingly fine—particularly that from the

pergola at the south end towards the arcaded shelter at the opposite extreme, beyond which rises the noble mountain landscape dominated by the peaks of Ajusco. Straight walks border the garden on three sides and at the two lower corners are pavilions, or *miradores* (lookouts) rising above the high enclosing walls and commanding extensive prospects over the spacious landscape to the northward, westward and southward.

It has often been stated that Don José de la Borda expended a million dollars upon this garden. This may be an exaggeration. Labor was cheap in New Spain a century and a half ago. A million dollars would have done a tremendous amount of grading and built piles of masonry. Great sums, however, may have been laid out for works of embellishment that are no longer in evidence.



XXI

Indian Gardens

E. B. HAVELL

Of the Government School of Art at Calcutta

GARDENING, in an artistic sense, will soon become one of the lost arts of India: perhaps it may be placed in that category already. Gardening, in a horticultural sense, still flourishes in India, and doubtless will continue to do so; but the art, so well understood by the Moguls, of planning and planting gardens in direct harmonious relation to the house, palace, or mausoleum to which they belong, is now rarely, if ever, practiced. Even the old gardens which the Moguls designed have either been allowed to fall into ruin or have been so transformed on modern European lines that the original idea has been entirely lost.

There are two causes which have led to the neglect of old Indian garden-craft: first, the degradation of taste, which, among so many Indians of the higher classes, has converted an active artistic faculty into a passive imitation of European fashions: secondly, the change of habits, which has deprived the garden of a great deal of the practical use it formerly served. Before the days of railways the garden in India took the place of hill-stations and summer resorts. With its fountains, cascades, water-courses and airy pavilions, it was a refuge in the hot weather from the stifling heat of the house. Every rich man, besides his ancestral palace or mansion (which always possessed inner courtyards, planted as gardens for the especial use of the ladies of the *zanana*), kept up one or more summer retreats, or garden-houses.

Previous to the Mogul epoch there is very little information to be obtained concerning Hindu notions of gardening, except what may be gathered from very vague descriptions in dramatic or poetical writings. The illustration given on the following page shows the ordinary type represented in Hindu paintings; but I know of no Hindu pictures of gardens older than the Mogul time, and probably this painting represents a style borrowed largely, if not entirely, from the Moguls. In the Mogul gardens there is always a raised platform, generally placed in the center. This was a very essential feature, for the *raison d'être* of an Indian garden was much more as a place for reclining at ease, for quiet enjoyment of music, of conversation and the *hukkah*, in the cool of the even-

ing, rather than for exercise or amusements of an athletic description. In Indian gardens, therefore, the meandering paths, cunning mazes, labyrinths, and wide lawns, which Western people enjoy, are never found. Round the platform, which often had a fountain in the center, the garden was mapped out into square or oblong flower beds, nearly always planted with poppies, if we may believe old native pictures of Hindu gardens. Trees were planted round the platform and along the four sides of the garden, and also scattered somewhat promiscuously among the flower beds. The planting of the garden as well as the disposal of trees and flowers, had to conform to various considerations besides esthetic rules. According to an old Indian treatise on gardening, the north and east sides of the house were auspicious for making a garden; the south, southwest and southeast were aspects to be avoided. "These five trees should be planted first: phulsah (*Grewia Asiatica*), neal bhela, or marking nut tree, poonag (*Rottleria tinctoria*), Sirish (*Mimosa sirissa*), and nim (*Melia azadirachta*), as they are lucky: after this plantations of any kind may be made." The following trees should be planted on the four sides of the gardens, within the ditches (irrigation channels): on the east side, caronda (*Carissa carondas*); on the south, bamboo; on the north, conor, or jujube (*Zizyphus jujuba*) and caith (*Feronia elephantum*); on the west, amlah (*Emblia officinalis*) and bel (*Ægle marmelos*). No kind of thorny plant should be planted near or in the entrance of a house—a very sensible limitation. Trees and flowers were also chosen as bearing some symbolic meaning, or from being sacred to the gods. The Asoka tree, with its splendid scarlet blossoms, is sacred to Shiva; the jasmine flower, to Shiva and Vishnu; the champak blossom, to Kama Deva, the Indian Cupid.

The famous gardens in the North of India, of which a more definite account will be given, are all of the Mogul epoch. Babar, the first of the Great Moguls (1494-1530) and prince of gardeners, has given in his memoirs the following description of one of the numerous gardens he laid out in his kingdom of Kabul, before the conquest of Hindustan: "In this

district (the Istalif district, to the northwest of Kabul) is a garden, called 'Bagh-e-Kilân' (the Splendid Garden) which Ulugh Bey Mirza seized upon. I paid the price of the garden to the proprietors and received from them a grant of it. On the outside of the garden are large and beautiful spreading palm-trees, under the shade of which there are agreeable spots, finely sheltered. A perennial stream, large enough to turn a mill, runs through the garden and on its banks are planted plane and other trees. Formerly this stream flowed in a winding and crooked course, but I ordered the course to be altered according to a regular plan which added greatly to the beauty of the place." In a valley close by he confined a rivulet within artificial banks "and caused a channel to be dug for it over one of the heights on the southwest of Sêyârên." On the top of this height he formed a circular platform on which to sit and take his ease.

In another district of Kabul he planted a garden, named by him Bagh-e-Vafâ, or Garden of Fidelity, which he describes thus: "It overlooks the river, which flows between the fort and the palace. In the year in which I defeated Behâr Khan, and conquered Lahore and Dibâlpûr, I brought plantains and started them here. The year before I had also planted the sugar-cane in it, which grew and thrived. It is on an elevated site, enjoys running water, and the climate in the winter season is temperate. In the garden there is a small hillock from which a stream of water, sufficient to drive a mill, incessantly flows into the garden below. The four-fold field plot (i. e., a part of the garden divided into four compartments in the old Mogul fashion) of the garden is situated on this eminence. On the southwest part of this garden is a reservoir of water, ten *gez* square, which is wholly planted round with orange trees; there are likewise pomegranates. All around the piece of water the ground is quite covered with clover. This spot is the very eye of the beauty of the garden. At the time when the orange becomes yellow the prospect is delightful. Indeed the garden is charmingly laid out."

Some years afterwards, returning from one of his Indian campaigns, he hastened to visit his beloved Garden of Fidelity and found it in all its glory. "Its grass-plots were all covered with clover; its pome-

granate trees were entirely of a beautiful yellow color. It was the pomegranate season and the fruit was hanging red on the trees. The orange trees were green and beautiful, loaded with innumerable oranges; but the best of them were not yet ripe."

In these descriptions we have an exposition of some of the ancient principles of gardening as practised in Central Asia and Persia and Afghanistan in the beginning of the sixteenth century. First, the choice of a place beautiful from the hands of Nature; next, the arrangement of the irrigation, artificial waterfalls, fountains, reservoirs, flower beds and fruit trees, and a platform for sitting upon—all according to a definite artistic tradition. Symbolism and

mysticism were the foundation of all Eastern art and garden-craft. Every tree and every flower had some symbolic or mystical meaning, traces of which can still be found in old European folk-lore. The garden itself, according to the Tartar traditions which Babar brought with him into India, was a symbol of life and death. Some of the Mogul gardens were used only as pleasure-grounds; but there was always one especial favorite which was set apart for the owner's last resting place when the pleasures of life were over. It must have been acquired by fair means, and not by force or fraud, otherwise the possession of it would only bring misfortune. Hence Babar's allusion to the fact that he had paid the price of the Bagh-e-Kilân to the proprietors and received a grant of it.



A GARDEN, FROM AN OLD INDIAN PAINTING

When Babar conquered Hindustan and established himself at Agra, the barrenness and flatness of the country put great difficulties in the way of his projects for laying out gardens. He expresses his disgust in the following words: "It always appears to me that one of the chief defects of Hindustan is the want of artificial water-courses. I had intended, wherever I might fix my residence, to construct water-wheels, to produce an artificial stream, and to lay out an elegant and regularly planned pleasure-ground. Shortly after coming to Agra I passed the Jumna with this object in view and examined the country to pitch upon a fit spot. The whole was so ugly and detestable that I repassed the river quite repulsed and disgusted. In consequence of the want of beauty and of the disagreeable aspect of the country I gave up my intention of making a *charbagh*



THE SHAHLIMAR GARDENS AT SRINAGAR (KASHMIR)—A VIEW FROM THE UPPER PAVILION

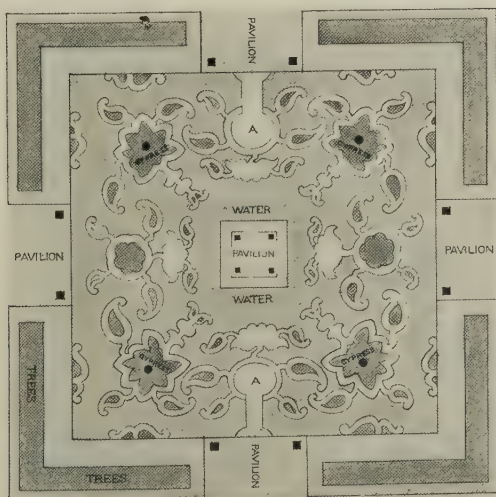
(garden); but as no better presented itself near Agra I was finally compelled to make the best of this same spot. . . . In every corner I planted suitable gardens, in every garden I sowed roses and narcissus regularly, and in beds corresponding to each other." He also avowed his unmitigated contempt for all things Indian: "The country and towns of Hindustan are extremely ugly. All its towns and lands have a uniform look; its gardens have no walls; the greater part of it is a level plain. . . . They have no good horses, no good flesh; no grapes or musk-melons, no good fruit, no ice or cold water, no good food or bread in their bazars, no candles or torches—never a candlestick!"

Undoubtedly India owes a great deal to the Mogul love of gardening. Though, as I have observed above, the artistic traditions of their garden-craft are practically dead, the old gardens were frequently laid out so solidly in marble and stone that it is possible to get a very accurate idea of the Mogul or "regularly planned pleasure-grounds" from the framework of them which still exists. At Agra the gardens were generally planted along the banks of the river Jumna, which not only formed a noble background but made it easy to provide the irrigation and "artificial water-courses." The flatness and monotony of the country around Agra which so disgusted Babar, and also the climatic conditions of India, probably forced him to adopt a more formal design than he would have preferred among the beautiful hills and streams of his dearly loved and never-forgotten home in Central Asia. Unfortunately none of Babar's Indian gardens now remain except that at Agra, which is now known as the Ram Bagh; this has been so Europeanized that it is unsuitable for illustration.

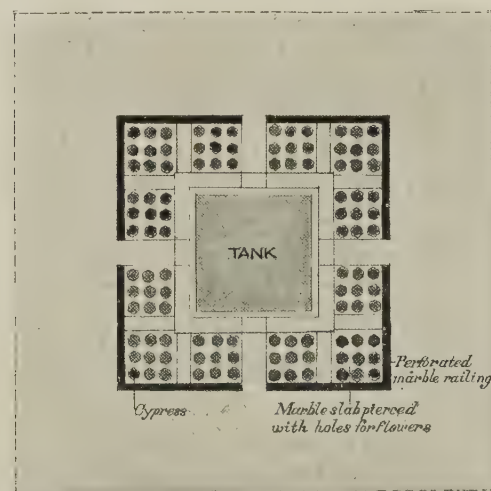
Jahangir, the great-grandson of Babar (1605-1627), gives in his memoirs a description of one of Babar's Agra gardens, with a four-storied marble

pavilion decorated with gold and lapis-lazuli and approached by a magnificent avenue of areca-nut palms ninety feet high. It was planted with vines, apricots, apple and plum trees brought from Kabul, with pineapples and other foreign fruits introduced by the Portuguese, besides innumerable Indian fruits. Of flowers he mentions a great variety of roses, especially the musk and damask rose, the jasmine and *gult-chemeily*, which is either *Jasminum grandiflora*, or the gardenia. Babar's grandson, Akbar, laid out many gardens at Fatehpur Sikri and near Agra. He brought horticulturists from Persia to look after them. None of these gardens now exist. Jahangir mentions one of them as being remarkable for a great many ancient cypress trees of extraordinary size. These were probably planted by Babar, as he apparently was the first to introduce the cypress into India.

The earliest Mogul gardens which exist now in anything like their original condition are those which the Emperor Jahangir himself constructed. Some time before he came to the throne he was at Udaipur in Rajputana, and there, in one of the island palaces on the lake, is a very interesting garden, which, though probably not of his time, is of the Persian style which he introduced into Rajputana. It is not now cultivated in the old style, but the plan of it below gives a good idea of its very original construction. The flower beds are worked out with brick, covered with a fine polished plaster, into conventional floral patterns, imitating, with the living flowers planted in them, the design of a Persian carpet. The waters of the lake flow into the interstices to form the ground of the pattern. The plain spaces AA are platforms on which to sit. In the center of the garden is a small marble pavilion, probably for musicians; to reach it one must wade through the water, or pass over a plank. A marble



PLAN OF A GARDEN
In one of the Island Palaces of Udaipur



PLAN OF A COURTYARD
In the Maharajah's Palace at Udaipur



Photographed by Bourne & Shepherd, Calcutta

THE SHAHLIMAR GARDENS—THE LOWER PAVILION

platform with beds for trees surrounds the garden. The larger pavilions on each of its four sides look out over the lake.

At Udaipur also, within the Maharajah's palace, there is a small courtyard (see page 187) laid out in typical Mogul style. A marble tank in the center is surrounded by square plots, panelled by slabs of marble into geometric flower beds. A rail of perforated marble encloses the flower plots, four cypresses marking the outer corners. In the Mogul times every palace contained within its walls, gardens

forty years after the Shahlimar Bagh was made and thus describes it: "The most beautiful of all these gardens is one belonging to the King called Chahlimar. The entrance from the lake is through a spacious canal bordered with green turf and running between two rows of poplars. Its length is about five hundred paces and it leads to a large summer house placed in the middle of the garden. A second canal, still finer than the first, then conducts you to another summer house at the end of the garden. The canal is paved with large blocks of freestone and its sloping



THE UPPER PAVILION OF THE SHAHLIMAR GARDENS

such as this, large or small, for the use of the ladies of the zanana.

Jahangir's most famous gardens are those which he and his accomplished Queen, the beautiful Nur Mahal, "the Light of the Palace," laid out on a magnificent scale in Kashmir, after his accession to the throne. The principal one, called the Shahlimar Bagh, measures 500 yards by 207, and is arranged in four terraces; a masonry wall, 10 feet high, encloses the whole garden. A mountain-stream, as in the Bagh-e-Kilân described by Babar, is trained to pass through the center of the garden, filling its artificial reservoirs and irrigation channels, and falling from terrace to terrace over cascades built of masonry. Bernier, the French physician, who passed many years at Aurangzib's court, visited Kashmir about

sides are covered with the same material. In the middle is a long row of fountains fifteen paces asunder; besides which there are here and there large circular basins or reservoirs, formed into a variety of shapes and figures. The summer houses are placed in the midst of the canal, consequently surrounded by water, and between the two rows of poplars planted on either side."

He describes the Kashmir gardens generally as being covered with fruit-trees, and laid out with regular trellised walks. They were usually surrounded by the large-leaved aspen, planted at intervals of two feet. The largest of these trees were as high as the mast of a ship, with a tuft of branches at the top like palm-trees. The reservoirs were stocked with fish, so tame that they approached when called;



ONE OF THE CASCADES AT SRINAGAR

some of the largest fish had gold rings with inscriptions "placed there, it is said, by the celebrated Nur Mahal."

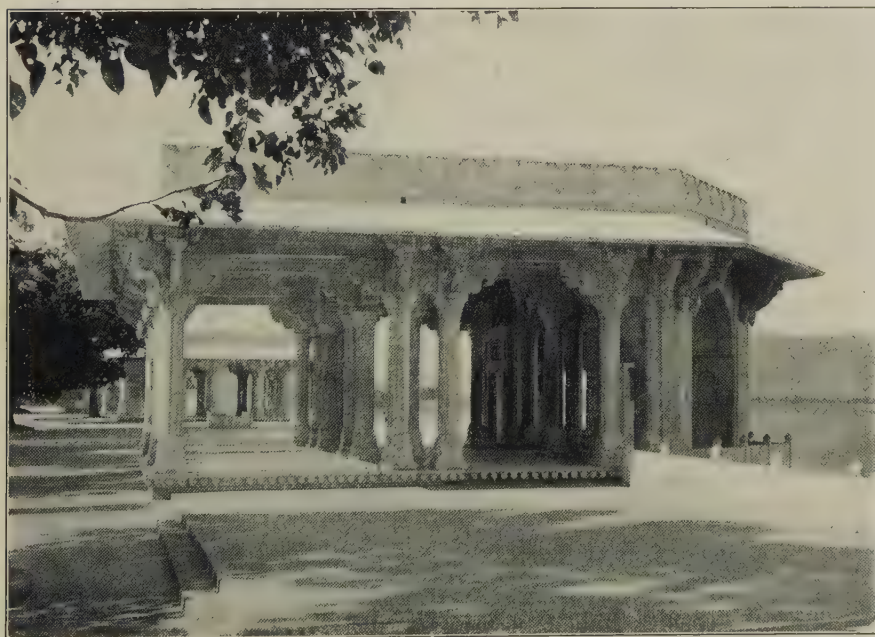
Our illustration on page 186 is a view from the upper pavilion of the Shahlimar Bagh, from a photograph taken some years ago. It shows the avenue of plane-trees which line the principal water-course. It will be observed that Bernier describes rows of poplars, not plane-trees, on either side of the channel. In his account of the gardens at Achibal, also laid out by Jahangir, he gives details regarding the arrangement of the fountains, cascades and trees which apply equally well to the Shahlimar Bagh:—

"What principally constitutes the beauty of the place is a fountain whose waters disperse themselves into a hundred canals round the house, which is by no means unseemly, and throughout the gardens. . . The garden is very handsome, laid out in regular walks, and full of fruit-trees, apple, pear, plum, apricot and cherry. *Fets d'eau* in various forms and fish ponds are in great number, and there is a lofty cascade which in its fall takes the form and

One illustration here given (page 188), a view of the Shahlimar pavilion, when the water is not flowing, shows two stone terrace walls behind the pavilion with numbers of small niches for lamps by which the cascades were illuminated in the manner thus de-



WATER-COURSE OF THE UPPER TERRACE AT SHAHLIMAR

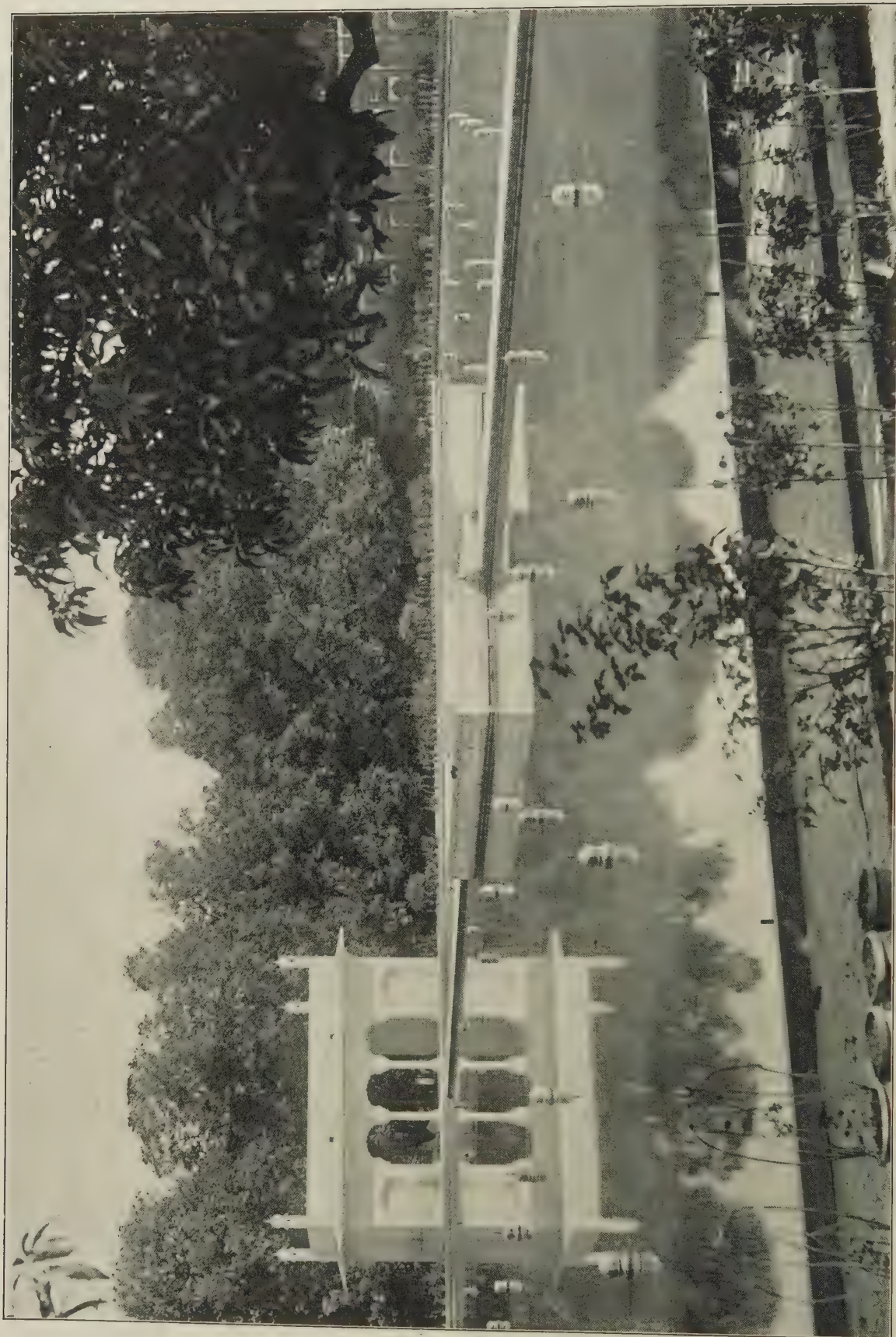


SHAH JAHAN'S PAVILIONS ON THE LAKE AT AJMIR

color of a large sheet, thirty or forty paces in length, producing the finest effects imaginable: especially at night, when innumerable lamps, fixed in parts of the wall adapted for that purpose, are lighted under this sheet of water."

scribed by Bernier. In the neighborhood of Srinagar, Jahangir laid out many other fine gardens assisted by the taste of Nur Mahal, who is said to have chosen the site for some of them. Like most Eastern potentates, Jahangir was a much-married man, but he confessed that he never knew what marriage was until he married Nur Mahal. Her name was joined with his on the imperial coinage; an inscription declared that gold acquired a new value since "Nur Mahal" appeared upon it. They spent many hot seasons together in their Kashmir gardens, enjoying the shade of the splendid avenues and orchards and the refreshing coolness of the cascades and fountains. No wonder that Jahangir prized Kashmir above all the other provinces of his empire. Many of his nobles imitated the imperial fancy for gardening. The Nishat Bagh, with a delightful prospect over Lake Dal, was constructed by Yemin-ud-danla, one of Jahangir's ministers. It had nine terraces. The lowest contained a fine double-storied pavilion through

which the principal water-channel extended and supplied the fountains on the ground floor. On page 193 is a view of the terraces, looking up the garden. It shows the dried-up water-channel and cascades and some of the old cypress trees.



THE UPPER TERRACE OF THE SHAHLIMAR GARDENS

Shah Jahan, Jahangir's son and successor, commenced in 1634 the Shahlimar gardens at Lahore on the model of his father's Kashmir gardens. Though they have suffered terribly, like all the other Mogul gardens, from neglect, spoliation and Europeanization, something of the original intention may be gathered from what remains. The figure on page 196 gives the plan of the gardens. They are divided into three terraces, the dimensions of the whole being five hundred and twenty yards in length and two hundred and thirty yards in breadth. A masonry wall twenty feet high surrounds the entire garden, and secured the privacy which Shah Jahan desired for his zanana.



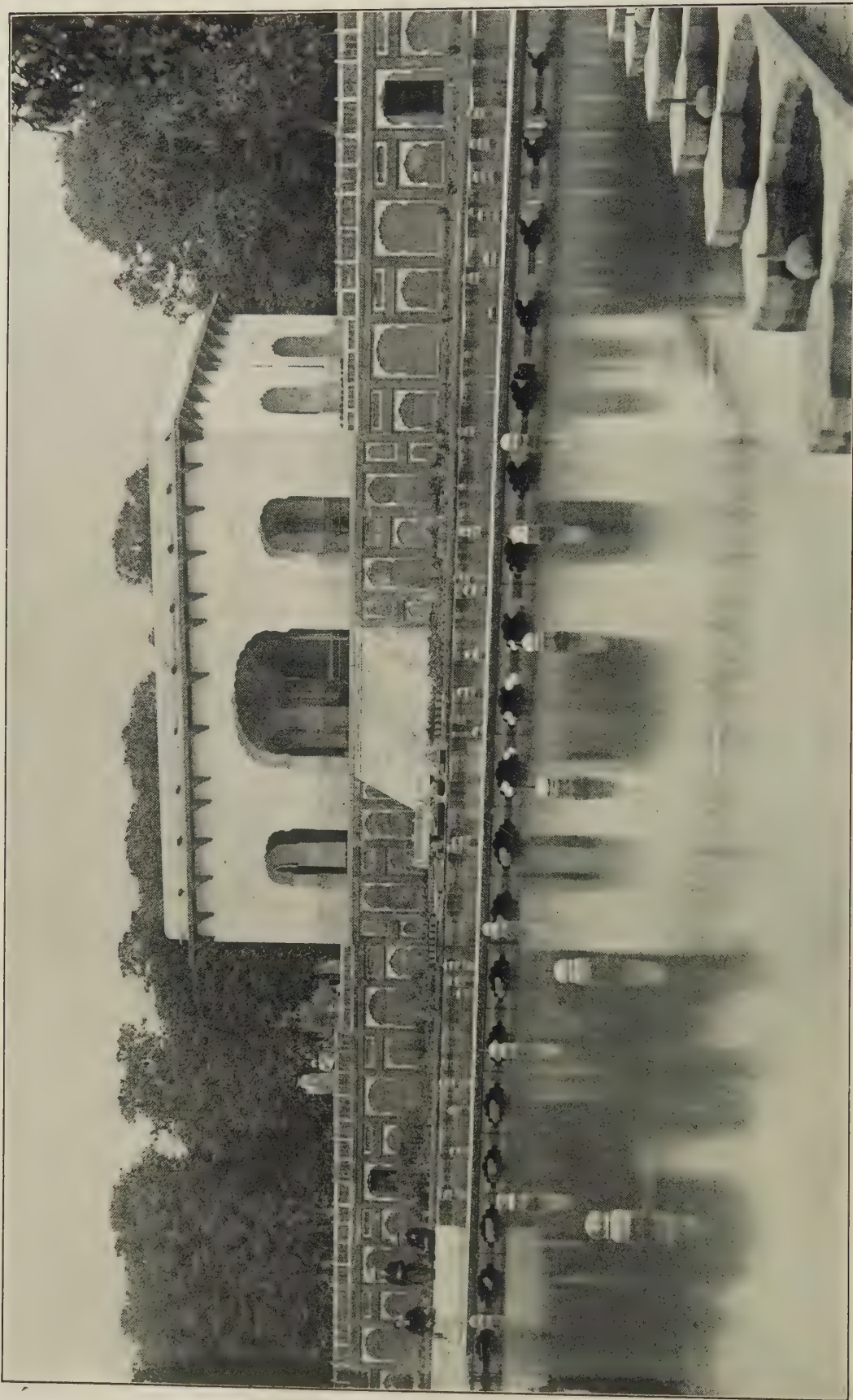
A GATE OF THE SHAHLIMAR GARDENS

The first terrace is a square of two hundred and thirty yards, divided into four smaller squares by the principal water-

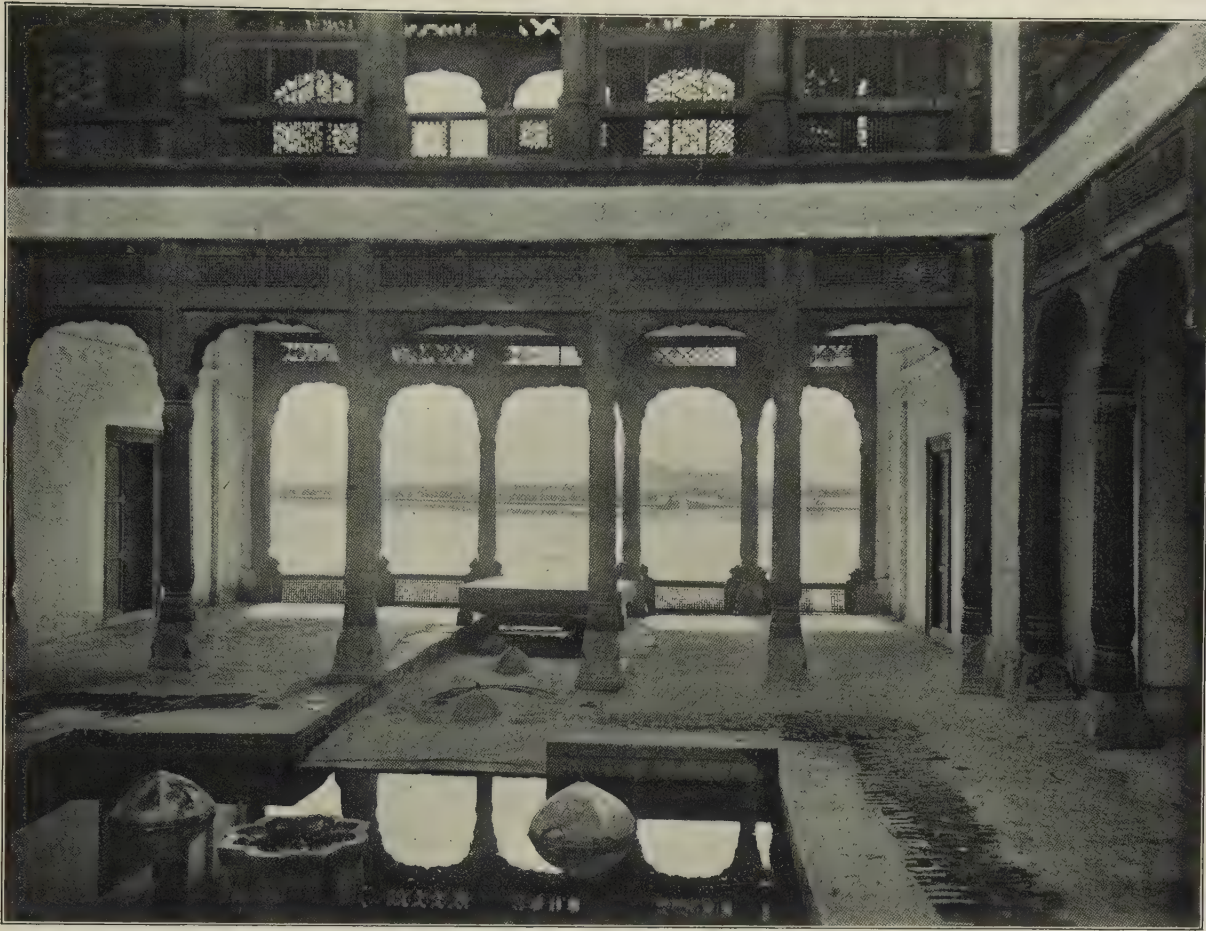
channels. The water was brought from the distant hills by a canal constructed by Shah Jahan's engineers at a cost of two lakhs of rupees (about one hundred thousand dollars). Each of the smaller squares is again subdivided into four squares, as shown in the lower left-hand corner of the plan, but the gardens have been so often the campingground of marauding armies that it is difficult to say how much the present lay-out corresponds with the original design of the Moguls. In the center of the east and west boundary walls two large pavilions were placed for the convenience of the emperor and his zanana. The water from the central channel passes through another pavilion, overlooking the second terrace and, falling over a carved marble slope in front of this pavilion descends about ten feet into the main reservoir which



THE TERRACES OF THE NISHAT BAGH



THE SHAHLIMAR GARDENS AT LAHORE
A View of the Reservoir on the Lower Terrace and the Pavilion on the Upper



THE NISHAT BAGH—INTERIOR OF THE LOWER PAVILION LOOKING TOWARD THE LAKE

is the principal feature of the gardens. These marble stone water-shoots were ingeniously carved in various patterns cut at an angle so that the water running over them was thrown up into ripples and splashes, suggesting the pleasant gurgling of a mountain stream.

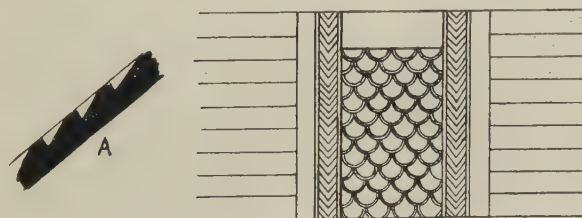
Our diagram shows one of these in Babar's garden, the Ram Bagh, at Agra. The enlarged section of the slope at A explains the method of carving. The Mogul gardeners employed every device to mitigate the intense dry summer heat of Northern India and to recall the memories of their mountain homes in Central Asia.

The illustrations on pages 192 and 194 show the central reservoir with its one hundred and forty-four water jets and the marble platform in the center. The marble work of the reservoirs and water-channels is part of the original Mogul design. The pavilions are nearly all inferior modern restorations in brick and plaster, the Sikhs in the eighteenth century

having despoiled the gardens of most of the splendid marble and agate work to ornament the Ram Bagh at Amritsar.

Some idea of the elegance of Shah Jahan's garden pavilions can be gained from the illustration of those he built on the embankment of the lake at Ajmir; but no photograph can do justice to the whole poetic charm of these buildings and their surroundings. They are quite unique of their kind, and Indian art owes much to Lord Argon for their rescue and admirable restoration. To watch the sunset over the lake with these marble pavilions in the foreground, reflecting the glow of color in sky and water, gives an impression of beauty which not even the Taj can diminish. Since the days of ancient Greece there has been little architecture of such exquisite feeling and classic grace as this.

The gardens on either side of the great reservoir in this second terrace are four and a half feet below the first terrace. The plan shows the arrangement



METHOD OF CUTTING WATER CHANNELS
Terrace steps and carved water-shoot in the Ram Bagh at Agra

Indian Gardens

of the water-channels. On the east boundary wall of this terrace are the royal bath-rooms. The gardens were in fact completely equipped for royal residence, so that whenever the emperor visited Lahore the inconveniences of tents and camp life were avoided.

On the north side of the reservoir there is another large pavilion through which the water passes to reach the third main terrace. Moorcroft, who visited Lahore in 1820, gives this description of the pavilion: "There are some open apartments of white marble of one story on a level with the basin, which present in front a square marble chamber, with recesses on its sides for lamps, before which water may be made to fall in sheets from a ledge surrounding the room at the top, whilst streams of water spout up through holes in the floor. This is called 'Sawan Bha-don' as imitative of light and darkness with clouds and heavy showers in the season of the rains."

A similar device for cooling the rooms exists in an old garden pavilion at Alwar, belonging to the Maharajah. Of this an illustration is here given. A row of small jets is placed just under the cornice, outside of the pavilion, so that the whole structure can be enclosed in a fine spray of water.

The third, and lowest, terrace of the gardens is a square of two hundred and thirty yards, or the same size as the first. It is at the present time laid out in nearly the same manner; but the gardens, though

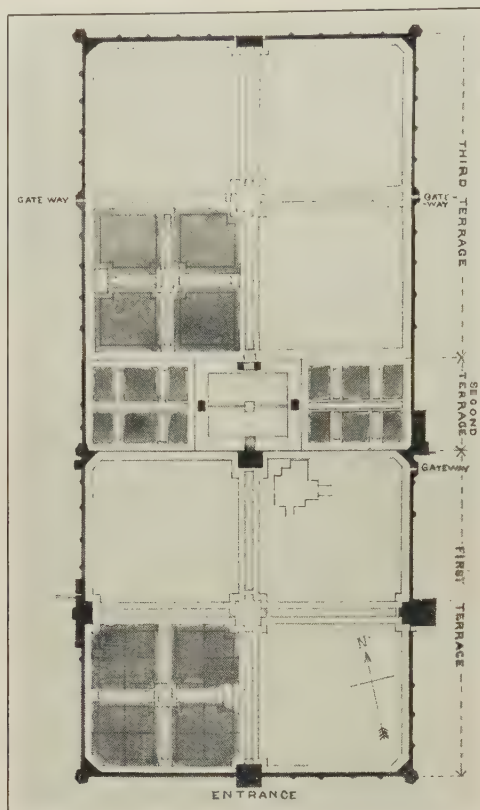
government property, have been leased out for many years for the cultivation of fruit, and the plantation has accordingly been made entirely without regard to artistic effect. The most noticeable features of this

terrace are two gateways (one of which is illustrated on page 193), decorated with the beautiful enameled tiles in the Persian style, of which there are many fine examples in Lahore.

The "Badshahnamah," a history of the Mogul emperors, written by a native historian of Shah Jahan's time, gives a long but not very lucid account of the original construction and plantation of the Shahlimar Gardens at Lahore. He describes the upper terrace as a continuous flower bed, with plane trees and aspens planted at regular intervals at the sides. A pleasant suggestion is conveyed in the description he gives of an aspen, with a plane tree on either side of it, planted on the banks of the *Shah Nahr*, or principal water-channel, by the emperor himself when a young man. A platform was built under each tree, on which the emperor and the ladies of his zanana could recline at ease.

The ground in front was covered, not with gorgeous textiles of silk and gold from the famous looms of Lahore, but with a soft carpet of clover. Evi-

dently Shah Jahan's appreciation of the charms of nature, inherited from his great ancestor, Babar, had not been entirely lost in the luxurious pomp of the Mogul Court and his garden, even to-day, shows his unerring judgment in such artistic matters.



Plan of Shah Jahan's Garden



A GARDEN PAVILION AT ALWAR
Showing water jets under the cornices for use in cooling the rooms

XXII

Beaulieu Abbey

THE DOWAGER COUNTESS DE LA WARR

NO more beautiful spot can be selected to visit than the ruins of Beaulieu Abbey, situated on the borders of the New Forest, near the source of the Exe, which is here generally called the Beaulieu River. The name of this lovely spot—Beau Lieu—which has been corrupted in its pronunciation to Bewley, though still spelt as in former ages) speaks for itself, and shows that the old monks had not only a full appreciation of the beauties of Nature, but were also not unmindful of Nature's bounty, for the river near its source above Beaulieu supplied them with most excellent trout, while below Beaulieu—owing to the tide from the Solent—they were also able to secure all kinds of sea fish.

The course of the river to Lepe, where it connects with the sea, is most lovely, and it is a lovely expedition if one will take a boat for a row or a sail and run with the tide down the river to Lepe, winding twenty-five times in a distance of seven miles by the side of lovely wooded banks, each turn revealing fresh beauties. Besides the advantage the river gave the monks, they had others arising from their proximity to the New Forest, abounding as it did in those days in every kind of game, which the good monks had the privilege of hunting. They also owed much to the mildness of the climate, so mild that besides being able to cultivate all kinds of ordinary fruits, vegetables and herbs, they had excellent vineyards

which produced great quantities of grapes, and out of them they made a wine which won a world-wide reputation and brought a great revenue to the Abbey. Their home-brewed beer, produced from the hops they cultivated, also gained great renown, while for their own use they made cider and perry. Truly, had it not been for what they had so often to go

through during the various civil wars and troubles of the kingdom, the lot of the Beaulieu monks in their beautiful secluded Abbey was one to be envied. But a short description of the buildings, as they were then and as they are now, may interest my readers.

Strange to say they owe their origin to one of the most graceless kings of England, John, who in 1204 began to erect this spacious Abbey. This is the only act of the kind his name is associated with, and if the story is true as told by early writers, it was not wrung from him

without pain. We read in the Abbey records that he had a fierce quarrel with the Cistercian monks who were established in another part of England, and had vowed to inflict upon them merciless punishment. He ordered them to go to Lincoln, there to be trodden to death under the feet of wild horses. But on the night of the day that he gave this inhuman order he had a dreadful dream, in which he saw himself accused of shameless cruelty, brought before judges, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to receive from the



GATE OF THE CLOISTER



THE HALL IN PALACE HOUSE

hands of the very priests he had plotted against a most severe scourging, and truly, when he awoke in the morning, he was covered with the marks of the lashes. So he determined to make amends for the evil he had meditated, and forgiving the Cistercians, founded the Abbey, placing in it thirty monks from Citeaux with Abbot Hugh at their head. He gave them liberal charters, extensive lands in Berkshire and Hampshire and extraordinary privileges with respect to the New Forest. He also sent a large supply of corn as a gift, and a hundred and twenty cows and twelve bulls from the Royal dairy. A grant of money was made from the Treasury, and all Cistercian Abbots in England were commanded to assist Abbot Hugh and his successors. In 1206, the King ordered that a tun of wine should be delivered yearly to the Abbot of Beaulieu. His mother, Queen Eleanor, was buried here.

The buildings, which were begun on a small scale, gradually increased in size to accommodate the large number of brothers who wished to reside there. But John died before it was completed, as the solemn service of consecration only took place on the 24th of June, 1244, in the presence of Henry III., his Queen, and a



THE OLD BARN



VILLAGE OF BEAULIEU



FRONT OF PALACE HOUSE

brilliant retinue. Pope Innocent III. granted it the privilege of "sanctuary," which in 1471 was taken advantage of by Margaret of Anjou and her son Prince Edward, who on landing at Beaulieu heard the news of the defeat of their adherents at Barnet. In 1496, the Yorkist pretender, Perkin Warbeck, in turn took refuge at Beaulieu after his defeat at Taunton, but Lord D'Aubigny immediately invested the Abbey with three

hundred horse, and compelled him to surrender.

After many vicissitudes the glorious Abbey was, at the dissolution of the monasteries, doomed to destruction, and some of the material was afterward used to build Hurst Castle in the Solent, and the lead from the roofing was sent to finish Calshot Castle, both fine coast defences built by Henry VIII.

The Abbey of Beaulieu was granted to Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Lord High Chancellor of England, afterwards created Earl of Southampton, for the consideration of the sum of £2,000. Whether the first Earl of Southampton converted the gate-house into a residence is not known for certain, but at any

Beaulieu Abbey



RUINS OF THE CLOISTER



INTERIOR OF BEAULIEU PARISH CHURCH

rate it was known as Palace House early in the seventeenth century. The present beautiful residence,

that Charles I. spent his honeymoon with his Queen, Henrietta Maria, at Beaulieu. After the dissolution



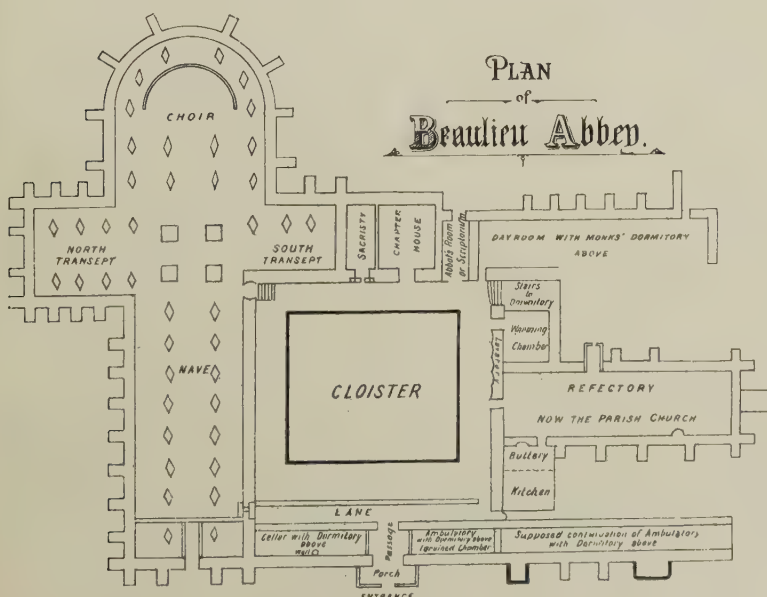
BEAULIEU PARISH CHURCH, FORMERLY THE REFECTIONARY

belonging to Lord Montagu, was built by his father the late Duke of Buccleuch; some thirty years ago and still bears the name of Palace House. It is said

of the monasteries the monks of Beaulieu received pensions suitable to their rank and age and departed never to return. But notwithstanding the ruthless destruction enough still remains of the ruins of the

Abbey to gladden the eyes and interest the minds of many who from these fragments and with the aid of a description of the Abbey in its glory, are able to put together in their mind's eye the whole of the glorious fabric, and as they do so they cannot fail to lament the malice of men who, under cover of religion, demolished one of the most beautiful buildings erected by other men to the glory of religion.

The space enclosed within the Abbey grounds is of large extent; the church, which must have been one of the largest in England, has all been accurately traced and marked out by the present owner, while in some parts the old tiled flooring has been uncovered and can still be seen. The refectory is the best preserved portion of the Abbey. It was converted into the Beaulieu



Beaulieu Abbey

Parish Church after the Dissolution and has been used as such ever since. Hardly any alteration has ever been made in it and the sermon is still preached from the splendid old stone pulpit reached by a passage and steps cut in the wall, and which was, when used by the monks, the place where one of the brothers read to the others during meals. The roof is beautifully carved with armorial bearings and heads of benefactors. Between the refectory and the church are the remains of the cloisters and many of the fine arches are still perfect. In the center of the cloisters there was always a lawn as in the present day which was walled round on all four sides with an open arcade covered with a lean-to roof which gave the monks shelter, however bad the weather might be, for their daily walk in the cloister garth.

There was an entrance to the church for the monks through a beautifully carved doorway which still exists, as does also the old wooden door. Three handsome arches of the chapter-house still remain. The rest of the spacious buildings consisted of the dormitories, the roof of which is of Spanish chestnut, and consequently in a fine state of preservation, as

that wood never harbors flies or any other insects, nor do spiders weave their webs nor birds build nests in it. Then there was the Abbot's room and the guest house, for in those days all monasteries had to be ready to receive belated travelers at any time of the day or night. Then, too, there were the granaries which were on a large scale, and the brew-house, for all the wants of the Abbey had to be supplied by itself. Yet even these did not suffice, for lower down the river at St. Leonard's they had an extra storehouse and barn and also a small church under the care of five or six brothers.

Many of the rights of the Abbey, such as freedom from tolls, the rights of common throughout the year in the New Forest, and other advantages which had been granted to the monks were confirmed and conferred on the Earls of Southampton and their successors.

I may add that no one will regret spending some days in this lovely spot, and a charming, quiet inn in the village will provide all that is needed. The drives all round are beautiful, and no one could fail to enjoy a few days spent in "Bello Loco Regis," or the King's Beaulieu.



XXIII

The Abbey of Battle

P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

“I make a vow,” said William, Duke of Normandy, as he donned his armor on the morn of that day so fatal to the English, “I make a vow that upon this place of battle I will found a suitable monastery for the salvation of you all, and especially of those who fall, and this I will do in honour of God and His saints, to the end that the servants of God may be succoured, that even as I shall be enabled to acquire for myself a propitious asylum, so it may be freely offered to all my followers.” The Abbey of Battle represents the fulfilment of that vow, a memorial of one of the fiercest fights ever fought on English soil, the crowning victory of the Field of Senlac, and one fraught with the most far-reaching destinies for the English people.

Students of Professor Freeman’s *Norman Conquest* need not be reminded of the details of that portentous battle, how victory wavered in the balance, how bravely the English fought for their homes and

country against the on-rushing Norman host. In the stillness of a summer eve we seem to hear again the clash of arms and the echoing Norman battle-cry, *Dieu aidé*, and the answering English shout, “Out, out! Holy Cross! God Almighty!” We seem to see in the hazy sunlight the gleam of the conical helmets of the Norman warriors, their kite-shaped shields, and spears and swords, as they marshal their ranks to charge the English armed with clubs and heavy battle-axes. Taillefer, the Norman troubadour, chanting the song of Roland, begins the fight, and is the first to fall. Hundreds of the invaders perish miserably in the Malfosse, the stream that flows beneath the ridge extending from Mount Street to Caldbec Hill. A panic seizes the invading hosts, they turn to fly. Now William and his warrior-bishop half-brother, Odo of Bayeux, stay the panic-stricken crowd. Now the English break their serried ranks in order to pursue the vanquished invaders, and then the tide of battle turns. Arrows



TELHAM HILL AND THE BATTLE FIELD

The Abbey of Battle



FRONT OF BATTLE ABBEY

fly fast and thick. Harold is wounded in the eye. The English are beaten back, and a complete rout and savage butchery follows. But Harold and his faithful body-guard still guard the English Standard. At last a warrior strikes him on the ventaille of the helmet and beats him to the ground. He struggles to rise, another knight strikes him on the thick of the thigh and he falls to rise no more. Where the high altar of the Abbey Church was raised, there is the exact spot where brave Harold, the last Saxon King of England, died; where perished too Saxon England. The Norman banner supplants the royal standard of the English, and the Conqueror eats and drinks amongst the dead, and makes his bed upon the blood-stained field.

All this and much more flits before our memories as we view this historic spot, now so calm and peaceful and so beautiful, and our eyes are fixed upon this noble house which, by its sweet perfections almost drives away the recollection of that grim slaughter. The Conqueror found the English so troublesome to subdue that he had little time to build monasteries, and perhaps if it had not been for the frequent reminders of William Faber, monk, who overheard the royal vow, Battle Abbey might never have been erected. However at length the builders began their work. Monk Faber sent for some of his brother monks from his Abbey of Marmontier to help him in designing the building. The site was not particularly favorable, a barren, wind-swept hill which lacked good water, was surrounded by dense woods and had no good stone for building. The monks wished to change the site, but William raged and stormed at them, and bade them do as he ordered, engaging to bring stone from Caen. The royal founder did not live to see his work completed, and the dedication of the Abbey took place in 1094

in the presence of his worthless son, William Rufus. Sixty monks of the Benedictine order were brought from Faber's Abbey of Marmontier; Battle was endowed with many rich manors, and was dedicated to St. Martin, the patron saint of warriors. Its Abbot was a person of high dignity. Supreme he ruled in his own domain, unfettered by any episcopal jurisdiction. He wore a mitre which entitled him to a seat in Parliament, and carried a bishop's crozier.

We shall see presently what time has left of the work of these Norman builders. Life in the Abbey passed tranquilly and peacefully. Sometimes royal visits disturbed for a brief space its accustomed calm. Hither came the renegade John, "shaking like a quicksand," offering upon the high altar a piece of the Holy Sepulchre brought from Palestine by his lion-hearted brother. This was in the year 1200. In 1212 and 1213 he came again, seeking in the quiet cloisters for the peace he sought in vain elsewhere. The visits of Henry III. delighted not the monks. Attended by a troop of knights he demanded a considerable contribution from the Abbot's treasury for his contest with his barons. The battle of Lewes was then pending, and after his defeat the King sought refuge within the Abbey walls. At the beginning and end of his reign Edward I. came here, and Edward II. was entertained with much hospitality, and high was the feasting in the Abbot's hall. The table groaned beneath the weight of the peacocks, bream, swans, herons, "fessants," capons and twenty-score and four loaves from the Abbot's kitchen. Edward III. gave leave to the Abbot Alan de Retlynge to crenelate and fortify the Abbey. There were exciting times in the year 1377, and Abbot Hamo de Offyngton earned for himself the proud title of the "saver of Sussex

and all England." The French had captured the Isle of Wight and were coasting towards Winchelsea, when the news of their threatened invasion reached the Abbot. He sallied forth with his vassals and men-at-arms, and hastened to defend the town. The French sent messengers demanding a ransom. The Abbot replied that it was early to think of buying what he had not yet lost. The French offered to decide the matter by single combat. "No," said the Abbot, "I am a Religious, and only seek to defend and keep the peace of my country." The French said he was a craven, and began to attack the town; but so well did the Abbot's men fight, that the invaders were driven into the sea, and the poor Prior of Lewes, their prisoner, was rescued. "Ware the Abbot of Battel when the Prior of Lewes is taken prisoner," said the men of Sussex for many a year afterwards.

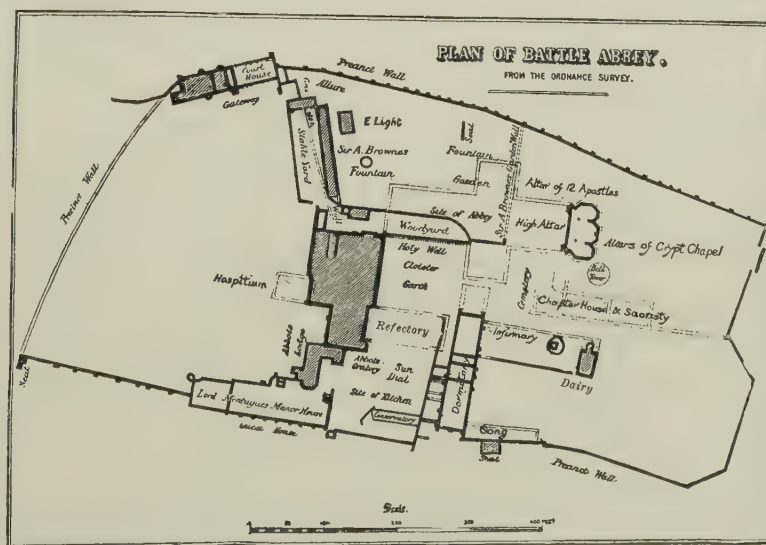
But soon the days of the Abbey were numbered. On a sweet May morning in 1538, the commissioners of Henry VIII. came on their shameful errand of plunder. They came along the highways decked in the spoils of the desecrated chapels, with copes for doublets, tunics for saddle-cloths, and the silver relic-cases hammered into shields for their daggers. A few months later the Abbey buildings were granted to Sir Anthony Browne, a favorite courtier. As he was feasting in the Abbot's hall on the night of his accession to the property, a solitary cowed figure appeared, and pronounced the famous "curse of Cowdrey." The monk told him that by fire and water his line should perish. Two hundred and fifty years later the curse was fulfilled, Cowdrey house was burnt to the ground, and the last Viscount Montague, the lineal descendant of Sir Anthony, was drowned in the Rhine. The property was sold in 1901, and now has an American owner.

Sir Anthony deserved his curse (though it was a long time in working), for he pulled down the noble church, the chapter-house, cloisters and other monastic buildings. In spite of this Battle Abbey remains one of the most interesting mansions in the Kingdom. One comes away with confused memories of gray walls embraced by white clematis and red rose, gloomy underground caverns with double rows of arches, benignant cedars, fragrant

limes, and a sweet fountain or rose garden with fantastic beds. The camellia walk and the yew-tree path attract the passing pilgrim, while in the grounds he feasts his eyes on the lily pond, and the three ancient stew ponds of the Abbey, wherein fish were preserved which provided the monastic tables with food on fast-days. Within the high surrounding walls of the precincts flourish oaks and limes, sycamores, poplars, chestnuts, scobel firs, and some fine *Auracaria imbricata*. We will try to describe each part of this pleasant picture.

First, we come to the grand gateway where many a pilgrim has come to view the relics, and many a criminal has knocked to claim sanctuary. On the right of the gate is the old almonry house, a fine, half-timbered building erected for the accommodation of pilgrims. The gateway, one of the finest in England, is a noble example of Late Decorated work, and has not suffered from "restoration." It was built mainly by Abbot Retlynge about the year 1338 when, as I have said, Edward III. granted license to crenellate and fortify the Abbey. It has a frontage of 150 feet and consists of a central portion and two wings of unequal length. Retlynge built the central and east wing, utilizing the west wing which was built in the late Norman period, and transforming it by inserting decorated windows and ornamentations. At least that is the story which the stones tell. The central tower rises to a height of 54 feet and is 35 feet square. There is a large gate and a postern. There is a vaulted ceiling, and heads appear in the bosses which are said to be those of William the Conqueror, Harold and his queen, Edith the Fair, or the Swan-neck: according to other authorities the two last represent Edward III. and Queen Philippa. Over the door leading to the monastic prisons is the hangman's beam, a convincing evidence of the might of the Abbot, who had the power of life or

death over his prisoners. You can see the grooves in which the portcullis worked. It was manipulated by a sentinel stationed in a small closet in the turret. There are also openings in the vaulted ceiling for pouring down boiling oil or melted lead or red-hot sand upon an attacking foe, and also a small stone cauldron for heating these mediæval materials for defense. Amongst the carv-



PLAN OF BATTLE ABBEY

The Abbey of Battle

ings I noticed that of a smirking gentleman with flowing hair, and of another watching intently a beautifully carved little nun in gorget and pointed wimple with a smiling face, engaged at her devotions. The finest view of the building is that seen from the Abbey courtyard. The eastern wing has lacked a roof for over a century. It was the Manor Court House, and was altered by Sir Anthony Browne.

We now walk along the drive past the wall of the stable-yard, and have a fine view of the west front of the Abbey. The two windows on the left, which are modern, give light to a fine vaulted room now used as a drawing-room. This room is said to have been the *locutorium* of the monks, though this is doubtful. Above are some suites of apartments which formed part of the Abbot's Solar. The roofs are not ancient, as necessity compelled them to be renewed in 1720. Then we see the interior of the great Hall, a noble apartment, the dining-hall of the Abbot. The present roof was erected in 1812, but it follows in design the former one, and is composed of hammer-beams with pendants, queen posts and rafters. The old dais remains, the panelling is modern. The walls bear the shields and banners of the Norman leaders. Over the large fireplace are the arms of England and the Abbey. Some panels of fine old arras tapestry adorn the walls, brought from the Continent by Sir Godfrey Webster at the beginning of the last century. The subjects are taken from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*. There are some fine portraits of the Webster family painted by Reynolds, Lawrence, Romney and Murray. On the dais stands the Abbot's chair, beside which two figures in armor stand sentinel, and at the other end is the minstrel's gallery. It is a noble room wherein many a king and earl and knight have enjoyed the Abbot's hospitality, and wherein the



HIGH ALTAR AND CEDARS

spoiler of the Abbey held his feast when he heard the "curse of Cowdrey." Next we view on the south the new wing called Queen Elizabeth's wing. Formerly on this site stood part of the Abbot's lodging, reconstructed by Sir Anthony for the accommodation of the Princess Elizabeth. He was so great a favorite of his royal master that he was appointed guardian to his daughter, who, however, on account of the courtier's death never came to Battle. The present building is modern, and was erected by the Duke of Cleveland in 1858. It contains a noble library.

A remarkable feature of the west front is the curious carving of the gargoyles. I noticed three mediæval minstrels, close shaven, with long hair and flat caps, one is playing a mandolin, another a harp and the third a fife and drum. On the string course are four grotesques; others, I am told, have disappeared. There is a weird winged figure with the legs of a goat, a fierce lion, the broad fringe of its mane resting on its forepaws, a hooded monk grinning from ear to ear. The carving is bold and free, though somewhat coarse and rough, and full of humor and spirit. There are curious full length

little figures on the battlements, with their feet dangling down, looking quaint and strange. These figures are unique.

Ascending the stone steps leading to the upper terrace, we stand on the site of the old Guest House or hospitium of the Abbey, where the strangers who flocked for entertainment to the monastery were lodged. This was presided over by the hosteller who, in another house, was required to have the qualifications of "facility of expression, elegant manners, and a respectable bringing up; and if he have no substance to bestow, he may, at any rate, exhibit a cheerful countenance



RUINS OF DORMITORY



SPOT WHERE KING HAROLD FELL

and agreeable conversation, for friends are multiplied by agreeable words." Here clean cloths and towels, cups and spoons, mattresses, blankets, sheets, pillows and quilts were always in readiness. Beneath our feet still remains a barrel-vaulted chamber, the crypt of the hospitium. The rest has perished, having been destroyed in order to make way for Sir Anthony's Manor House. This, too, has vanished, with the exception of the two stair turrets, which stand out gaunt and solitary, sole relics of the Tudor mansion. A wing of the house extended westward 40 feet beyond the turrets.

From this terrace you can see the field of Senlac, at the time of the Conquest a wild, rough, bare down covered with heather and furze. Here, on this very spot, the Saxons took their stand. Over there, on our left, is Telham Hill, where the Norman host rested on the eve of the battle. We need not again follow the fortunes of the fight, in which 30,000 men are said to have perished, after a battle which lasted nine hours.

We will now pass on to the monastic buildings, and try to rear in imagination the glorious minster that once stood there. Scarcely a wall remains. Its length was 315 feet, and its ground plan was in the shape of a cross. The wall on the right of the woodyard is the south wall of the south aisle. On the south side of this was the old cloister court, now a very charming flower garden. The vaulted

cloisters surrounded this on its four sides. On the north side of this court was the south aisle of the church, on the east the south transept, chapter-house and dormitory, on the south the refectory, and on the west the existing house, which then consisted of the Beggars' Hall, a fine vaulted room, and the Lay Brothers' Dormitory. A buttress, a jamb, some cinquefoiled arcading, are all that remains of the refectory. The interior arches of the west walk of the cloister are seen on the front of the house.

The great monastic dormitory remains, a long imposing building, though roofless. It is 150 feet in length. Its lancet windows (twenty-four in number) and buttresses show that it was constructed in the Early English period. Beneath this are three vaulted chambers, with Purbeck marble pillars, the uses of which can only be conjectured. One is said to have been the scriptorium and library which had a charcoal fire burning in its center for the monks to warm themselves and dry their parchments. The fragments of

a stone seat are seen surrounding one of the rooms, and a large cross of white stone is inserted in one of the walls. The form is unusual, as the arms are slightly raised. The volute appears in the carved capital of one of the pillars.

One other sight must be seen. Excavations have revealed the three eastern chapels of the crypt of the beautiful minster. Above these once stood the three eastern chapels of the church, and nigh these the high altar of the church (some distance westward of the spot usually pointed out), erected on the place where the last Saxon King of England fell, and with him the flower of his brave army. Tradition, handed down from father to son, had for centuries preserved the remembrance of this historic spot, and the evidence found by the spade confirmed the truth of the



GRAND GATEWAY

The Abbey of Battle



THE HALL

legend. This is the most historic spot in all England. Here Harold and his brothers were slain surrounded by the men of London. Here was the grave of Saxon liberty. Here William knelt in thanksgiving for the crowning victory of Senlac, and giant cedars guard the spot hallowed by the memories of ancient prowess and the death of heroes.

Pilgrims still come in crowds to visit this historic

house, though the shrines and holy relics have long since vanished, but the privilege of sanctuary has not quite lapsed in this place of peace and quiet, girt by its noble elms, its yew-tree walks, its hollies, with the rooks cawing overhead. Indeed a very lovely sanctuary it is from the world's rude clamor and far removed from the restlessness of modern life—a garden of quiet and a house of peace.



THE DRAWING-ROOM

XXIV

The Villa Palmieri Near Florence, Italy

B. C. JENNINGS-BRAMLY

Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Murray Cobb

IN Italy a garden is essentially a luxury of the rich. The very expression, "Italian garden," brings before the imagination long lines of stately walks, wide terraces and statues and fountains and marble seats and stone balustrades, to which flowers add the beauty of their color, without having been in the first thought of those who planned it.

The homely cottage garden of England is not known here, nor does the *petit bourgeois* of an Italian town invest his savings in a patch of grass, ornament it with glass balls and rustic armchairs and proudly call it "*mon jardin*," as does every right-minded French shopkeeper. Neither does the Italian care for that which makes a German heart happy: a strip of ground on the high road, not too far out of town, where he can build an arbor and there, heedless of dust and noise, seen and seeing, he may enjoy his *kaffe* and *kuchen*.

The Italian is more practical. If he buys land, he wants a *podere*, not a garden. He wants vineyards and olive trees, maize and corn of his own. He leaves it to Nature to make things beautiful around him, and she does it well! In spring his every field becomes a flower garden, brilliant with various colored anemones and tulips, and beautiful with the softer shades of irises and monthly roses. In summer he looks out upon the tender green of the young vine leaves, the misty gray of the olives and upon, here and there perhaps, a huge oleander bush all aglow with blossom. In autumn the deep purple of the hanging grapes, the darker green of the leaves make the *podere* beautiful. Why, therefore, should the man of limited means trouble to have a garden when he can enjoy so much beauty in the things growing for his use? Some such reason may, I think, account for the absence of not only the poor man's but of the small business man's garden in Italy. On the other hand, nearly all the great villas have pleasure grounds that form part of their architectural design and without which it would not be complete. When looking over Zocchi's formal drawings, this becomes very apparent. He seems to show us the skeleton of the architect's design, the dry bones of every walk and

of every flower bed and of every shrubbery. Time, however, has softened all that was stiff and rigid. The trees, have spread their branches, the flowers have encroached beyond the lines fixed for them, and now, as you turn from the old engraving to the real thing, it is as if the dead had come to life.

This would certainly be the feeling of anyone who, after looking at Zocchi's stately drawing of the grand Villa Palmieri, were suddenly to find himself in its beautiful gardens. Since Zocchi drew them the hot sun has burnt many a rich tone into the old walls and now it lies on terrace and statue, casting deep shadows from tree and shrub, sparkling on the water of the fountains and glowing on a wealth of flowers such as can only be seen in an Italian garden. First and foremost, roses. Roses everywhere, in the flower beds and on the walks, roses pink and white and deep red, of all kinds and of all colors blooming with a positively reckless profusion. And there are other flowers as well, and many. A clematis turns its milk white petals to the light on this wall; lilies-of-the-valley are clustering in that shady spot; the faint perfume of wistaria, nearly over, still floats on the air; above a white acacia is showering its scented blossoms on the grass below; and there are azaleas, and pinks and peonies, and yet the mass of roses is such that the impression remains of roses, and roses alone, everywhere.

To describe the Villa Palmieri, however, we must approach it not from the gardens, but by its carriage drive which, branching off the high road about a mile from the gates of Florence, runs up a hill, with the *podere* to the left, the gardens to the right, the latter being screened from view by a thick hedge of clipped cypresses. You reach the *cancello*, or iron gates, that close in the grounds. Above, to your right, is the terrace, under which, through the old *Arco dei Palmieri*, once ran the old road to Fiesole. Now this is closed, the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres having benefited the public at large and added to the privacy and quiet of his own grounds by making a new road, which, skirting his property, rises gradually until it emerges in the village of San Domenico.



THE BALCONY OF THE TENNIS LAWN AT THE VILLA PALMIERI

The *cancello* passed, the road runs upward and then curves round through a small wood, whose trees serve the double purpose of shading the drive and protecting the house from the cold winds that blow down from the higher hills beyond. The villa is entered from the north. All is in shade on this side, but the doors stand wide open, and the effect of sunlight beyond, playing on the water of the fountain in the *cortile*, is very charming. Your eye passes through successive light and shade to the terrace on the further side of the house, which is reached through wide doors, open too, under the loggia on the south wall of the house. This log-

gia runs along only one side of the *cortile* and is supported by four columns which, standing two and two on either side of the gates leading to the terrace, form a portico to it, the span of the arch framing a characteristic bit of seventeenth century ornament in stucco of chubby cupids struggling with heavy draperies placed on the walls beyond.

Two fine rooms running its whole length open on the east and west sides of the *cortile*; one the library, the other still known as the theatre room, although nothing remains to indicate its former use but the orchestra's richly decorated balcony.

The wide terrace which runs along the whole south front of the house is sufficiently seen in the illustration to need little description. It is a garden in itself, for by the middle of April the palm trees have been freed from their winter coverings and the two long flower beds, which run along in front of the windows, are all ablaze with the bloom of Indian azaleas. On each side stone-paved "mule steps" sweep round in a fine curve from the terrace above to the garden below. A stone balustrade, massive as that round the terrace, borders it on each side. The space under the terrace is used as an orange house. The garden immediately below the terrace is small and walled in. It has been left as it was except that roses and creepers have grown over every inch of wall and blurred the lines of masonry with bloom and



THE ENTRANCE BESIDE THE GREENHOUSE

leaf. The beds and grass plots and gravel paths and lemon trees in plots make a formal design with the circular fountain as a center. The beds, about two feet deep, are bordered with box and themselves form a border to the grass plots. A formal pattern is made by the box border and forget-me-nots, tulips, *Silene rosea* and pinks fill in the design in colors blue, pink, yellow and white. Palms and flowery shrubs, such as the *Weigela rosea*, are dotted here and there and one or two large pots of *Pittosporum Tobira* scent the air. At the foot of the wall and on the side most protected from the sun a deep border of lilies-of-the-valley has been

planted. Among the roses the most noticeable is the large snow-white flower of the Gloire Lyonnaise, the delicate shaded yellow of William Allen Richardson and the beautiful Reine Olga. Then there is a very small single white rose of which I did not find out the name, which had grown to a great height up the pillars of the gates. Other creepers on the wall were the sweet-scented *Rhynchospermum jasmynoides*, not yet in bloom, *Ficus repens*, clematis, white and purple, and *Akebia quinata*.

Iron gates surmounted with the arms of the Palmieri, a palm tree between rampant lions, leads from this, the original garden of the villa, to the more modern pleasure grounds. The ground begins to rise from this point, till it reaches the level of San Domenico, the old road from Florence to that place running along the boundary of the Dowager Countess of Crawford's property to the east.

A spring garden, sheltered by thick cypress hedges, has been made on a lower terrace; a few steps higher we reach the lawn-tennis ground, also shut in on three sides by cypress hedges. To the southwest, and where the view is loveliest, a loggia of arches and columns has been built over the large rose-bordered *vasca*. This loggia was always a very favorite resting place of the late Queen of England when spending some of the spring months of 1888 and of 1893, at Villa Palmieri, lent to her by Lady Crawford.



THE SPRING GARDEN, SHELTERED BY THICK CYPRESS HEDGES

The steep hill beyond the lawn-tennis ground is covered with grass, with here and there a path winding up its side, disappearing and then reappearing again among the clumps of trees and flowering shrubs which, planted some thirty years ago by the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, have grown apace to attain their present height in so short a time.

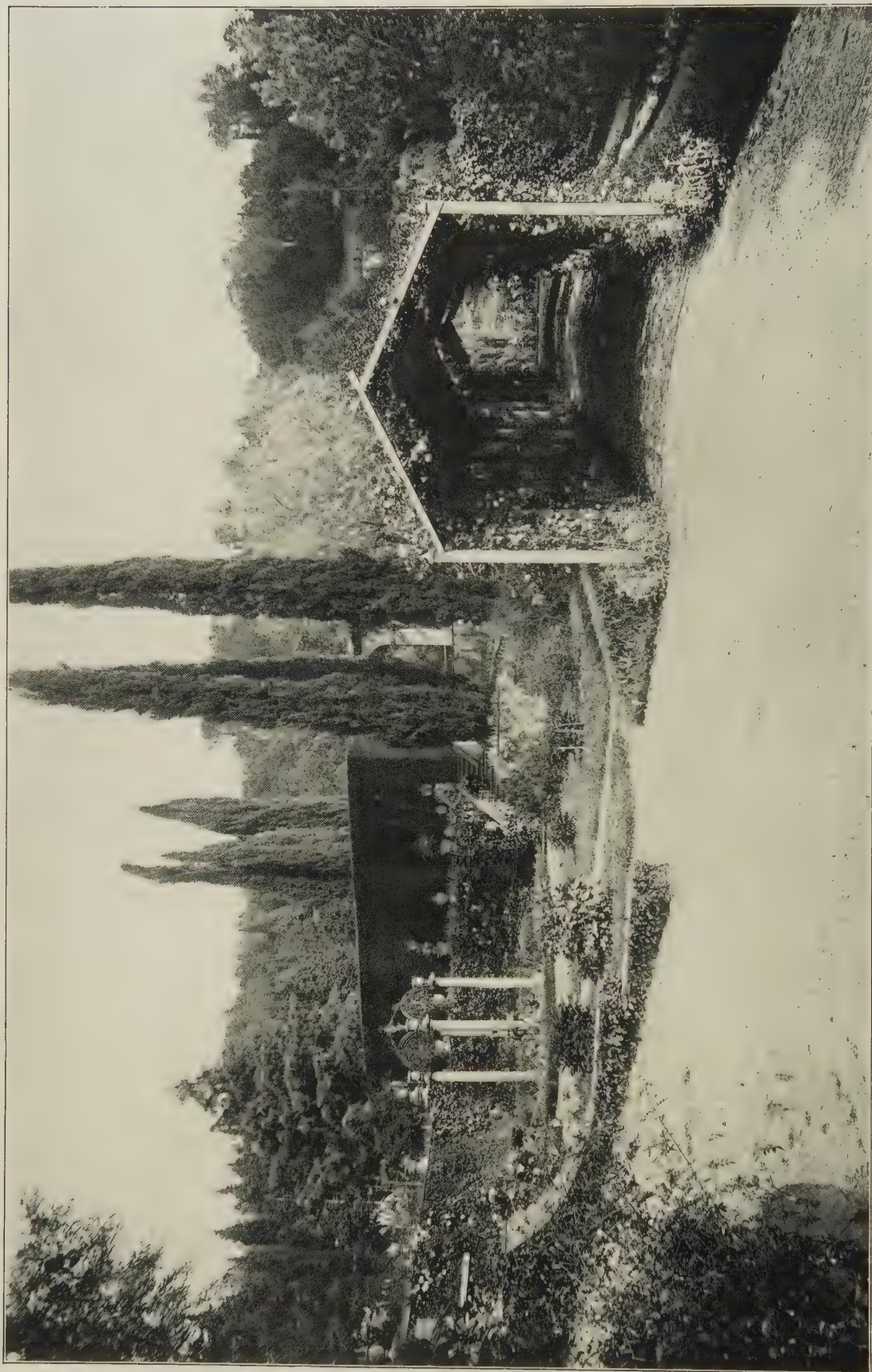
There is so much besides that is beautiful in the grounds. Pages might be filled with the description of this and that spot; of a pergola under which monthly roses and daffodils had bloomed in the early spring; a path characteristically Florentine, leading from the lawn-tennis ground back to the chapel

between roses and irises backed by the severe leaves of the agave; the quaintly formal columns of clipped cypresses that seem to support the lower side of the walled-in garden. The flowering shrubs of all kinds, from the guelder-roses, forsythia, spiræa, beautiful in spring, to the great bushes of oleander that will glow with color in the hot sun of July. At every turn there is something to delight the eye. The illustrations give the form; imagination or memory must supply the color, the sunshine, the life and light.

The history of the villa is well known and has been given at some length by Mrs. Ross in her book on



THE MULE STEPS ASCENDING FROM THE WALLED-IN GARDEN



THE PERGOLA LEADING TO THE POOL—PALMIERI



A BALUSTRADE OF ONE OF THE TERRACES

Florentine villas. In 1454 Matteo di Marco Palmieri bought it from the Tolomei. Matteo added to the house, but it was in 1670-80 that his descendant, Palmiero Palmieri made the villa what it is now and threw an arch across the old road to Fiesole, thus widening the splendid terrace in front of the house, until it connected the house with the grounds beyond, which before that, had been separated by the road. The sexagon chapel to the east of the house is of far earlier date, even the loggia which runs round it was added towards the end of the fifteenth century by Matteo Palmieri. It was for this Matteo Palmieri,

remarkable both as a citizen and a man of letters, that Botticelli painted his famous picture of the "Coronation of the Virgin," now in the National Gallery in London. This picture, painted, it is said, from a design of Matteo's, was placed in the family chapel of the Palmieri in San Pietro Maggiore. There it remained during Matteo's life and for some five years longer. Until then no one had found any but words of praise for the great master's work or for his patron. Now, however, was published Matteo's poem the *Città di Vita*, which during his life had lain in the Medicean Library, read only by a



THE WIDE TERRACE WHICH RUNS ALONG THE WHOLE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

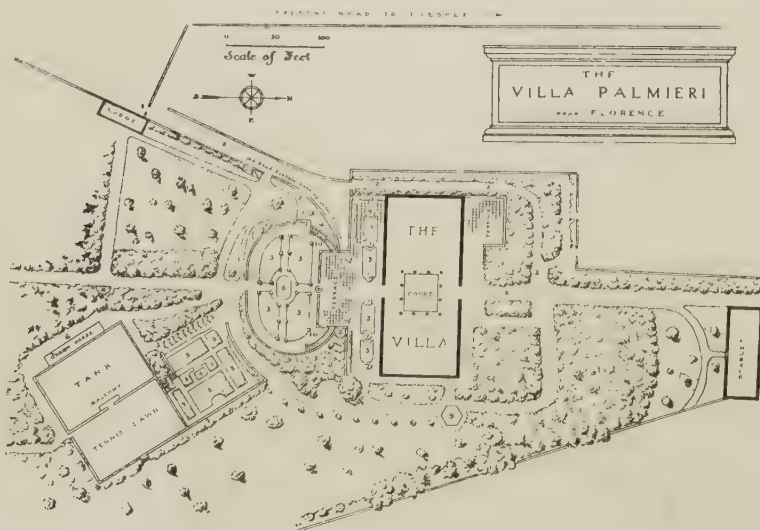
few sympathetic friends. Now it fell into the hands of many who, envious of the dead man's great name, envious of the living painter's fame, were rejoiced to find that both poem and picture could be condemned as heretical. Matteo had written that those angels who remained neutral during the strife with Lucifer, had been punished by losing their immortality and having to enter the bodies of men. Botticelli in his great picture had given form to this heretical doctrine for there, what did he depict but the joyful reunion of angels above and their once fallen, now redeemed, brethren. Friends of both poet and painter vainly pleaded the innocent intention of both. The orthodox party was too strong. The poem was prohibited and the picture removed from its place in the chapel and taken up to the villa and built in a recess in the south wall of the library, where it remained concealed until the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was then discovered and sold. Later it passed into the possession of the then Duke of Hamilton and was bought in 1882, by the National Gallery of London.

The villa remained in the possession of the Palmieri till 1824 when Miss Mary Farhill bought it. She bequeathed it to the Grand Duchess Marie Antoinette of Tuscany who sold it in 1874 to the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.

Villa Palmieri is said to be one of those chosen by Boccaccio for the retreat of his youths and maidens. A very different villa it must have been in the fourteenth century, and yet, according to him, even then, "a most beautiful and magnificent palace." It has not shared the unhappy fate of so many fine villas in Italy. It has never gone through a long period of



A GLIMPSE OF THE SPRING GARDEN



THE PLAN OF THE VILLA GROUNDS

- | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. Entrance Gate | 4. The Spring | 8. Fountains |
| 2. Drives | 5. Arbors | 9. The Chapel |
| 3. Flowers | 6. The Greenhouse | 10. Mule Steps |
| | 7. Palm Trees | |

decay, or needed, at least since Matteo's time, the kind of restoration which is bound to destroy the characteristics of a building. In the eighteenth century we hear of it as the scene of the splendid hospitality of the Earl Cowper so often mentioned in Horace Walpole's correspondence.

Lord Crawford, while adding numberless beauties to the grounds, was careful to do nothing that in any way altered their character or interfered with the architectural unity of house and garden. Matteo Palmieri himself, though he might shake his shrewd Florentine head at so much hillside, basking unprofitable in the hot sun, growing nothing but fine trees and beautiful shrubs, when it might be bringing in *barile* upon *barile* of good Tuscan wine, would most surely end by agreeing that it was just *that* alteration that made the whole scene so perfect and complete a picture.

XXV

An English Castle and its Village

THE HONORABLE MISS SACKVILLE WEST

BOOTHAL CASTLE, as it now stands, is only the great gateway of a larger castle of much greater importance which was destroyed by Cromwell in revenge for a successful resistance against his troops. Its owner, at that time, was the famous Royalist General, The Marquis of Newcastle. It now is the property of the Duke of Portland, and is the residence of his agent, whom he honors with a visit every year on the occasion of his agricultural show. It is charmingly situated in one of the many small and beautiful valleys which are formed by the rivers of Northumberland and, snugly ensconced among high banks, clothed with trees of the most varied foliage, lies hidden far from the streams of daily traffic. The gorgeous tints which October frosts bring out are said by travelers to rival the best effects of the Hudson River hillsides.

The history of the castle is lost in antiquity. All we know is that in Saxon times it was "The Mansion House," which is the Saxon meaning of the name Bothal, or Bottle—a term occurring very generally throughout Northumberland. As the Mansion House it was no doubt a place of strength. It is

built on a rocky eminence, with an open space or small valley. It commanded the ford across the river which washes its base and probably filled a moat which it surrounded, the remains of which have now disappeared. The few cottages of the retainers nestled under its protection, as also the church, of which there are still Saxon remains. One interesting feature of this church is that it has neither tower nor steeple, but only a belfry with the somewhat unusual number of three bells. A steeple would, of course, be out of place in a narrow valley, shut in by woods on all sides; a tower, such as is often found in the border country, was useful as a refuge in the case of the Scottish raids, but here, under the wing of the castle, it would not be wanted and a simple belfry supplied the musical call to the services of the church.

In the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, a license was given to fortify The Mansion House in the style of the Norman Castle. It was probably bought, as it is well known that in order to carry out that crusade on which Sir Walter Scott has thrown his romantic glamor, King Richard sold these licenses to every baron who would pay his price. From that time



BOTHAL VILLAGE

An English Castle and its Village



THE CASTLE FROM THE SOUTHWEST



THE WEIR ON THE RIVER WAUSBECK

and probably long before, the barons of Bothal took a leading part in the public life of the Border. In Edward III. reign there was a further strength-



THE CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH

ening of this important hold; and the great gateway as it now stands is a relic of the great work. Along the course of stones below the parapet are fourteen shields of all the neighboring barons who gave their help. In the place of honor is the shield of King Edward; and it is interesting to note that it perpetuates an act of false heraldry, which was corrected at once after giving rise to a jest by Philip of Valois on the ignorance it displayed of the principles of that fascinating branch of learning.

Up to this time the castle and manor were held by the Bertrams, of the Norman family of Baliol, which gave a king to Scotland. The first Bertram had married the heiress of the Saxon Guysulf, according to the

system generally pursued by William the Conqueror, of providing beauty and wealth for his followers at the expense of the conquered country, and at the same time linking them together. They now passed by marriage again to the Ogles, who held other castles and manors all over the country, and remained in their possession till another heiress married Sir Charles Cavendish and was the mother of the great Royalist general referred to above.

During his exile after the defeat of Marston Moor, brought about by the characteristically false impetuosity of Prince Rupert, the castle was laid in ruins as a punishment for his loyalty. And when he returned the family settled down at Welbeck and has remained there ever since. The village of Bothal was probably built out of the ruins of the castle; and the gateway remained open to the weather till it was roofed in and made habitable about sixty years ago.

It may be interesting to note that this Sir William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, was the grandson of the famous historical Bess of Hardwick, who was famous as the builder of the most stately homes of Chatsworth, Hardwick, Oldcotes and Welbeck. It was said that a gipsy foretold that she never would die as long as she kept on building. She was ninety when she undertook to restore the great Castle of Bolsover. During the progress of the work a very hard frost set in; she had fires lighted on the walls to keep the work going, but at last the frost conquered them and her and she died. In the adjoining church, which dates from Saxon times, there is a beautiful alabaster tomb of Cuthbert, the last Lord Ogle, and his wife, the second finest in the country. He had filled the windows with rich stained glass which, however, the Puritan spite of Cromwell's followers destroyed, leaving only relics which are the envy of



BOTHAL MILL

An English Castle and its Village

modern artists. From Morpeth to Bothal the river Wausbeck passes through a well-wooded, rocky gorge of about four miles; half way are the remains of the Lady Chapel, an oratory situated on the banks of the neighboring river Coquet, which tradition connects with the well-known romance of "The Hermit of Warkworth," of which two sons of the Bertram family were the heroes.

Overlooking the castle are the banks which form the grounds of Bothalhaugh, a house built in the Elizabethan style by the Rector of Bothal, the Honourable and Reverend William Ellis, whose mother should have received the title of Baroness Ogle, if her father, the Duke of Portland, by an historical oversight, had not so settled his property that the more valuable but less interesting London property should go to his daughter.

The grounds at Bothalhaugh are interesting as an attempt to help instead of forcing nature. They have an extent of eighty acres. They are chiefly on a high bank overlooking the river Wausbeck. Apart from a collection of evergreen and deciduous trees seldom seen, advantage has been taken of the ground to produce masses of flowers, chosen for their effect

and not their rarity, and such as shall supply a succession of color. On a broad expanse of green turf about four hundred yards long and ten yards wide, in the earliest spring a brilliant mass of snowdrops



BOTHALHAUGH GARDENS

and crocuses give an artificial sunshine at the time when a cloudy sky dulls the scene. This is followed by another broad border of the lovely blue Siberian squill. Following these, in other parts are daffodils by the acre. Then the view is enriched by masses



STEPPING STONES ON THE RIVER

of the Japanese crab, Paul's double crimson and the double pink and white thorns. Then the columbines of various hues light up a whole bank. When these have faded away, foxgloves take their turn. There is a drive of half a mile bordered on both sides with hybrid sweetbriar and Japanese roses, which fill the air with their fragrance. Later on an acre of the Japanese meadowsweet, *Spiræa palmata*, entrances the eye with its soft rosy blooms. The stately giant polygonum overhangs a brow, the great cow-parsnip, otherwise called "giant hemlock," some being over ten feet in height, forms a striking avenue, and the huge leaves of the *Gunnèra* take the visitor by surprise at a bend of the walk. The prettiest of walks by the riverside, which in the sunshine looks like a sheet of blue spread under a canopy of green, engrosses the eye of the angler who watches for the signs of the fine trout which furnish him with his

beloved sport, till suddenly he comes upon a dell furnished with bamboos and Japanese cedars carpeted with daffodils and forget-me-not, and one of the great masses of primroses and polyanthuses which stretch for many hundred yards, delight the eye and fill the air with the odor of spring.

I must not forget to mention that this beautiful spot offers a home to a wonderful variety of birds; from forty to sixty different kinds can be found. Here are a few: The yellowhammer, the chaffinch, the greenfinch, the robin, the fieldfare, the corncrake, the swift, the swallow, the water wagtail, the ousel, the sandpiper, and now and then a flash of brilliant blue flitting across the river reveals the presence of the kingfisher; and of a summer's night when the air is laden with the perfume of flowers mingled with the sweet notes of the birds, Bothalhaugh may well be called a perfect "Paradise."



BOTHAL CASTLE

XXVI

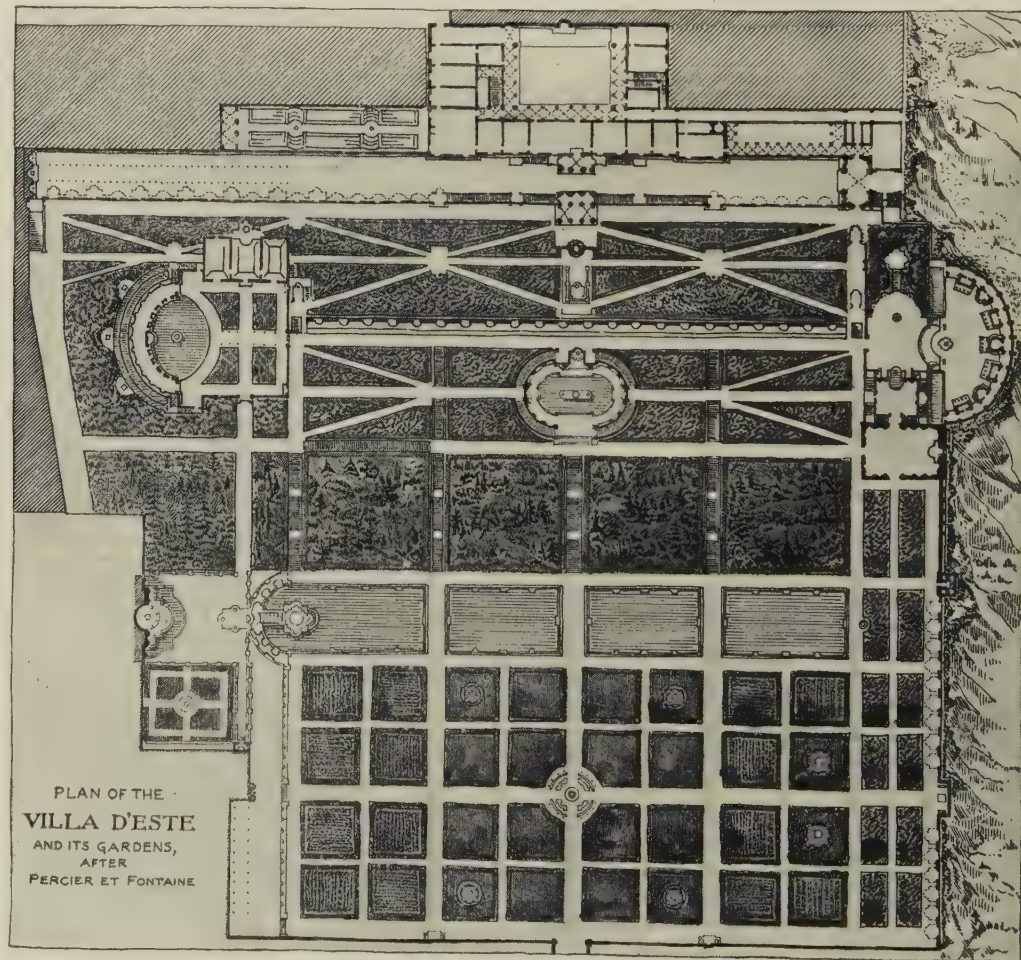
The Villa D'Este, at Tivoli

GEORGE WALTER DAWSON

MOSSY niches, outdoor apartments enclosing pools of cool water, basins fringed with maiden-hair fern, vine-hidden balustrades grass plots, overspread now and again with broad and reaching sycamores: these are but a few of the features existing to-day in the old half-ruined Villa d'Este on the steep northwest slope of the hill of Tivoli. Besides these time-softened creations of man, are charms that are purely those of nature. Odors of orange and rose blossoms, mingling with those of bay and box leaves, refresh one with every breeze. Bird-notes and the music of running and falling water soothe at each turn; while to delight the eye, are everywhere visions of light and color. The sun dances in golden spots along mossy paths, or flashes a rainbow from fountains' spray. In statueless niches, thin sheets of water, mystic veils of blue and green, purple and old gold, slip and fall. In placid pools urns, crumbling walls, and wild flowers are reflected. Beautiful tree-forms, placed in a masterly way, are now in small groups for special accent, now planted like the old classic grove. And as if enough to give pleasure were not within the limits of this princely place, there is the far-reaching, broad Italian landscape—like unto none other—to be viewed from palace, grove or loggia.

It is a natural desire of every human being to set aside for his habitation part of earth's great sun face, and to gather about him things to satisfy his natural,

intellectual and esthetic longings. He modifies nature to his need and makes the spot livable and lovable. He creates when nature does not provide, but with nature as his preception. The impulse that builds the humble home with its garden is the same as that which creates the princely Villa d'Este. Fundamentally they are alike. It is but a difference of extent and enrichment, for both clearly show man's love of nature and his delight in his own creations. D'Este is a spot where nature, thoroughly understood, has been handled in nature's way but with man's guidance—a work of art so superb that in



THE PLAN



CYPRESSES, VILLA D'ESTE



BALUSTRADES AND URNS IN THE GARDEN—VILLA D'ESTE

spite of its lost marbles and bronzes, its statueless pedestals, its flower gardens that no longer exist, its fountains choked by ferns and wild flowers, it is to-day, perhaps, the best villa in Italy for the study of garden craft. By its grand conception it is at the height of that art.

Its location first demands one's attention. Built on the upper slope of a spur of the Sabine Hills, it has as wonderful an outlook as can be found in all the region about Rome. Below are vineyards and olive-clothed slopes, through which, wending its way Tiberward, flows the river Anio. Beyond to the west is the vast Campagna, while northward hill behind hill fades into the distance. A glance at the plan will show that it is composed of a level, occupying nearly one-half the entire depth of the villa; a steep hill echoing the lower plains, wood-covered and a little larger in extent than the lower level; and an upper terrace on which against the crown of the hill of Tivoli the palace is built. These three main divisions are each divided and subdivided. The broad palace terrace is the simplest of the three divisions and extends the full width of the villa grounds, commanding a far-reaching view and a prospect of the slope and gardens below. Its chief ornaments are the stairway leading to the entrance of the building, and a belvedere at its western end. Opposite the palace entrance, double stairways lead from either side of the extended terrace to a path along the top of the hillside.

This hill, the central of the three main divisions, is the most elaborate one. On its wooded slope are found not only all the trees and bushes that grace Italian gardens, but all the outdoor apartments that go to make up an Italian villa. Here is a truly marvelous tying together of different levels by means of stairways and inclines, and here also are centered nearly all the water effects. The hillside from top to bottom has three inclinations—the upper being the greatest, while the lower one slopes the least. Naturally the difference in angle gives occasion for some device, and each is separated by broad paths. Narrowed walks zigzag diagonally between tall ilex and box hedges, down the steep upper slope to the end of the first broad path, the allée of the hundred fountains. On the upper side run two long basins and over it hang beautiful evergreen oaks, making a glorious canopy.

At either end this walk opens on a level. That to the east is formed by the cutting out of the hill; that to the west by the building of a terrace or plateau overlooking the plain. The level cut into the hill has been formed into a sort of open-air apartment, and is most elaborate. The entrance is between high walls not unlike the entrance to minor court. Opposite is a large cascade falling into an elliptical basin. Around the distant half of this runs an arcaded gallery, richly ornamented with many statues in niches. This large basin was the swimming pool; and built under the hill—as seen

in plan—are the apartments connected with it. In front are grassy plots and spreading trees. About the walls run low stone seats, and here and there are great substantial marble tables.

From the "allée of the hundred fountains" an elaborate system of stairways and inclines leads to the court level. There is the stairway of the *cordonata*, with its square fountain basins—cordon like—extending to the very lowest level. There is the enclosed stairway that leads to the minor court, which accentuates the end of the broad walk separating the last two inclines. And there is the most interesting stairway of all, the one on the central axis of the villa. Circling about both sides of a fountain,



THE ALLÉE OF THE HUNDRED FOUNTAINS



From a water-color drawing by George Herbert Dawson

LAUREL PATH—VILLA D'ESTE



STAIRWAY OF THE CORDONATA



FOUNTAIN BASINS

it looks down the central slope, till, midway it opens on a laurel path, flanked by seats. Then it circles on to the top of the last incline, where a straight stairway, broad and easily descended, leads to the last great division. This third division is simple in its parts. Against the slope a broad rectangular basin makes the change from the wooded hill to the parterre. Bridges uniting the main paths of the garden to the various stairways are bordered by low walls, topped with urns. A belt of evergreen oaks to one side makes a dense grove which is not only beautiful in itself, but it centers the interest in the garden, while affording a delightful place from which to overlook the surrounding country.

These are the principal parts and features of Villa d'Este, but a word must be said about the water and the trees. Not so much about their individual charms, as about the admirable manner in which they have been made to act their part. The water, brought into the villa at a high level, runs rippling in many a little channel down to the great placid basin on the lowest level. That is the scheme of the water. But every inch of the way it is governed as man desires. Appearing in a grand cascade or gently flowing in little streams along the top of a ramp; falling in myriad sprays to urns and basins or from niche or recess in a small cascade; gently led to the great



From a water-color by George Walter Dawson
THE MAIN PATH

oblong basin, which gathers and stills it after its wanderings, what a beauty it adds to the general unity of the composition.

So, too, the trees have been planted with foresight. Nothing else could do more for the villa than the groups of cypresses on the lower level surrounding the central fountain. From the entrance they insist, by their stately and sculptur-esque grandeur, on making out the way to the palace. From the palace and other levels they make, as nothing else could, the termination of the scheme of the villa, by causing the eye to stop before looking at the distant hills. This carrying out of an idea, this composing that is felt in every feature at d'Este unites these same parts into one grand whole.

Perhaps this is best felt when viewed from the principal entrance. Between walls one looks along the main path to the large cypresses. Between them the eye is led on to the distant stairway above

which fountains, niches and terrace walls carry it on until it is finally stopped by the rich entrance and the long horizontal line of the palace. A masterly union of art and nature; a use of existing material coupled with those things conceived by the brain and made by the hand; a unifying of many parts, each beautiful, that places Villa d'Este and the gardens of Italy "on a pinnacle high above the others, peerless and alone."

XXVII

The Gardens of the Alcazar at Seville

KATHERINE LEE BATES

SPAIN can boast a wealth of gardens, especially in Andalusia, where the Moor has left the clearest and most exquisite traces of his ancient reign. The high-bred Caliphs, whose palaces and mosques shame Christian art by their airy loveliness, took a peculiar delight in gardens. Nothing was too precious for their enrichment. That fairy palace of Abd-er-Rahman III., in the environs of Cordova, possessed marvelous gardens abounding in jets of sparkling water, but these he chose to have outshone by a central fountain of quicksilver whose glitter in the sun was too dazzling for eye to bear. The Cordova palace and pleasure-grounds have vanished like a dream of the Arabian Nights, but the gardens of the Generalife in Granada, with their avenues of giant cypresses, and of the Alcázar in Seville, still whisper, when the wind blows from the south, memories of the beauty-loving Arab.

Upon the Alcázar gardens, as upon the palace, successive Catholic kings have set their stamp; but even Ferdinand, who so despised the learning and literature of the Moors as to burn, in an open square of Granada, more than one million Arabian books, all that he could collect throughout Spain, refrained from obliterating the work of the Alcázar artists.

The Alcázar lies in the southeast corner of Seville. In the time of the Moors this royal residence covered a much larger area than at present, reaching to the banks of the Guadalquivir. The far-famed *Torre del Oro*, the Golden Tower, was one of the defenses of the outer wall—a wall of which some ruins may yet be seen. At present the gardens form an irregular triangle. To the eastward stretches away the partially open land given up to slaughter-house, barracks, cannon-foundry, railway-station and other such ugly adjuncts of the romantic city. Along the south side runs the street of San Fernando, separating the gardens from the immense tobacco factory, which covers more ground than the Cathedral and gives employment, such as it is, to five thousand women. Beyond the tobacco factory is the palace of Santelmo, with its own magnificent extent of parks and gardens, and beyond these the river. To the northwest of the Alcázar lies the city, the Cathedral conspicuous in the foreground.

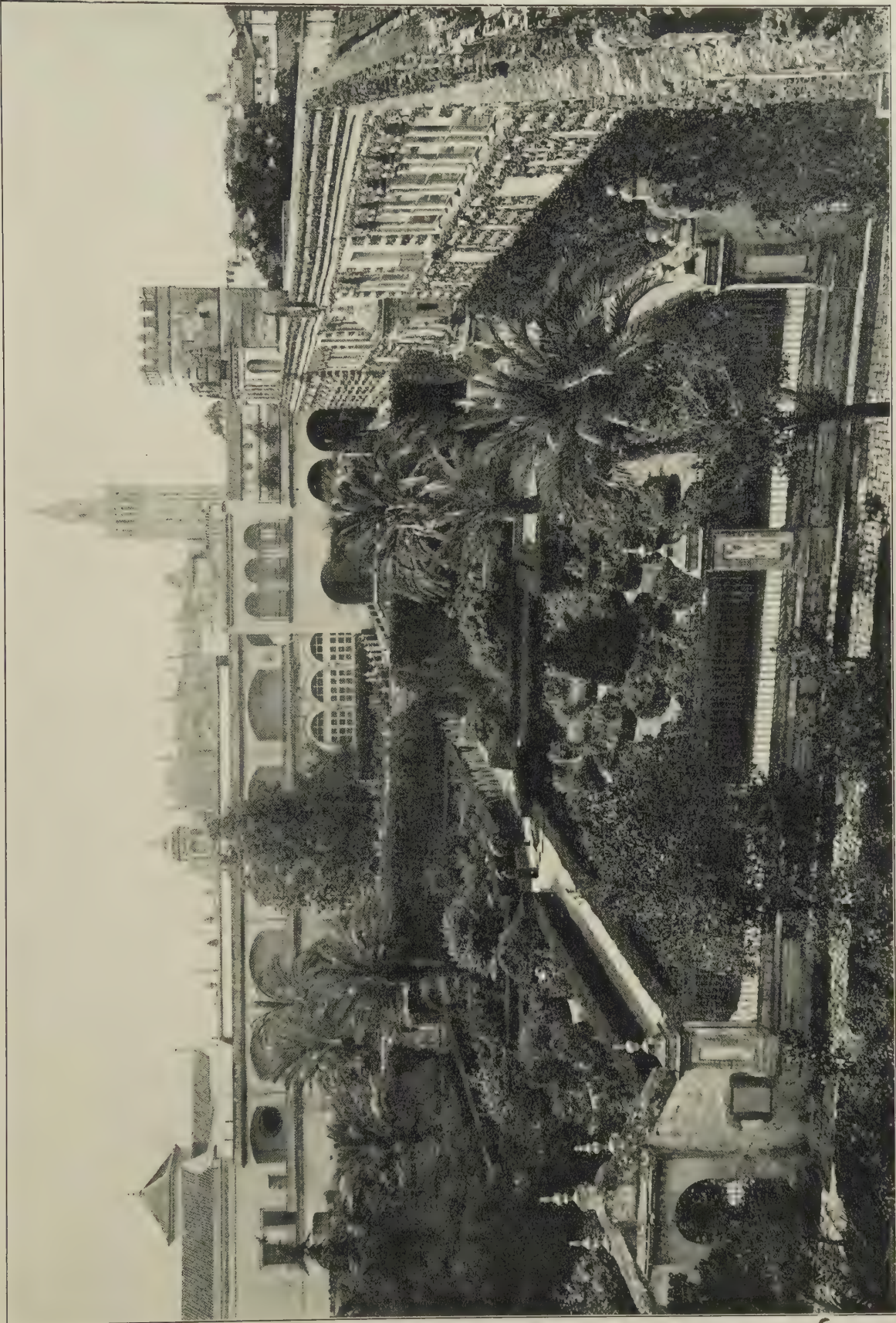
The southern façade of the Alcázar, overlooking the gardens, is shown in the illustration on the following page. Just behind soars the Giralda, the Moorish prayer-tower, dominating all Seville with irresistible beauty. The wall known as the Gallery of Pedro the Cruel forms the eastern boundary of the gardens, dividing them from the rambling old orchards also belonging to the Alcázar. This wall, exceedingly ornate, is shown again in several other illustrations. The one on page 234 is from a photograph taken from the angle where this gallery meets the Alcázar façade and looks across the gardens towards the south. The long, two-storied *Fábrica de Tabácos* is seen beyond the enclosure.

Within these boundaries, the gardens are marked off into squares, refreshed by fountains and parted from one another by walls of mixed brick and porcelain or by myrtle hedges. Walks of gay Moorish tiles, in patterns of stars, crescents and circles, bordered by box and shaded by mighty magnolias, lead to bath, grotto, labyrinth, arbor, pavilion. This checkered arrangement gives way, at the southern end, to an orange-grove interspersed with lemon-trees, whose paler fruit enhances the Hesperidean gold. The gardens, in their present aspect, were laid out by Charles V., who had the boxwood borders cut into the forms of his heraldic bearings, and the flower-plots so planted as to represent crowns, lions and eagles, but recent gardeners have not been careful to keep these features well distinguished. The flowers, especially, have been suffered to grow in such luxuriant confusion that the intricate designs of the beds are lost in a wilderness of beauty.

In thirsty Spain, the first essential of a garden is water. One of the popular Andalusian *coplas* runs:

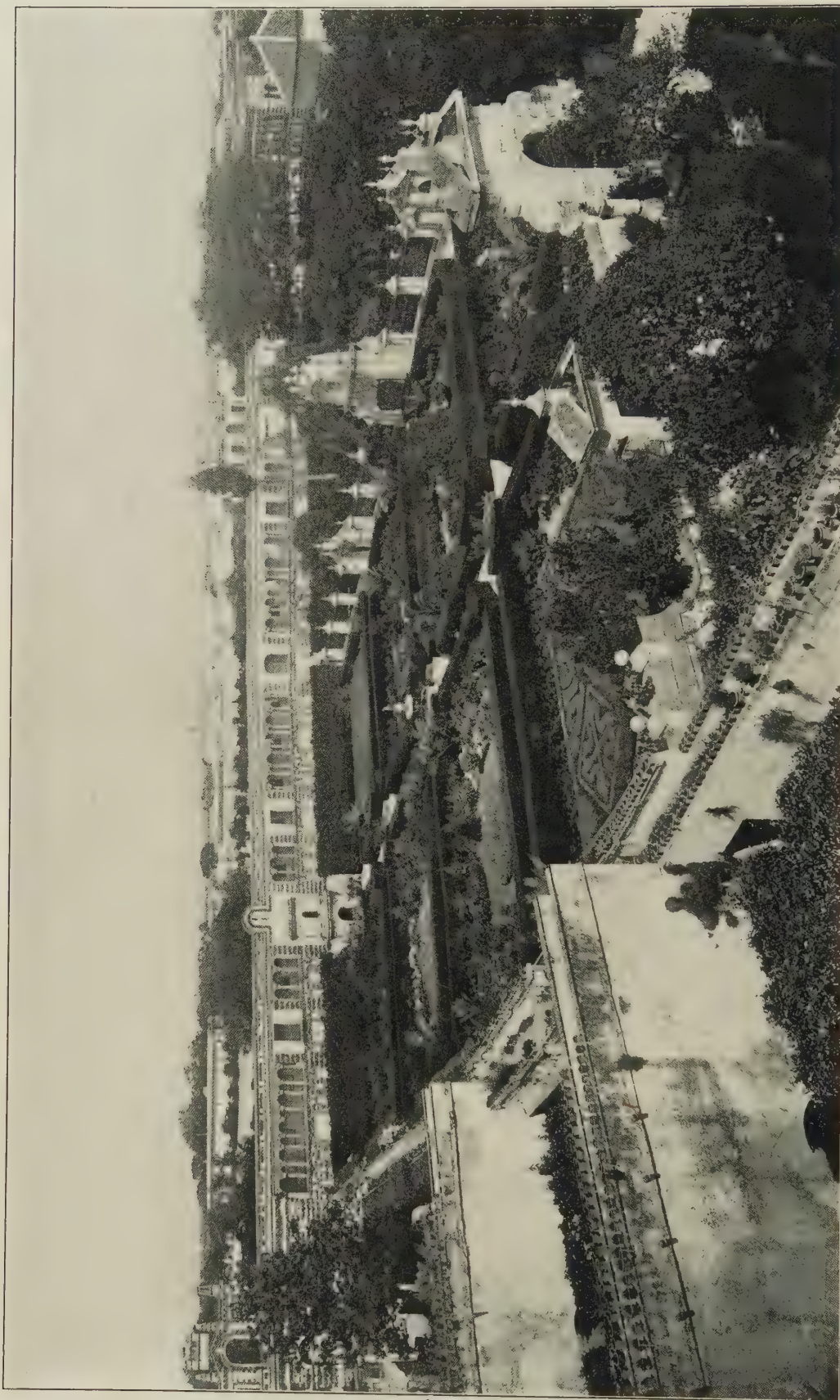
*"Garden without water,
House without a roof,
Wife whose talk is all
Scolding and reproof,
Husband who forgets his home
In the tavern revel—
Here are four things
Ready for the Devil."*

Of horticultural interest, too, is Saint Teresa's mystical parable of prayer: "A man is directed to make a garden in a bad soil overrun with sour grasses.



THE SOUTHERN FAÇADE OF THE ALCÁZAR—SEVILLE

The Gardens of the Alcazar



The Terraces of the Palace

The Gallery of Pedro the Cruel

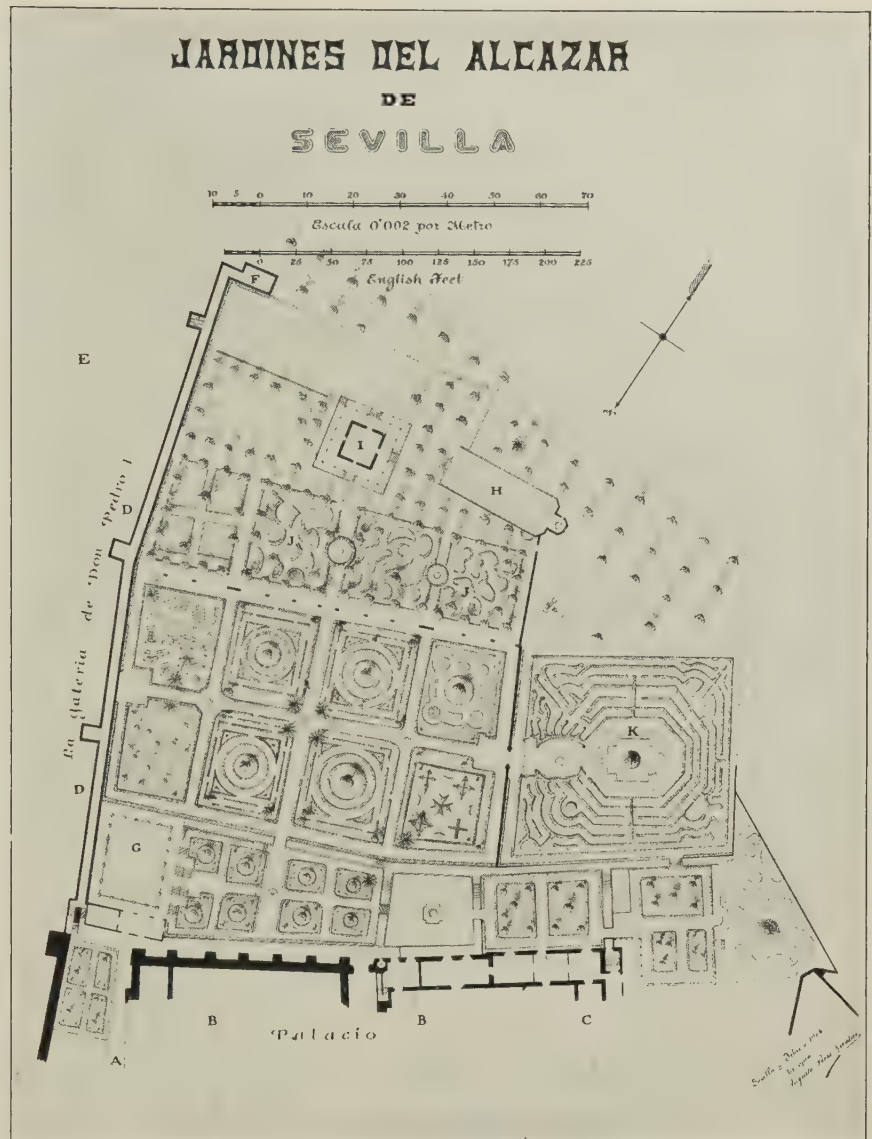
THE GARDENS OF THE ALCÁZAR FROM THE WEST

The Labyrinth and Pavilion of Charles V.

The lord of the land roots out the weeds, sows seeds, and plants herbs and fruit trees. The gardener must then care for them and water them, that they may thrive and blossom, and that the lord may find pleasure in his garden and come to visit it. There are four ways in which the watering may be done. There is water which is drawn wearily by hand from the well. There is water drawn by the ox-wheel, more abundantly and with lighter labor. There is water brought in from the river, which will saturate the whole ground; and, last and best, there is rain from heaven. Four sorts of prayer correspond to these. The first is weary effort with small returns; the well may run dry; the gardener then must weep. The second is internal prayer and meditation upon God; the trees will then show leaves and flower-buds. The third is love of God. The virtues then become vigorous. We converse with God face to face. The flowers open and give out fragrance. The fourth kind cannot be described in words. Then there is no more toil, and the seasons no longer change; flowers are always blowing, and fruit ripens perennially."

However a Carmelite abbess might avail herself of the symbol, the fact remains that irrigation was one of the Moslem gifts to Spain. The vanished race has written its name in water all over Andalusia, and in the Alcázar gardens the name, as befits a royal autograph, is written large. Fountains, in basins of simple, pure design, lakelets and runnels make a veritable oasis to which legions of birds gather from far and near, flooding the air with song. Travelers who say that there are no birds in the Iberian peninsula have not learned to seek them in the gardens. Fernan Caballero, the pioneer novelist of Spain, who was honored for the last twenty years of her life with a residence in the Alcázar, noted how the many varieties of song-birds would turn the solemn cypresses into "green towers of Babel."

At the very entrance of the gardens, in the angle formed by the palace façade and by Pedro's Gallery is a large cistern—shown partially on page 232—which collects the water necessary for irrigation. This pool, in which a fountain plays and water-lilies float, should still reflect the melancholy image of Philip V., who would fish here for hours



A PLAN OF THE GARDENS OF THE ALCÁZAR

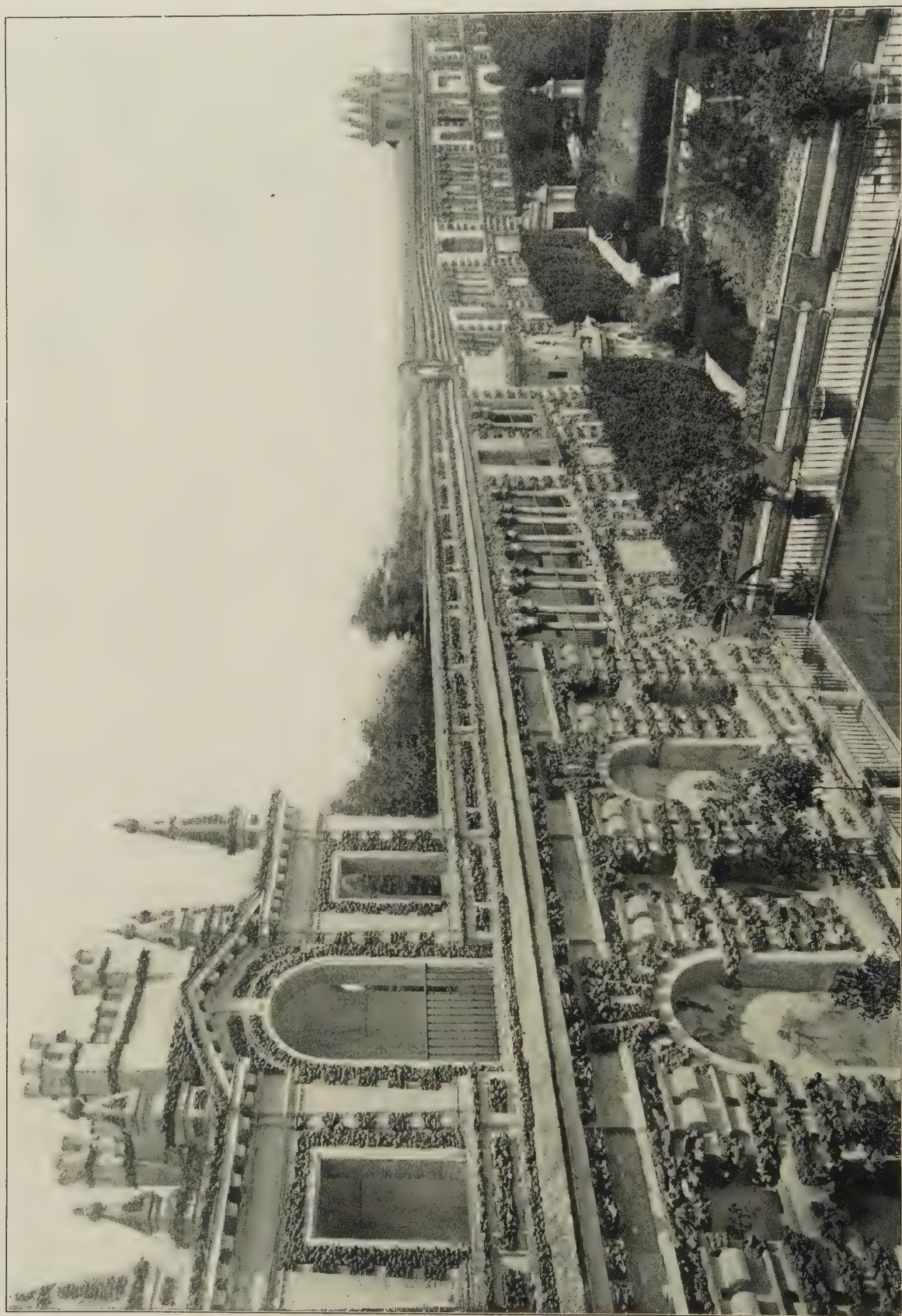
Especialty measured and drawn by Augusto Perez Giralde and the only accurate survey in existence

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| A. Entrance | D. D. The Gallery of Pedro the Cruel |
| B. The Palace overlooking the parterre of Maria de Padilla | E. The Orchards |
| C. Apartments of Maria de Padilla | F. Garden-house |
| | G. Pool |
| | H. Bath of Joanna the Mad |
| | I. The Pavilion of Charles V. |
| | J. J. The Labyrinth of Charles V. |

together, imagining that he thus was realizing the peaceful existence of a monk. The marble Baths of Maria de Padilla, originally the Sultana's Bath, are beneath the palace, but the Bath of Joanna the Mad, the unhappy daughter of "the Catholic Kings," is pointed out in the southern part of the garden—an oblong tank wrought in colored tiles and screened only by the loyal orange-trees.

In the midst of the orange-grove and near the Bath of his mother, stands the Pavilion of Charles V., who seems to have had a genuine love for the gardens. It was in the Alcázar that he had wedded the bride of his youth, Isabella of Portugal, and at intervals throughout his stormy career he came back to Seville, widowed and world-weary, to be comforted, one likes to think, by the voices of his nightingales. His

The Gardens of the Alcazar



THE GALLERY OF PEDRO THE CRUEL—THE ALCÁZAR, SEVILLE

Pavilion—seen in the illustration on page 230, which also gives a partial view of his Labyrinth—is a square building, faced, within and without, with purple *azulejos*, except for the wooden roof. All round the outside of this ideal summer-house runs a raised mosaic bench, enclosed by a colonnade of white marble. The interior contains a table surrounded by seats. On the floor is wrought in bronze a miniature plan of the Labyrinth—a maze of the small-leaved myrtle, with a statue and a fountain in the center.

But if the garden itself is eloquent of Charles V., the arcaded wall echoes the terrible tread of Pedro the Cruel. He was the restorer, through Moorish architects summoned from Granada, of the Alcázar, which had been erected toward the close of the twelfth century on the site of a Roman prætor's palace. Pedro did his rebuilding (1353-64) a century and a half later, and although successive sovereigns tampered with his work, introducing incongruous Spanish features into the Arabian design, the Alcázar, as it stands, is Pedro's memorial. Halls and courts and gardens are replete with legends of his fantastic tyrannies and of his overweening passion for Maria de Padilla. Her apartments were at the west end of the south façade, overlooking the gardens, and her parterre was close against the palace. It may be distinguished by its pillars, not far beyond the fish pond, in the illustration on page 234, or by its towering magnolias shown below.



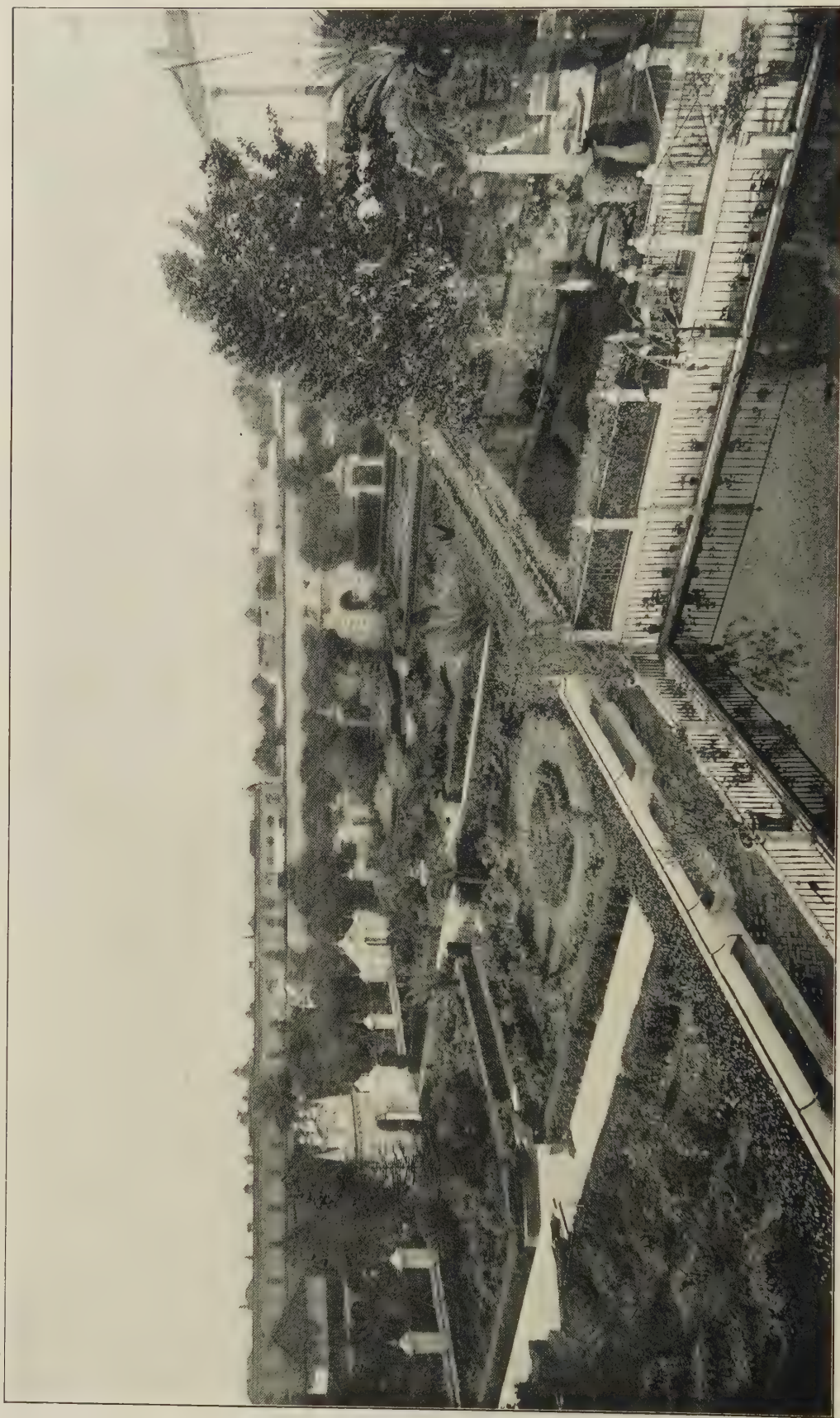
A VISTA IN THE PARTERRE OF MARIA DE PADILLA

Pedro's own name is borne by the gallery, or covered walk, along the eastern wall. There is a terrace, as well as a lower promenade, running the length of the Alcázar façade which, as may be seen on page 229, is hollowed out into a series of alcoves. These are furnished with porcelain seats and, looking to the south as they do, must be delightful rooms in winter. When the visitor has paced the terrace to the eastern extremity of the palace front, he can turn to the south and continue his walk, on another open terrace, at the same elevation, the length of Don Pedro's wall. This upper walk is most clearly shown in the illustration on page 229. On rainy days he might prefer the lower walk, the gallery of Pedro the Cruel, which is closed on the outside, but opens toward the gardens in a series of rustic arches, formed of rugged stones such as are used for grottoes, dark brown in color. These arches are supported by fragments of antique marble columns, brought from the ruined Roman amphitheatre at Italica, five miles out of Seville. The wall itself is clad on the garden side, for a third of its height, by trained orange-trees. Behind the pavilion of Charles V., may be seen a square garden-house in which the terrace walk terminates. Here one may rest, in this bright-tiled, open-air parlor, and enjoy the far-reaching views, seeing how the Sultana of the South is clasped in the protecting arm of the Guadalquivir and looking far away over a landscape where the emerald green of the fig-trees, the bluish-green of the aloes and the ashen green of the olives are all lost, at last, in the purple of the Andalusian sky.

The garden is laid out on different levels, as is often done in Spain. The terraced Generalife thus secures continual refreshment of falling water, but in misty Galicia what is caused by such an arrangement is more of heat rather than of coolness. Señora Pardo Bazán, in one of her novels of Galician life, describes the garden of a rural proprietor as "a series of walls built one above another, like the steps of a stairway, sustaining narrow belts of earth. This disposition of the ground gave the vegetation an exuberance that was almost tropical. Camellias, peach-trees and lemon-trees grew in wild luxuriance, laden at once with leaves, fruits and blossoms."

The trees and shrubs of the Alcázar gardens are of many varieties—palm, magnolia, cypress, cedar, myrtle, orange, lemon, banana, oleander, pomegranate, medlar, citron, almond, and the leafless coral-tree, with its brilliant scarlet blossoms; but the box is most in evidence. As convent gardens prefer cypresses and palms, symbols of heavenward aspiration, so the gardens of the Spanish nobility cherish the boxwood. "The emblem among plants of aristocracy!" exclaims a high-born lady in Fernán Caballero's "Elia." "It is not found growing wild nor in the gardens of the common people. The box, whose fragrance has such distinction! It never

The Gardens of the Alcazar



A VIEW OF THE GARDENS FROM THE POOL AT THE ENTRANCE—THE ALCÁZAR, SEVILLE

stains the ground with fallen leaves, because the seasons find it unchangeable, as if for it there were no such thing as time. Serious plants which do not form their enormous balls without having lived for centuries in families that venerate them and on beholding them feel an impulse to question them about by-gone ancestors and entrust them with affectionate messages for great grandchildren."

In "Elia," too, is an amusing account of the indignation roused in a Sevillian dame of high degree by changes made under foreign influence in a relative's gardens: "She has taken away the rock from the fountain. As for the negro mounted on a crocodile, with a plate of pineapples in his hand, I believe that he has gone to Guinea to visit his kinsmen. The turtles, the snakes, the lizards, disposed with such art among the sea-shells, have disappeared, and no longer take comfort in the sun. The hedges of box which stood at the entrance, planted and trained so as to figure upon the soil the arms of the house,—these hedges of box which seem to have grown in honor of the family, they have been torn up without reverence or pity. There are no longer any fine and

fragrant flowers; in their place have been planted the most common trees and shrubs. The paved walks have been destroyed, and winding, capricious paths, like ill-bred children, have been substituted. On rainy days it will be necessary to visit the garden in a coach, or to wear leather boots, like men."

The Alcázar gardens do not offend Sevillian prejudices by muddy paths. The porcelain-paved walks run not only along main avenues and under stately gateways, but here and there and everywhere. The tiles are kept fresh and bright by an ingenious system of hidden waterworks, called *burladores*, or jokers.

You would appreciate the point of the name if, as you were taking your dreamy way between borders of box, a shower should suddenly arise from the ground, instead of falling from the clouds, enveloping your astonished figure in jets of diamond spray. In the picture on page 229 may be seen, in a section of one of the walks, this graceful sport of the water,—that beautiful element which the Moors loved so well as to make of it a companion and a playmate.



XXVIII

Dunster Castle

F. ACLAND HOOD

DUNSTER Castle is one of the most interesting, as it is certainly one of the most beautifully and romantically situated places in England. It stands on a wooded, isolated hill or tor, about 200 feet high, rising from the level plain, which extends between it and the Bristol Channel and it is backed by higher hills, some wild and heather-covered, others beautifully wooded. At its foot lies the picturesque little town, with its whitewashed and timbered houses, and projecting tiled roofs and dormer windows, with the old Luttrell Arms Inn, now somewhat

modernized outside but still preserving its fine oak room and gabled porch, and with the very quaint octagonal market place, built as a yarn market by George Luttrell about 1590 and still bearing the marks of a cannon-ball, fired from the castle during the siege of 1646.

The castle was one of the most important fortresses in the West of England. It consisted of two parts, the upper and the lower ward, due to the two natural platforms into which the hill was divided. On the flat, oval summit of the hill stood the Keep; the



DUNSTER CASTLE FROM THE TOWN

naturally steep sides were made so smooth that a direct attack by an enemy was almost impossible. The lower platform, about 50 feet beneath, on which was built the lower ward, is semicircular in form, the ground on the east side falling suddenly in a low cliff supported by a retaining wall, below which the slope, now terraced by paths and clothed with trees, descends to the foot of the hill. A cleverly engineered drive, cut out of the side of the hill in later years, winds round it under a high yew hedge and wall up to the principal entrance, while on the left hand a frail iron railing seems to the nervous visitor, with a shying horse, a somewhat inadequate protection from the deep fall to the river below. The pedestrian generally chooses a shorter way, in old days the only approach and only intended for horsemen, not for vehicles; a very deep road which leads past the stables under the archway of a gray stone, ivy covered gatehouse of the time of Richard II. It is 65 feet broad, 23 deep and 45 high, with four corner turrets and connected with the main building by an ancient wall, pierced by the gateway of the lower Ward between two flanking towers, the old door of massive oak beams four and one half inches thick and held together with iron bands, still remaining.

✓ Following this wall and passing under the castle windows, one arrives at an irregularly shaped terrace, about twenty yards wide, facing southeast, and protected from cold winds by the castle and hill of the Keep behind. This limited space has been made the most of and is laid out as a charming little garden. Here on a sunny day one can fancy oneself in a Southern climate, so sweet is the scent of verberna, myrtle, roses and mimosa, so brilliant and jewel-like the beds of geranium and begonia of every hue set in the emerald turf, so luxuriant the vegetation on the slope below, where every sort of flowering shrub is planted and where some young olives are flourishing while a lemon tree one hundred years old planted against the wall still bears.

The charm of this sheltered corner is enhanced by the sense of elevation above the world, as one looks down over the battlemented terrace wall into the rooks' nests on the treetops below and across the



THE GATE HOUSE—DUNSTER CASTLE

green flat plain, called the Lawn, to the wooded deer park beyond and to the purple Quantocks and the silver sea and the blue mountains of Wales in the far distance, while the river, hidden from sight, reminds one by its music of the charming mill walk and the old mill and arched bridge far beneath us, and of the trout waiting for the sportsman to try his skill. Though from want of space the garden is small, there are endless walks cut among the trees on the side of the hill and seats where one can bask in the sun at any season of the year. A steep path with steps leads up to the summit of the hill, formerly the Keep, but since the early part of the eighteenth century the smooth well-kept bowling-green, with an octagonal summer-house, a border of flowers, and shady trees through which can be seen distant glimpses of Dunkery Beacon and the sea.

The first mention of Dunster is in Domesday Book, where it is recorded as the Castle of William de Mohun. It was held by that family till 1376 when, on the death of Sir John de Mohun without male heirs, his widow sold the property to the Lady Elizabeth Luttrell of East Quantoxhead for 500 marks (£3333-6-8), in whose family it has remained ever since, the present owner being able to trace his lineal descent through the said Lady Elizabeth from Ralph Paganel of Quantoxhead in the time of William

Dunster Castle

the Conqueror. There is no trace of Norman work in any part of the building; it seems to have been rebuilt on the same lines as the Norman fortress in the times of Edward I., and the inhabited part of the house, in the foundations of which are traces of an older building, was transformed by George Luttrell between 1590 and 1620. He built the hall with its fine plaster ceiling and the beautiful and unique staircase with its richly carved balusters.

He also added to the outer wall a wing and a porch tower. The chief room of interest inside the castle is the gallery with its polished oak floor and cornice of the date of 1620, its fine Chippendale settees and chairs and its walls hung with very curious Italian, probably Venetian, painted leather of the seventeenth century, the skins being covered with silver

leaf and in some parts glazed over with transparent color giving the effect of gold and representing the history of Cleopatra. She appears as a golden haired, fair complexioned Venetian beauty in the rich dress of the seventeenth century and we see her marriage with Antony, their riding together at the head of their troops, the death of Antony, Cleopatra's interview with Octavius Cæsar and the death of the Queen surrounded by her maidens and holding the asp to her breast. Tradition says that the ship which was bringing these hangings to England was wrecked off the coast, opposite Dunster, and the Lord of Dunster having a right to all that was cast on the foreshore, these panels became his property. On the right hand side of the gallery a door leads into a bedroom, known as King Charles's room, from its

having been occupied by Charles II., when, as Prince of Wales, he resided for some time at Dunster after the battle of Naseby "to encourage the new levies." He was probably given this room as it contains a secret cupboard in the thickness of the wall with a stone seat at the further end, in which he could conceal himself should occasion arise. The last royal personage who stayed at Dunster was the present King, Edward VII., who, when Prince of Wales, came there for some stag hunting with the Devon and Somerset hounds. It must not be forgotten that Dunster Castle underwent a siege in the days of Charles I. The then owner, George Luttrell, sympathized with the Parliamentary party and held the castle for them, but when the Royalist successes seemed to promise that party ultimate victory, he thought it wiser to deliver up the castle to Colonel Windham for the King. When the tide turned and all the surrounding country submitted to the Parliament, Colonel Blake was sent with a large force to retake Dunster. For one hundred and sixty days, in spite of lack of provisions and water, did Colonel Windham gallantly hold out. A mine was sprung and a breach made in the



THE STAIRCASE—DUNSTER CASTLE

wall but the subsequent attack failed. It was only when reduced by privation and weakness and finding that all hopes of relief by the King's troops was at an end that he surrendered and marched out with full honors of war. After that the Parliamentary garrison held the castle for five years, and during that time Thomas Prynne was imprisoned there for eight months for seditious writings, by Cromwell's orders.

Eventually it was decided to dismantle the castle as a fortress, the Keep was pulled down and only the domestic buildings and the gatehouse and a ruined tower remain. The castle was largely added to in 1869, when the present owner, George L. Luttrell, Esq., succeeded, the architect he em-

ployed being Mr. Salvin, a man of great experience in such work. He added the large tower on the right hand side of the entrance, which contains offices and bedrooms, and also the central tower on the south-east terrace, but it is all so carefully and judiciously done that it is difficult to say where the old work ends and the new begins and a few more years' exposure to the weather will make it still less apparent.

While preserving the ancient character and irregular outline of the building he has not neglected the modern requirements of comfort, light and air. There are few places in England which combine so much of antiquarian interest with so much natural beauty of situation and scenery and where the old and new are so harmoniously brought together.



XXIX

Levens Hall

An Old World Garden

EDWARD THOMAS

IN the southern edge of the Western Marches, whose condition in the Middle Ages has been so graphically described by Crockett in his "Raiders" and "Men of the Moss Hagg," stands Levens Hall celebrated far and wide for its notable gardens. The river Kent flows past the Hall and through the park and five miles higher up the river is Kendal, a quaint old border town famous as the home of Kendal green in which Robin Hood and his men were clad. In Kendal castle was born Catherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII. Eight miles beyond Kendal is Windermere, a famous summer resort of the lake district; twenty miles to the south

lies the city of Lancaster, whose history dates from the time of the Roman occupation. Forty miles beyond Lancaster is Liverpool. Though the face of the country has been much changed in the course of centuries, the neighborhood of Levens Hall is so picturesque and romantic that it is still well worth a visit. The Hall itself forms an important link with the past for portions of the building clearly date from Saxon times, though the first recorded mention of it is found in the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror. This portion of the building, which forms the nucleus of the later structure, was at that time probably a small pele or stronghold against the



THE BOX AND YEW GARDENS



THE WALK SEPARATING THE ORCHARD AND THE TOPIARY GARDEN



THE BAGOT "B" A MODERN EXAMPLE



LEVENS HALL—MAIN WALK FROM THE BARRISTER'S WIG



THE HOUSE FROM THE GARDENS

Scottish raiders. Remodeled at various times its present form dates from the time of Elizabeth. The gardens are more recent, having been laid out in the year 1701 by Beaumont, the court gardener, who designed those at Hampton Court as well.

The gardens at Levens are beyond question the finest surviving example of the topiary work which became so fashionable in Europe with the spread of learning, first introduced at Florence by the Medici family in the early years of the sixteenth century. The fashion spread rapidly through Western Europe and soon the best examples equaled, if they did not surpass, the famous garden of Pliny of which we have a minute description by the hand of that celebrated author, and in imitation of which these topiary gardens were designed. The accompanying illustrations will give a far better idea of the effect of this work in general, and of the Levens Gardens in particular, than can any amount of description however detailed. The various trees are usually surrounded by flowers set out in neat beds with an edge of clipped box for the border. Walking along the well-kept gravel paths, the visitor first notices among the more striking forms a peacock of box only slightly larger than life, again a lion with a crown on his head, and further along a figure of the king also crowned. In another corner stands the queen with her arms akimbo, while near by is a colossal helmet and an

umbrella. Sometimes the paths pass beneath box archways. Opening vistas are forms interesting for their picturesque fantasy rather than because they are copies of any natural objects. To many visitors the "judge's wig" is most amusing; a graphic though gigantic copy of the official, and to American eyes, half grotesque, wig worn by the English judges while on the bench. This particular wig stands some six feet high beside the walk, and many a cup of afternoon tea has been served under its shelter, even in rainy weather, for the thick interlacing branches of the clipped yew afford ample protection from the wet. Tradition has laid here the scene of many a courtship, but, unfortunately, there are two concealed entrances from the back, which, if the legend may be believed, have more than once caused serious interruption by an eavesdropper. The dark foliage of the yew, unfortunately, makes it difficult to bring out the best characteristics of this popular piece of scenic gardening. Beyond the topiary gardens are the fruit gardens and bowling-green, both enclosed by thick hedges of clipped beech more than twelve feet high and so dense that they afford as much shelter and protection as a stone wall. The bowling-green is especially attractive with its splendid turf and high smooth walls of green. From here a path across the grass leads between high walls of greenery to a circular space, itself sheltered with hedges, from

Levens Hall

which smaller walks radiate in all directions. To the visiting foreigner, the house is of exceeding interest. One tower has on it a clock with a single hand to tell the time, and within are rich windows, tapestries, embossed leather and other decorations from every period of English art, all combined together to make a very harmonious effect well worthy of careful study. On the stable wall is an ancient sun-dial, and against high stone walls are everywhere trained fruit trees or roses after the English fashion. The gardens contain about seven acres and have nine miles of box hedges along the beds. In the seclusion there is a most delightful feeling of restfulness and shelter from the turmoil without.

Just a few steps up the main road from Levens gate is Levens bridge, a survival of the old days when all traffic was carried on by pack-horses. Those who will take the trouble to walk along the bank below the bridge can easily see where the width has been more than doubled to accommodate the wagons of to-day, though to an American eye it still seems far too narrow. Above and below the bridge on

both sides of the road stretches Levens park, one of the oldest deer parks in England, enclosed in a yew fence, dating certainly since 1360 and still preserving its original limits. In it there are beautiful stretches of woodland, and green pastures, a combination so unusual.

The gardens harmonize well with the Hall, the interior of which is extremely interesting. The carved woodwork is very elaborate, the south drawing-room in particular being exceedingly rich. Three of Lely's best portraits hang in the house, the entrance hall has a fine collection of armor and one of the rooms is hung with some splendid pieces of tapestry after the Italian manner. Taken altogether, Levens represents the best attainments of domestic life among the well-to-do English. The letter "B" noticed in one of the photographs of the garden is the initial of Captain Bagot, the owner of Levens park whose courteous attention in throwing open his grounds to the people of the neighborhood is most heartily appreciated, not only by them, but by all travelers as well.

We are indebted to Mr. Hogg, photographer, for the photographs which are here reproduced.



A CORNER OF THE KITCHEN-GARDEN—MOUNT VERNON

XXX

The Gardens and Grounds of Mount Vernon, Virginia

ALBERT BURNLEY BIBB.

IN the fresh of the morning the old garden was a place of delights. The shadows were still long and held that limpid depth which is of the early day alone. The cool moist air was heavy with the scent of the flowers. The rose, queening it here in the full beauty of her own month of June, was dominant; but as the wind drew gently across the beds and borders, there came a breath of mignonne and a weaving of many delicate and delicious fragrances upon a ground of pungent box. Bird-song filled the silence of the garden. Catbirds piped their tuneful varied airs, in the intervals of breakfast, and the wood thrush, hid in a leafy bosquet, dropped slow notes, silver-clear and sweet. The squirrels, too, find thicket here and were skurrying about in numbers, very tame.

We came into the garden not by the wicket from the lawn but from the road behind the "quarters" and greenhouses. One sees the garden thus more in its relation to the lawn and to the house. In the front of the picture some quaint box-bordered beds hit just the right key in the impression. Beyond these, tall box hedges, clipped flat on sides and top, enclose large rectangles where flowers are set in geometrical figures. To right and left the garden spreads its length, and beyond its farther wall rise masses of foliage from the trees about the lawn through whose boles and branches the white walls and red roofs of the "mansion" and dependencies gleam.

In the box borders at our feet are clumsy and

involved patterns, of a formal sort and rather Dutch in suggestion. These and further traces of topiary art near by witness the hand apparently of some schooled gardener of the eighteenth century Old World who was employed at Mount Vernon toward the close of Washington's life. There is a tradition that his diploma, engrossed in Dutch, is extant among his descendants in Alexandria. The main lines of the garden—defined by gravel walks and

box hedges—still conform to the simple plan of the old map said to be from Washington's hand, the original of which is in the Toner Collection of Washingtoniana in the Library of Congress. The only later map I have been able to find is one of the present estate of Mount Vernon, made under direction of the Chief of Engineers of the Army, and as yet unpublished, of which I was courteously allowed to make the partial tracing given here. On the old map both walled gardens are designated "Kitchen-Gardens" (marked XX on the plan), but the north one was devoted entirely to flowers,

whose overflow partially invaded the south garden as well. The Washington Diaries, though full of reference to the lawn trees, contain little as to the planting of the gardens. We read that the conservatories held many rare plants, in some cases presented by friends, but mostly bought at the famous gardens of John Bartram the Quaker, a horticulturist of note in his day, near Philadelphia. Bartram, dying during the war of the Revolution, was succeeded by his son



THE PORTER'S LODGE



THE MANSION AT MOUNT VERNON



THE HOUSE FROM THE GATE

William who had also earned some reputation as a botanist, and who was consulted in the arrangement of the Mount Vernon conservatories. The first greenhouses were destroyed by fire in 1835, when the house itself had a narrow escape, but they were rebuilt as before. Others have been added along the east wall, and between these and the little "Spinning House and the Shoemaker's and Tailor's Apartment" is a small rose-garden.

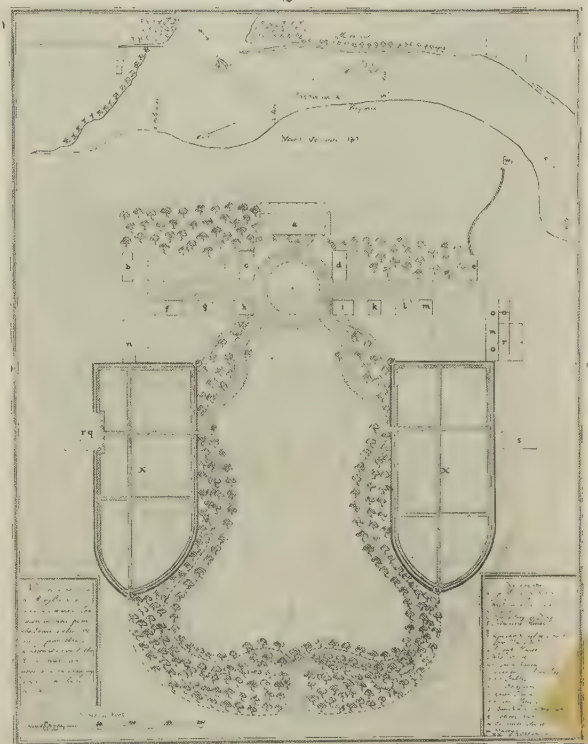
The mansion grounds contain some twenty acres, the plan of which, by no means elaborate, is chiefly interesting as embodying Washington's idea of the proper fashion for a gentleman's place. It is symmetrical and well balanced, very practical in the disposition of buildings and treatment of grounds, and secures the stately effects of order and formality while not ignoring the possibilities of the site for a freer landscape composition in parts.

Thus the public approach from the highroad in the west was laid out on strictly formal lines with a long straight avenue leading in from the lodge-gates, while from the piazza on the east side of the house, where the intimate life of the family and its close friends was lived, the eye was pleased with the natural beauties of wood and river. The east lawn slopes away from the house in a gradual descent toward the river with reaches of greensward broken by parked tree masses merging into a hanging wood upon the acclivity of the bluffs. These fall away rapidly to the river shore; and the wood, left in its natural state, served to hold the soil in place upon the escarpment of the bluff against the scouring of torrential rains. A foot-note in the old map reads as follows:

"From the house to Maryland is a perspective view. The lawn in view from the house is about 100 paces. From thence is a descent down to the river, about 400 paces, and adorned with a hanging wood with shady walks."

In the old days before the war, Washington followed the hounds among his neighbors and kept up a kennel of good dogs. Some of the favorites' names, to be found in one of his housebooks, have a tuneful sporting ring to them, as: Vulcan, True Love, Ringwood, Sweet Lips, Singer and Forester, Music and Rockwood. Lafayette sent him a pack of French staghounds in 1785, but finding them fierce and troublesome, he gave them away and stocked his park with Virginia deer.

The level sweep of the lawn seen from the north end of the portico has a less grandiose beauty. The trio of elms grouped about the ice-house, the ivied wall with a gable of one of the "quarters" beyond, and broad field of wheat against a dense mass of forest on the left combine in an effective bit of landscape. The west lawn, as a whole, is best viewed from the stone platform and steps at the west entrance door. Here Washington set up the historical



WASHINGTON'S PLAN OF MT. VERNON

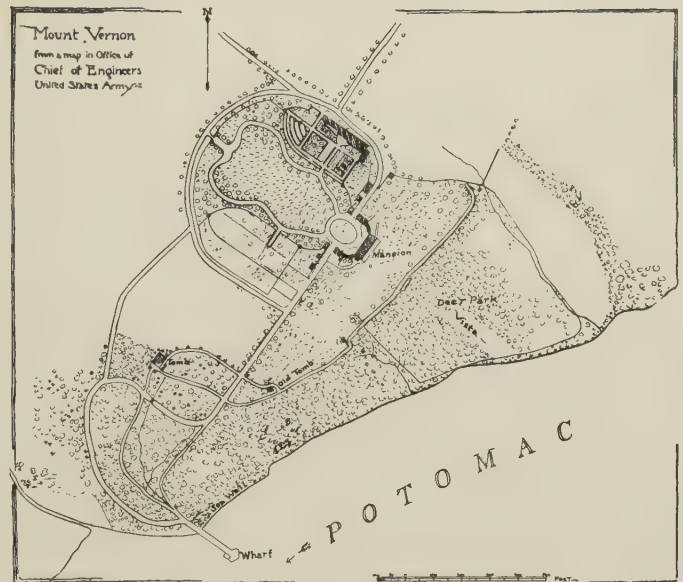
- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| a—The Mansion House | l—Wash-house |
| b—Smith's Shop | mm—Coach Houses |
| c—White Servants' Apartment | n—Quarters for Families |
| d—Kitchen | oo—Stables |
| e—Repository for Dung | ppp—Necessaries |
| f—Spinning House | q—Greenhouse |
| g— | rr—Cow Houses |
| h—Shoemaker's and Tailor's Apartment | s—Barn and Carpenter's Shop |
| i—Storehouse, etc. | t—Schoolroom |
| k—Smoke-house | u—Summer-house |
| | w—Dairy |
| | xx—Kitchen Gardens |



THE WEST FRONT OF THE HOUSE

surveyor's instrument and read the bearings of the various tree-sites as he determined them, having personally chosen the trees for transplanting from the finest in his forests, as he rode about in the early morning over the estate. The plan of the shaded drives which flank the lawn is regular without stiffness, and the eye follows agreeably the flowing lines until they converge at the entrance gates. As one strolls under the dappling shade, these curves give an effect of changing views which a straight avenue lacks. From this approach the buildings close the perspective in a well-balanced and very dignified grouping. I chose for the photograph of them, as giving the most effective ensemble of Mount Vernon, a point in the axis of the lawn of which the house axis is a prolongation. Here one has the mansion in elevation with its wings—the kitchen on the right, the office on the left—joined by graceful curved arcades to the main building in a very agreeable symmetry.

Upon the map one remarks that the plan of this lawn and avenues has somewhat the outline of a bell. As the gravel ways converge to the oval which they describe before the house, on a diameter equal to the full length of the front, there is a heavier massing of trees upon their shoulders, meant to screen the outbuildings which the lay of the ground and other practical considerations bring into this location. A glimpse along down the front of those on the right of the road descending to the stables is full of interest. The storehouse faces the gable of the kitchen, and then come the smoke-house, the wash-house, and the coach-house, in this order. The ramp of the well-built road with its cobbled gutters, the grass border against the little houses, and the pyramidally clipped



THE PROPERTY AT MOUNT VERNON

box hedges between them are of a pleasing quaintness, and there is a fine sweep of the Potomac visible over the further tree tops. Beyond, the road dives down through groves to the river landing.

I had intended keeping out of this paper matters of history with which everyone is assumed to be familiar, but the master is so closely associated with his home, this precious monument we have of him so fortunately preserved to us, that a few words about his relations to it seem unavoidable.

Mount Vernon is rather a modest house, as compared with some of the great places of Colonial Virginia, such as Westover and Shirley for instance, but it has all the appointments and the finished elegance of the house of a gentleman of the times. Washington inherited the estate from his half-brother Lawrence in 1751, the property having come to Lawrence, the oldest brother, by the death of their father, Augustine, in 1743. It was a large estate of several thousand acres, on the Potomac below Alexandria known as Hunting Creek. Lawrence had held a captain's commission under General Wentworth and Admiral Vernon in their joint expeditions against Cartagena, where the British were defeated, and, being an admirer and friend of the Admiral's he named the place for him. The estate was bordered by the land of the Fairfaxes on the north and of the Masons on the south. Lawrence, after his marriage with Anne Fairfax, made it his home. George Washington lived here as a boy under his brother's protection. He was a good deal at "Belvoir," the Fairfax place. When Lord Fairfax came out to live in Virginia, where he owned a small principality, he soon made a friend of the boy, had him much about, looked after his seat a-horseback, taught him to ride to hounds over a pretty stiff country, added a London touch to his manners, and looked into his letters and his politics more or



THE WELL-HOUSE

The Gardens and Grounds of Mount Vernon

less. And the latter probably gave the cynical old man of the world some piquant surprises.

He took Washington, then a boy of sixteen, to survey his lands upon the Shenandoah, and this covered three years of rough work on the frontier. Lord Fairfax built a great rambling log house near the junction of the Shenandoah with the Potomac and there he lived with his hunters and Indians and a great pack of dogs. Washington made several visits there later during the old lord's life, and this man who had been one of the wits of his day, the friend of Addison and Steele, himself an occasional

1759 to the widow Martha Custis, the richest woman in Virginia, brought him a very large addition to his fortunes. He was then in his twenty-seventh year, a tall fine figure of a man, a member of the House of Burgesses and already known in public affairs. He brought his wife and her two children, John and Martha Parke Custis, home to Mount Vernon. The house was, at this time, as Lawrence Washington left it: a two storied building of four rooms on each floor with a wide hall on its east and west axis, and a portico toward the river. It stood on an eminence, of about one hundred feet above the



THE SOUTH END OF THE HOUSE

contributor to the "Spectator," now turned in disgust from the old world to end his days a recluse in the wilderness of the new, must have left a strong impress on the younger mind.

Washington's brother Lawrence was also a personage, and both Mount Vernon and Belvoir were much visited by people of note, distinguished travelers and others; so that Washington's social training was an unusually broad one, although he never visited the mother-country, as did so many young gentlemen of consequence in his day. The ownership of Mount Vernon classed him among the wealthier planters of Virginia, and his marriage in

river, sloping down to the shore in broad, finely wooded and park-like slopes. Washington thus described the site and region: "A high, healthy, country in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on one of the finest rivers in the world. . . . The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of side-water; several valuable fisheries appertain to it. . . ."

When not in attendance upon the Virginia House of Burgesses, of which he was a member for fifteen years,—his family usually accompanying him to Williamsburg and remaining during the session,—Washington, barring occasional visits to Annapolis



THE WEST FRONT AND PASSAGE TO THE KITCHEN



THE LAWN FROM THE WEST DOOR

The Gardens and Grounds of Mount Vernon

and Alexandria, was with his household at Mount Vernon looking after his productive farms. He had over four thousand acres under cultivation. Wheat and tobacco were the staples which he shipped from his own wharf to England and the West Indies. His brand of flour was well known.

He had brought out new furniture, and clothes and books at various times, from England. We have description of a couple of very handsome coaches which he imported. He kept good horses and dogs, and drove with the family in a coach and four, with negro postilions in livery, to Pohick church of a Sunday. He had his barge on the river manned by negro boatmen in his colors. Altogether, he maintained a state equal to that of his neighbors Fairfax and Mason at Belvoir and Gunston Hall. All these matters we have mostly from the accounts and diaries of Washington himself, which cover a period of forty years, and they are interesting here as showing the personal habits and tastes of the man who made this beautiful old place, so characteristic of his dignity, his modesty, his sense of fitness, and eminent practicality. If one has studied Washington understandingly the place speaks of him at every turn, so strong is the impress of his great personality upon the home he made with his own brain and hand.

After the resignation of his commission to the Congress in 1783 he again retired to Mount Vernon and there soon found the old house inadequate for

the entertainment of visitors who flocked about him. Deciding upon enlargement, he set about making plans for the alteration of the buildings, and for extension and adornment of the grounds. He made his own plans, drew up the specifications, and superintended the work in person.

Leaving the old house of Lawrence Washington practically intact he added to each gabled end, extending the roof in hipped form over the new wings. The mansion stands to-day as he left it—the out-buildings and grounds as well, I may add. It has two stories and a generous garret, is about ninety-five feet long by thirty wide, and on the east towards the river, it has a broad piazza reaching to the eaves—its flat roof carried on square columns, above the entablature of which runs a light balustrade. Three dormer windows pierce the river side of the roof; there are two and a pediment, about thirty feet wide, on the west, and one on each end. A small observatory—or lantern—with a spire rides the ridge. The house is entirely of wood and very solidly framed. The outer covering is of broad and thick boards, worked into chamfered panels to give the appearance of cut and dressed stonework. This has held its own as well as any other part of the staunch old building. The plan shows a wide central hallway into which open, on either hand, two rooms. In the west end of the hall a broad heavy stairway ascends in two runs to the floor above, the arrangement of which is



THE WALK AROUND THE WEST LAWN



IN THE KITCHEN-GARDEN



THE BARN

practically the same as that below.

North or left of this hall on the ground floor are reception-room and parlor, opening through into the great drawing-room which was the principal feature of Washington's additions. Occupying the full width of the house this is a handsome room, with panelled walls and a high ceiling richly ornamented in stucco relief. The pitch of the older rooms is low. Those south or right of the hall are a second parlor and the dining-room through which one enters the library and breakfast-room of the south addition, where there is also a small stair to the second floor. This is in short a plan of the house.

At noon we were making toward the old kitchen-garden on the south side of the lawn, and stopped behind the kitchen for a draught at the well-house against the wall. There is a generous brick pavement here. Incidentally the attention to proper paving about the buildings is noteworthy. A broad pavement carries across the whole west front, and there are handsome stone platforms and steps to the



THE STOREHOUSE, WASH-HOUSE, COACH-HOUSE AND STABLES

outer doors, and walks from the house to the several outbuildings so that one could get about comfortably in any weather. To such details Washington gave close attention.

The kitchen-garden drops down below the lawn in a couple of terraces, a sunny sheltered spot within a goodly walk of brick. On the upper terrace are the small fruits, the herbs and simples, salads and savories. As we entered, the strawberry beds

were sending up into the warm sunshine a tempting aroma—to which the camera promptly yielded. Against the warm south face of the wall are the finer fruits, doubtless espaliered in Washington's time, the wall being especially meant for that use as in the English walled gardens.

Here were nectarines, we shall say, the West Indian cocoa plum, apricots, French pears, and some of the finer grapes. The hardier vines are run on a trellis on the edge of the grassed slope to the lower terrace. And further along under the walls are the beehives, whence comes a deep humming and signs of great activity this warm June day. Here, by the way,



THE KITCHEN-GARDEN



A CORNER OF THE BOX GARDEN

my friend of the camera might have found retribution for that little matter of the strawberries, but for the gardener's kindly warning. From the far end by the summer-house, where the master may have rested on a summer's day to con his bucolics or direct horticultural campaigns, or where, in watermelon time on a midsummer moonlit night, he may have set a picket against raids upon the commissary not unlooked-for in these parts, we took a shot down the ranks of young corn and sprouting vegetables of the lower terrace. The picture ends against the east wall, ramping down to the red gable of the stables in a composition having quite an air of old France about it.

On the upper terrace there are bits of hedge-border left. Note the overgrown unkempt old box by the path to the gate from the lawn! And here and there hollyhocks and hardy shrubs make brave play of bloom among the old-fashioned annuals. This friendly assembling of the fruits and flowers is charming.

The fresh green of a lettuce bed is delicious against the scarlet poppies. The crisp gray-green roses of the "cabbage-patch" are finely set off by a broad belt of sweet peas in purpling bloom. There is superb decorative suggestion in the pattern of the running cucumber vines against the umber earth. The squash are fine in the juicy green of their broad furry leaves punctuated with yellow blooms. The effectiveness of the vegetables in form and color as a setting for such flowers as chance among them suggests arrangements of esthetic interest in the kitchen-garden. The French *potager* is made frequently a place of beauty by this means. The mere symmetrical arrangement of beds and rows is pleasure to the eye, and grassed walks between give an air of elegance. The sodded slope, dropping in two steps from the upper to the lower terrace of the kitchen-garden, at Mount Vernon has this sort of value. The grapevines trained along its crest have a charm-



OLD BOX IN THE KITCHEN-GARDEN

ing grace, and even the path worn at its base has a certain formal value.

Those wooden steps which show in the picture would be better for "risers," better still in stone or brick with good broad "cheeks." But what a good landscape-architectural result we have in the arching of the grapevine over its rough posts, through which the eye follows up the gravel path between the old box to the lawn gate! And the shrubs on either flank of the steps occur happily. Beauty is so easily reached in the ordering of simple elements.

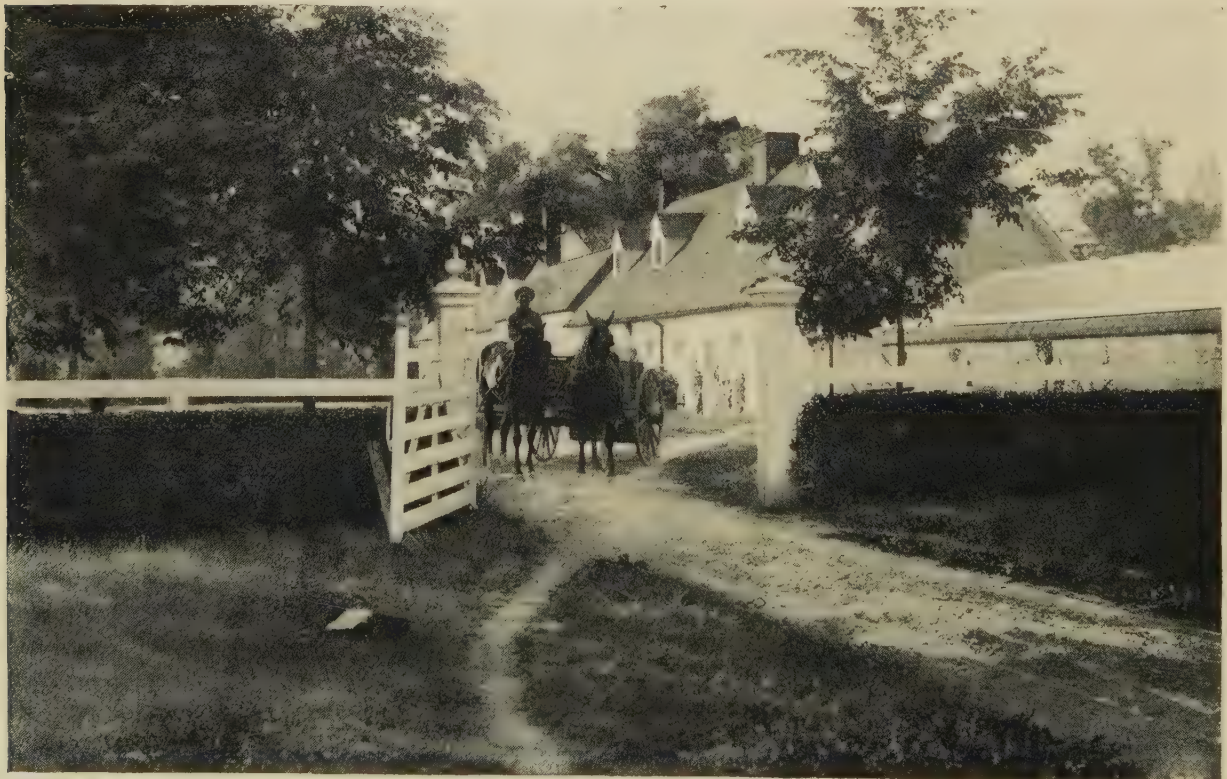
Where there is a good wall, as at Mount Vernon—and no enclosure is more economical in the long run, more profitable always, for the kitchen-garden,—it is a pity that it should not be put to its best usefulness by the training of fruit against it. Wonderful results, at once practical and beautiful, are gotten in that way. Certain of the finer varieties of apple yield marvelously when so treated. It gives opportunity for guarding against insect enemies, for the removal of superfluous buds; and it ensures to a judiciously limited amount of fruit the best conditions for perfect sunning and shading and faultless development. I do not mean to say that there could be anything more beautiful than the natural branching of an apple-tree, but we may enjoy that in the orchard. Here in the kitchen-garden the hand of man is properly at work guiding Nature.

And against the wall the espaliered tree is the more effective both in looks and in yield of fruit. If the

sun be too hot and the wall too dry, as in our climate is often the case, so as to wither the blooms and fruit, wires may be stretched a little away from the wall,—from the buttresses, for instance, here at Mount Vernon,—or a screen of ivy or other dense vine-growth may cover the bricks to keep them cooler.

One rather misses sunflowers from the old garden. A company of these stalwart well-disciplined fellows would show well down in the angle of the stables and the wall. A yellow rose or other climber against the wall here and there was generally to be found in the old garden; and jasmine was a favorite. Altheas and lilacs there were, and of course, nasturtiums, bachelors'-buttons, gillyflowers, and stocks, sweet williams, pansies, and the rest. As the air drew over the ranks of these and across the beds of lavender, sage, and thyme—these simples found in every old garden, the good housekeeper's aids, which we have mostly now from the grocer's—it came with a fragrance indescribable.

Our last look at Mount Vernon on that pleasant day was backward over the yellow waving wheat to the long row of "quarters" which break the north wind from the gardens. They massed well in the westering sun, which picked out sharp high lights on the little dormers. One could fancy the mam-mies and pickaninnies of an old long-gone time about their doors and on the road, a feature not the least pleasant and picturesque of the banished glories of the Southern planter's home.



THE QUARTERS

